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Some American Women and the Vote

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD
Author of "Modes and Morals," "Conquistador," etc.

SURPRISE has often been expressed, during the last few years, at the apparent reluctance of large numbers of women to avail themselves of the right conferred upon them by the duly ratified Nineteenth Amendment. Miss Butler, in an interesting article in SCRIBNER'S for last November, has reported on the situation in New York State. But even the physical obstacles to voting encountered by the farmer's wife, and the moral obstacles encountered by the woman of alien race in the big industrial towns, do not cover the whole case. Though the stress seems to lie on those two groups, Miss Butler herself finds a residuum of reluctance or indifference that cannot be explained either by distance from the polls or by the difficulty of adaptation to American conditions. A lot of intelligent and civilized American women either do not vote at all or vote under protest and not very carefully. From the point of view of the political worker, officially occupied with "getting out the vote," the larger non-voting blocs are presumably more important than the smaller ones. But the person with no political affiliations or interests is more preoccupied with determining the significance of the vote to the women of her own acquaintance, her own group: women who are typical of the historic American stock, with its virtues and vices, its peculiar measure of civilization. The political importance may lie with the other blocs, which can be treated as blocs, in the large. But, humanly speaking, this other, more highly individualized group is even more interesting.

In point of fact, if you study the electoral statistics of the whole country, you will find that the women's voting record competes pretty well with the men's. The difference between those vast totals may seem large in round numbers, but the actual per cent is not so much lower as you would expect. In the East, however, the non-voters of the two sexes appear to be of somewhat different classes. The non-voting woman ranks higher in quality than the non-voting male. Certainly you cannot say that the best women do not vote; but I think you can say that the indifference to the vote is largest (proportionally speaking) among intelligent and civilized women. The reasons for this are manifold, and have not all been stated tiresomely often. Men and women of the same class do not yet take the same attitude to the ballot.

I have found, in my life, very few women who objected to the suffrage on pure principle, or who had a philosophic basis for their objections. Usually their arguments against it have been purely practical. One of the most ardent antisuffragists I have ever known always used to preface her plea with the statement: "Of course, women have as much *right* to vote as men." Even the men who objected, objected on grounds not of right and wrong, but of political expediency. Most of the women who wanted the vote wanted it, I think, rather as a decoration than as an implement; and I remember hearing even Jane Addams say, in a suf-

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frage speech, that she was not foolish enough to suppose that women were any better than men, or any more likely, in the mass, to purify politics. (I do not know what she thinks now; that was long ago, before Bull Moose days.) But the vote is a decoration only when you are pining for it. When you once have it, it is an implement or nothing. How are we using it? We shall have to confess, I think, that a lot of us regard it as we regard those patented labor-saving devices that are more nuisance than help.

The vote having been thrust on me, my first instinct was to refuse to use it. My poor arguments were overruled. I pleaded that an unintelligent vote was a wicked vote; that I was a busy woman and could not read the political news daily in detail (a deep distaste complements my lack of leisure); that my social life, such as it is, offered me no opportunities of getting political "dope," since the women of my acquaintance are quite as politically uninformed as I am. I pointed out that, as I was unable to disprove women's right to political independence, my sense of humor forbade me merely to echo my husband, without taking any thought in the matter myself. If I have a right to the vote, I have also a duty to it. Yet I cannot forget what happened to me in 1923. Only local candidates—State, county, borough—were to be voted on. Nothing seemed very important, and I decided to begin, at this auspicious moment, a lifelong career of staying away from the polls. Even my husband—who thinks that, since I may vote, I ought to vote—did not make an issue of it that year. Late in the afternoon, as I was walking home, I was overtaken by a neighbor who was a candidate for the borough council. He offered me a lift, and after I got into the car, his wife asked me if I had yet voted. I confessed that I had not. "If I had been voting this year, of course I should have voted for your husband," I said; which was perfectly true, as I believed him to be the best candidate in either party. "You must vote," she said. "We'll run you right back to the polls and then bring you home." In a moment more I was at the polling-place. As I got out of the car, I realized that there were all sorts of candidates to be voted for, for various offices, and that I knew nothing about any of them except the local ones. Not expecting to vote, I had not memorized a sample ballot marked by my husband. I turned to my friend. "I don't know whom to vote for except you," I protested. "I haven't informed myself about any of these candidates." "That's all right," he replied; "you'll be perfectly safe, this year, voting the straight party ticket." I went into the booth and marked a cross against the proper number of names in the party column.

I do not think that is the way to vote.

Yet I think that most of the women I know, if they vote at all, vote about as casually and dependently as that. Most of the women I know, that is, vote as their husbands vote; and if they have not found out how from a husband, they have found out how from a father, a brother, or a friend. I do not detect in the women of my acquaintance any tendency to be interested in the way other women are voting, any tendency to bring sex into politics. I am of course aware that there are a number of women in the country who are trying to perpetuate the old hostilities and tactics of the suffragists and suffragettes. But I doubt if they will get very far. Class consciousness is an easy thing to inject into politics; sex consciousness is not. Men and women are not natural enemies in the political field. Good citizenship is sexless. The government that is really good for males is really good for females. The only people who will deny it are the people who want special privileges, unfair advantages, for one sex or the other. Most fair-minded women, I think, feel this, vaguely if not explicitly. They know that sex antagonism is no basis on which to build a sane state. They feel that the kind of legislation which is advertised as being especially women's business to put through is, properly speaking, the peculiar concern neither of one party nor of one sex. Therefore they tend, I think, to be distrustful of anything like a "women's party," and of leaders who plead for the "women's vote." I am not unaware that such organizations as Miss Butler mentions—"women's clubs, missionary societies, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and the home bureaus"—are,

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as she says, "urging their members to take part in the political life of the community." The activities of a member of a missionary society, or the W. C. T. U., or even a woman's club, as such, however, are bound to be limited. What they are interested in, as members of those organizations, is certain to be municipal housekeeping, or social questions such as "prohibition" or child labor or divorce. They leave the big problems to the established parties. The intelligent woman who wishes to do her full duty as a citizen cannot learn it from the W. C. T. U. or a home bureau. She must tackle the voting problem precisely as an intelligent man tackles it.

The fair-minded woman, then, started in 1920 with a strong prejudice against those leaders who wished her to vote as a woman, not as a citizen. Therefore the phenomenon of sex solidarity failed to manifest itself at the polls. The champions of sex solidarity could not muster their sex as they had hoped; the old parties had no special machinery ready to take care of the new voters. The result was that large numbers of women were not politically organized, or guided, at all.

Women, too, are perhaps more practical than men. Their lives lie among details, and their practical sense is developed by dealing, day by day, with conditions, not theories. Their executive problems are complicated, but small. I cannot but wonder if their practical habit of mind is not part of the reason for their not voting—in the cases where voting is easy. They have not yet learned the moral value of that gesture; it seems to them rather silly and irrelevant to life. If they agree with their husbands, they tend to think that voting is one of the errands he can do for the household. If they disagree with him, they feel a kind of shame in neutralizing the vote of the breadwinner and head of the family. Some women, incredible though it may seem, are still frankly snobbish about it: they do not wish to go into a polling-booth any more than they would wish to go into a saloon. It seems to them, in a curious, inexplicable way, undignified. Some women are—like me—indolent and resentful. All that has happened, it would appear, is that the vote of each party has nearly doubled, and it takes much longer to get election returns. There is only one thing that will take the average non-political citizen, male or female, regularly to the polls; and that is conscience. Any excitement there may be in it will wear off presently for women as it wears off for every man after he has passed the age of twenty-one. What women have not yet had time to develop is political conscience. Like the young man of twenty-one, they feel that they are entering upon a privilege. They must be older hands at voting before they take it as a duty—something all in the day's work, which has to be done, and as well done as possible. Most of the very conscientious women I know do vote; but more than half of them do it because their men-folk have proved to them that they ought to. The amount of argument that the American man has used to persuade his women-folk to go to the polls would appall the suffragettes. Our aliens may threaten their wives to keep them at home: the civilized American, in many cases, has to use all his powers of persuasion to get his wife to the polling-place. Even then, though she may yield to his arguments, may intellectually agree with them, she does not feel the white fire of civic conscience that is burning behind them. She has not been a voter long enough. One of the most effective arguments used by the conscientious male is the old one of the necessity of counteracting the ignorant vote. All the colored women in town are going to vote, and the white women ought to offset that. But the practical female asks what you mean (say, in a presidential year) by offsetting it. Both candidates are going to receive both intelligent and unintelligent votes. The colored woman, after all, can only vote for Mr. Davis or Mr. Coolidge: she cannot vote for Marcus Garvey. About local officers, where the election of one official may mean cleaner streets, or a better police force, or a lower gas-rate, women can get excited; but they have not yet the habit of larger concerns. The women's magazines, the country over, have long been printing appeals to the women to get together and outlaw war. Yet the women did not, apparently, vote in any overwhelming numbers for either Mr. Cox or Mr. Davis, though that

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way, in each case, lay the League of Nations.

No: the hope of the women's vote, it would seem, lies in habit. We must learn to vote precisely as men do, taking the same attitude to the ballot. We must drop the kitchen-pantry-sewing-room-nursery state of mind, and realize that the foreign policy of the United States is more important than a uniform divorce law. We must feel that the constitution of the United States Senate is a more serious matter than the constitution of the town council. We must cease to be mere householders and become citizens. I know very few women who are mentally citizens in the complete sense. That is something we have yet to learn. We shall learn it in time, of course; and most of our slacking and stupidity as voters is due to the simple fact that we have not learned it yet.

Another handicap, I believe, is more nearly social than intellectual. The best women of the country are not, as we have said, going to give their allegiance to those survivors of suffrage leadership who are still trying to stress sex antagonism and make a political bloc of their sex. They must work in co-operation with men; and American women are not used to doing that. Except for such purely social gestures as dining and dancing, the sex barriers are raised very high in America. The sexes pursue their business, and their more serious pleasures, apart. The Englishwoman, who is accustomed to free intellectual intercourse with men, steps much more easily into the rôle of voter. Men and women in the United States, on the plane of mere acquaintance, do not talk seriously with each other; and the general social habit in America is that of the Quaker meeting. The man develops his political ideas and affiliations in the companionship of other men. There is no mixed conversation of any serious kind, and the habit of mixed consultation is going to be hard to arrive at. The intelligent woman will tell you that she is given no opportunity to develop political opinions in a normal way—by the contact and clash with other opinions, other personalities, other points of view, and other sets of facts. Her aversion from serious political discussion with her own sex is merely her practical unwillingness to consult people who are no more expert than she. Broadly speaking, no woman has any respect for another woman's political opinion. It may interest her, but it will not influence her. Until those male councils are enlarged to include her, she will feel herself incompetent; and who can say when the Long House will open its doors to her?

The history of the West proves, I think, that Eastern women will eventually become what you might call "natural" voters. In Western states where women have been long enfranchised, they vote, I am told, without fuss or worry or shyness. Each time I vote, I am more resolved never to do it again. It is all a question, each year, of the moral influence of my husband. Except in 1923, when he let me off (in vain!), he has practically forced me to the polls. He does not in the least care how I vote, as long as I vote. He trusts me, I suppose, to vote seriously, if I vote at all. I bow to a conviction that I do not myself feel. The sense that it is a duty to vote is simply not in me. It is probably the less likely to be developed in me because I consider universal suffrage a mistake from every point of view. If we had limited suffrage, I should probably be anxious to qualify, and willing to discharge my duty if I qualified. But when I am told that all the illiterate colored washerwomen in town are voting, and therefore I must vote, I feel I am being asked to make the foolish gesture of Mrs. Partington. I am not mentally a citizen yet. Nor, for that matter, are most of the women who have been enfranchised only since 1920. I do not know what the political leaders are going to do about us. We are not going to take orders from the W. C. T. U. or a home bureau, and you cannot set earnest young Jewesses to Americanize us, for we still indulge the superstition that, having been here for two or three hundred years, we *are* American. I am afraid that the men will have to do this, as they have done everything else. They gave us the vote; and they will have to educate us until we see in it the shining symbol of civic rights and civic responsibilities. They will have to teach us, that is, to be as mystical about it as they are.

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The late arrivals.

The Audience Can Do No Wrong

BY ROLAND YOUNG
Author of "Actors and Others"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

"WE'VE paid our money and now it's up to you" is what every audience says, consciously or unconsciously, to the actors, and whether they say it or not they believe it. It has never occurred to an audience that they have any responsibility in the matter. They sit in beautiful infallibility, committing all the seven deadly sins of an audience happy in the thought that they are so many kings who can do no wrong.

If an actor has a violent toothache he has to play just the same and conceal the pain from the audience, but if one of the latter develops a toothache in the theatre he does not try to conceal the fact from the actors or the rest of the audience; he does one of two things—he either gets up and goes out in the middle of a scene with as much noise as possible, or he stays and fidgets and groans and complains to his companion, and, if he is in one of the front rows, to the actors. He does not know he is complaining to the actors, but in so much as it is the duty of the actor to be sensitive to the audience, he is instantly aware of the competition of the toothache in the orchestra and the consequent division of attention of the audience between the scene being played and the ailing gentleman in the second row.

It seldom seems to occur to a theatre-goer to stay at home if he is suffering from a cold in the head or chest; on the contrary it would seem that the theatre is the favorite place to bring a trumpeting sneeze or a particularly handsome cough. Of course, the effect of one or both of these ailments on a performance is disastrous, and within a few days the manager will receive a letter of this kind from one of the unthinking kings of the orchestra:

JAMES BLIFFETT & CO.
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Manager,
The Gray Crook Co.

Dear Sir: How many complaints have you heard regarding people being unable to understand the speaking of the players at the Blah Theatre?

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I was there last Friday night, had seats in the second row and had trouble hearing. The following night some one here had seats in the twelfth row and had the same trouble. I was speaking to another party who saw the show, who had seats in the fifth row, and they made the same complaint. It seems to me that it is the duty of actors in a show to acquaint themselves with the acoustics of a theatre and pitch their voices accordingly. I am sending this criticism along for your benefit.

Yours very truly,
HIRAM S. TINCTURE,
Advertising Manager Bliffett's.

This is a typical letter, and one which gives a painfully clear picture of the type of mind which is altruistically endeavoring to help the theatre. I am not denying for one minute that actors sometimes mumble their lines, but I claim that it is just as frequently the case that one or two good coughers obscure the words spoken on the stage, and that the audience merely feels that it has lost some of the dialogue and blames it on the actor when it should blame it on itself.

What Mr. Tincture says about acoustics is a line that recurs frequently in such letters and is typical of the intelligence of the writers. Some theatres are hopeless acoustically and the fault lies unquestionably with the architect and not with the actor. If an actor has to play on a stage where there is a bad echo no amount of pitching his voice will do any good, and acquainting himself with the acoustics of the theatre will benefit neither him nor the audience.

The successful sneeze.

There is an old superstition in the theatre that a coughing or talkative audience means a bad performance is being given by the actors. This is not necessarily true. There may only be one or two coughers in the audience, but if they go to it with a will they will break up the rhythm of a performance, render some lines inaudible, and start the rest of the audience to fidgeting and talking. Similarly, if a party comes in late, an almost invariable occurrence, they will make a disturbance in getting into their seats and will get the people round them upset and inattentive and so break up the rapport that had been established between the actors and the audience prior to their entrance.

Out of an audience of fourteen hundred people there may be but two ladies near the front who will persist in commenting on everything that happens on the stage in penetrating whispers, and in that case they distract the attention of every one around them; and the actor, while he may not hear what they say, does hear the sibilance of their whispers, and it is a fiendishly distracting sound and one hard to cope with. This habit of whispering is horribly common, and at matinees particularly it is practically certain to happen.

Another torture the actor has to contend with is the man with the very loud, hearty laugh, who laughs before or after every one else, to show that nothing escapes him, even if all the rest of the audience may miss it. Women do this also but not to the same extent.

Nervousness on the part of commuters toward the last ten minutes of a play does not tend to make things easy for the actors or for the rest of the audience.

A scene is sometimes broken into by some enthusiastic person who has seen the play before and cannot restrain herself from quoting the line that is about to be said and quoting it loudly and incorrectly.

All these things have their effect on a performance in so far as they are heard instantly by both audience and actor at a time when a large number of people are giving their attention under one roof to the doings and sayings of another and much smaller group of people under the same roof.

As an actor, when an unnecessary noise occurs in the orchestra after a period of quiet, cutting out two or three words from a speech, I feel that the tension that had existed up to that point has snapped and has to be reëstablished, but with the

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knowledge that it may be snapped again at any minute and there is nothing to be done about it.

As a member of the audience, when some one suddenly coughs vigorously or talks or sneezes or whatever it may be, I feel a murderous rage sweep over me, and the result is that until that feeling has died down I cannot properly appreciate what is going on on the stage. I am sure that the people who commit these indiscretions have no idea how far-reaching the effects may be, but I see no hope of their ever learning, so "What's the use of my abuse?"

Audiences vary during the week, but largely in the matter of size—thus Monday is usually the smallest house and Saturday the largest, but even so I think Monday night's house is a more receptive audience to play to than Saturday night's.

I have never thought that audiences differ geographically. Sometimes New York will like a play and Chicago will not like it, but when New York, Chicago, Boston, and Philadelphia all like a play, I do not think there is any appreciable difference in the way they take it.

I have often been asked if companies, during a long run, grow stale, and I think that it is in the hands of the director. Any company would grow stale after playing the same play for some months if the director did not keep his eye on them and call a rehearsal every now and then. I think, as a rule, an actor is quite unconscious of the fact that he is growing stale until a rehearsal is called and the director, who has not seen the play for some time and so has a fresh point of view, tells him just where the performance has lost. Growing stale is usually a matter of lost tempo and broken rhythm, and it is usually only in certain places in the play that these faults are noticeable.

An apathetic audience makes an apathetic performance, and that, I think, is as natural and understandable as the reverse. Thanksgiving matinees and Christmas matinees and New Year's Eve night are usually very bad audiences to play to. In the case of the first two the audience is full of food and therefore heavy and stodgy and slow, and in the case of the New Year's Eve audience there is always a sufficiently large proportion of citizens who have defied the Eighteenth Amendment largely and deeply to ruin any performance.

There is one theatre pest I have not mentioned, and I am afraid that he is increasing in number, and that is the man who sits in the front row and makes very audible wise-cracks about the actors during quiet scenes. During a love scene, for example, this idiot will turn to his companion and say such things as "He thinks he's a regular he-man, don't he?" or "Attaboy—grab her, kiddo." Surely it would benefit everybody if a strong usher were to hit him over the head with something very heavy and drag him out of the theatre. The more you hush a fool of this sort the louder become his comments, because he feels he is increasing his audience.

The talkers.

A close relation to the wise-cracking pest is the person who cannot resist making a squeaky noise with his lips when two people kiss on the stage. This pest is present in at least eight audiences out of ten and his pastime never seems to lose any of its freshness and keen wit for him—or her.

If anybody who reads this is in the habit of indulging in this particular vulgarity, I would ask them to accept my most cordial hatred. It is not confined to any particular part of the house, and it is inane, insolent, and lewd.

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The Writing of Fiction

BY EDITH WHARTON

CONSTRUCTING A NOVEL

I

FOR convenience of division it may be said that the novel of psychology was born in France, the novel of manners in England, and that out of their union in the glorious brain of Balzac sprang that strange chameleon-creature, the modern novel, which changes its shape and colour with every subject on which it rests.

In the general muster the novel of manners will be found to have played the most important part; and here English influences preponderate. If innate aptitude were enough for the producing of a work of art, the flowering of the English novel of manners in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries might have surpassed in quality, and intrinsic importance, that of all other schools.

Balzac's debt to Scott has already been touched on; that of the earlier French fiction to Richardson and Sterne is a commonplace in the history of the novel. But the true orientation of English fiction was away from the fine-drawn analysis of Richardson, the desultory humours of Sterne, in the direction of an ample and powerful novel of manners. Smollett and Fielding brought fresh air and noise, the rough and tumble of the street, the ribaldry of the tavern, into the ceremonious drawing-rooms depicted by Richardson and later by Miss Burney. The great, the distinguishing gift of the English novelist was a homely simplicity combined with an observation at once keen and indulgent; good-humour was the atmosphere and irony the flavour of this great school of observers, from Fielding to George Eliot.

Till the day of Jane Austen it had been possible to treat without apology of the mixed affair of living; but Jane Austen's delicate genius flourished on the very edge of a tidal wave of prudery. Already Scott was averting his eyes from facts on which the maiden novelist in her rectory parlour had looked unperturbed; when Thackeray and Dickens rose in their might the chains were forged and the statues draped. In the melancholy preface to "Pendennis" Thackeray puts the case bitterly and forcibly: "Since the author of *Tom Jones* was buried, no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a MAN"; and the stunted conclusion of a tale so largely begun testifies to the benumbing effect of the new restrictions. Charlotte Brontë, whose novels now seem in some respects so romantically unreal, was denounced for sensuality and immorality; and English fiction was in danger of dwindling to the pale parables of Miss Mulock and Miss Yonge.

But for this reaction against truth, this sudden fear of touching on any of the real issues of the human comedy and tragedy, Thackeray's natural endowment would have placed him with the very greatest; Trollope might conceivably have been a lesser Jane Austen; and George Eliot, perhaps born with the richest gifts of any English novelist since Thackeray, might have poured out her treasures of wit and irony and tenderness without continually pausing to denounce and exhort.

But the artist depends on atmosphere for the proper development of his gift; and all these novelists were cramped by the hazard of a social convention from which their continental contemporaries happened to escape. The artist of other races has always been not only permitted but enjoined to see life whole; and it is this, far more than any superiority of genius, that lifts Balzac, Stendhal and Tolstoy so high above even Thackeray when the universal values are to be ap-

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praised. The great continental novelists are all the avowed debtors of their English predecessors; they took the English novel of manners in its amplitude, its merriment and pathos, and in their hands the thing became a trumpet.

In one respect the English novelists are still supreme; and that is in the diffusion of good humour, good manners one might almost say, which envelops their comedy and tragedy. Much that is savage and acrimonious in the French, dolorous and overwrought in the Russians, is strained away through this fine English *bonhomie*, leaving a clear bright draught, not very intoxicating or even stimulating, but refreshing and full of a lasting savour. Nor does this prevalent good humour hinder the full expression of tragedy; it helps rather to extract the final bitterness from certain scenes in Pendennis and Vanity Fair, in Middlemarch and the Chronicles of Barsetshire. The last years of Lydgate, the last hour of Mrs. Proudie, seem the more terrible for being muffled in a secure and decent atmosphere of fair play and plum-pudding.

All the restraints of prudery which hampered the English novelists of the nineteenth century have come down with a crash, and the "now-that-it-can-be-told-school" (as some one has wittily named it) has rushed to the opposite excess of dirt-for-dirt's sake, from which no real work of art has ever sprung. Such a reaction was inevitable. No one who remembers that Butler's great novel, "The Way of all Flesh," remained unpublished for over twenty years because it dealt soberly but sincerely with the chief springs of human conduct can wonder that laborious monuments of schoolboy pornography are mistaken for works of genius by a public ignorant of Rabelais and unaware of Apuleius. The balance will right itself with the habit of freedom. The new novelists will learn that it is even more necessary to see life steadily than to recount it whole; and by that time a more thoughtful public may be ripe for the enjoyment of a riper art.

II

Most novels, for convenient survey, may be grouped under one or the other of three types: manners, character (or psychology) and adventure. These designations may be thought to describe the different methods sufficiently; but as a typical example of each, "Vanity Fair" for the first, "Madame Bovary" for the second, and, for the third, "Rob Roy" or "The Master of Ballantrae," might be named.

This grouping must be further stretched to include as subdivisions what might be called the farcical novel of manners, the romance, and the philosophical romance; and immediately "Pickwick" for the first, "Harry Richmond," "La Chartreuse de Parme" or "Lorna Doone" for the second, and "Wilhelm Meister" or "Marius the Epicurean" for the third category, suggest themselves to the reader.

Lastly, in the zone of the unclassifiable float such enchanting hybrids as "John Inglesant," "Lavengro," and that great Swiss novel "Der Grüne Heinrich," in which fantasy, romance and the homeliest realities are so inimitably mingled. It will be noticed that in the last two groups —of romance pure or hybrid—but one French novel has been cited. The French genius, which made "Romanticism" its own (after borrowing it from England) has seldom touched even the hem of Romance: Tristan and Iseult and their long line of descendants come from Broceliande, not from the Ile de France.

Before going farther it should be added that, in a study of the modern novel, the last-named of the three principal groups, the novel of adventure, is the least important because the least modern. That this implies any depreciation of the type in itself will not for a moment be admitted by a writer whose memory is full of Dumas the elder, Herman Melville, Captain Marryat and Stevenson; but their gallant yarns might have been sung to the minstrel's harp before Roland and his peers, and told in Babylonian bazaars to Joseph and his Brethren: the tale of adventure is essentially the parent-stock of all subsequent varieties of the novel, and its modern tellers have introduced few innovations in what was already a perfect formula, created in the dawn of time by the world-old appeal: "Tell us another story."

All attempts at classification may seem

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to belong to school-examinations and text-books, and to reduce the matter to the level of the famous examination-paper which, in reference to Wordsworth's "O cuckoo, shall I call thee bird, or but a wandering voice?" instructed the student to "state alternative preferred, with reasons for your choice." In a sense, classification is always arbitrary and belittling; yet to the novelist's mind such distinctions represent organic realities. It does not much matter under what heading a school-girl is taught to class "Vanity Fair"; but from the creator's point of view classification is the choice of a manner and an angle of vision, and it mattered greatly that Thackeray knew just how he meant to envisage his subject, which might have been dealt with merely as the tale of an adventuress, or merely as the romance of an honest couple, or merely as an historical novel, and is all of these, and how much more besides—is, indeed, all that its title promises.

The very fact that so many subjects contain the elements of two or three different types of novel makes it one of the novelist's first cares to decide which method he means to use. Balzac, for instance, gives us in "Le Père Goriot" and in "Eugénie Grandet" two different ways of dealing with subjects that contain, after all, much the same elements; in the one, englobing his tragic father in a vast social panorama, in the other projecting his miser (who should have given the tale its name) in huge Molièresque relief against the narrow background of a sleepy provincial town and three or four carefully-subordinated characters.

There is another kind of hybrid novel, but in which the manner rather than the matter may be so characterized; the novel written almost entirely in dialogue, after the style, say, of "Gyp's" successful tales. It is open to discussion whether any particular class of subjects calls for this treatment. Henry James thought so, and the oddly-contrived "Awkward Age" was a convinced attempt on his part to write "a little thing in the manner of Gyp"—a resemblance which few readers would have perceived had he not pointed it out. Strangely enough, he was persuaded that certain subjects not falling into the stage-categories require nevertheless to be chattered rather than narrated; and, more strangely still, that "The Awkward Age," that delicate and subtle case, all half-lights and shades, all innuendoes, gradations and transitions, was typically made for such treatment.

His hyper-sensitiveness to any comment on his own work made it difficult to discuss the question with him; but his greatest admirers will probably feel that "The Awkward Age" lost more than it gained by being powdered into dialogue, and that, had it been treated as a novel instead of a kind of hybrid play, the obligation of "straight" narrative might have compelled him to face and elucidate the central problem instead of suffering it to lose itself in a tangle of talk. At any rate, such an instance will probably not do much to convince either novelists or their readers of the advantage of the "talked" novel. As a matter of fact, the mode of presentation to the reader, that central difficulty of the whole affair, must always be determined by the nature of the subject; and the subject which instantly calls for dialogue seems as instantly to range itself among those demanding for their full setting-forth the special artifices of the theatre.

The immense superiority of the novel for any subject in which "situation" is not paramount is just that freedom, that ease in passing from one form of presentation to another, and that possibility of explaining and elucidating by the way, which the narrative permits. Convention is the first necessity of all art; but there seems no reason for adding the shackles of another form to those imposed by one's own. Narrative, with all its suppleness and variety, its range from great orchestral effects to the frail vibration of a single string, should furnish the substance of the novel; dialogue, that precious adjunct, should never be more than an adjunct, and one to be used as skilfully and sparingly as the drop of condiment which flavours a whole dish.

The use of dialogue in fiction seems to be one of the few things about which a fairly definite rule may be laid down. It should be reserved for the culminating moments, and regarded as the spray into which the great wave of narrative breaks

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in curving toward the watcher on the shore. This lifting and scattering of the wave, the coruscation of the spray, even the mere material sight of the page broken into short uneven paragraphs, all help to reinforce the contrast between such climaxes and the smooth effaced gliding of the narrative intervals; and the contrast enhances that sense of the passage of time for the producing of which the writer has to depend on his intervening narration. Thus the sparing use of dialogue not only serves to emphasize the crises of the tale but to give it as a whole a greater effect of continuous development.

Another argument against the substitution of dialogue for narrative is the wastefulness and round-aboutness of the method. The greater effect of animation, of presentness, produced by its excessive use will not help the reader through more than half the book, whatever its subject; after that he will perceive that he is to be made to pay before the end for his too facile passage through the earlier chapters. The reason is inherent in the method. When, in real life, two or more people are talking together, all that is understood between them is left out of their talk; but when the novelist uses conversation as a means not only of accentuating but of carrying on his tale, his characters have to tell each other many things that each already knows the other knows, and to avoid the resulting shock of improbability their dialogue must be so diluted with touches of realistic commonplace that, as in the least good of Trollope's tales, it rambles on for page after page before the reader, resignedly marking time, arrives, bewildered and weary, at a point to which one paragraph of narrative could have carried him.

III

In writing of the short story I may have seemed to dwell too much on the need of considering every detail in its plan and development; yet the short story is an improvisation, the temporary shelter of a flitting fancy, compared to the four-square and deeply-founded monument which the novel ought to be.

It is not only that the scale is different; it is because of the reasons for its being so. If the typical short story be the foreshortening of a dramatic climax connecting two or more lives, the typical novel usually deals with the gradual unfolding of a succession of events divided by intervals of time, and in which many people, in addition to the principal characters, play more or less subordinate parts. No need now to take in sail and clear the decks; the novelist must carry as much canvas and as many passengers as his subject requires and his seamanship permits.

Still, the novel-theme is distinguished from that suited to the short story less by the number of characters than by the space required to mark the lapse of time or permit the minute analysis of successive states of feeling. The latter distinction holds good even when the states of feeling are all contained in one bosom, and crowded into a short period, as they are in "The Kreutzer Sonata." No one would think of classing "The Kreutzer Sonata," or "Ivan Ilyitch," or "Adolphe," among short stories; and such instances prove the difficulty of laying down a hard-and-fast distinction between the forms. The final difference lies deeper. A novel may be all about one person, and about no more than a few hours in that person's life, and yet not be reducible to the limits of a short story without losing all significance and interest. It depends on the character of the subject chosen.

Since the novel-about-one-person has been touched on, it may be well, before going farther, to devote a short parenthesis to its autobiographical or "subjective" variety. In the study of novel-technique one might almost set aside the few masterpieces in this class, such as the "Princesse de Clèves," "Adolphe" and "Dominique," as not novels at all, any more than Musset's "Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle" is a novel. They are, in fact, all fragments of autobiography by writers of genius; and the autobiographical gift does not seem very closely related to that of fiction. In the case of the authors mentioned, none but Madame de La Fayette ever published another novel, and her other attempts were without interest. In all the arts abundance seems to be one of the surest signs of vocation. It exists on

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the lowest scale, and, in the art of fiction, belongs as much to the producer of "railway novels" as to Balzac, Thackeray or Tolstoy; yet it almost always marks the great creative artist. Whatever a man has it in him to do really well he usually keeps on doing with persistency.

There is another sign which sets apart the born novelist from the authors of self-confessions in novel-form; that is, the absence of the objective faculty in the latter. The subjective writer lacks the power of getting far enough away from his story to view it as a whole and relate it to its setting; his minor characters remain the mere satellites of the principal personage (himself), and disappear when not lit up by their central luminary.

Such books are sometimes masterpieces; but if by the term "art of fiction" be understood the creation of imaginary characters and the invention of their imaginary experiences—and there seems no more convenient definition—then the autobiographical tale is not strictly a novel, since no objectively creative effort has gone to its making.

It does not follow that born novelists never write autobiographical novels. Instances to the contrary will occur to every one, and none more obvious than that of "The Kreutzer Sonata." There is a gulf between such a book and "Adolphe." Tolstoy's tale, though almost avowedly the study of his own tortured soul, is as objective as Othello. The magic transposition has taken place; in reading the story we do not feel ourselves to be in a resuscitated *real world* (a sort of Tussaud Museum of wax figures with actual clothes on), but in that other world which is the image of life transposed in the brain of the artist, a world wherein the creative breath has made all things new. If one happened to begin one's acquaintance with Tolstoy by reading "The Kreutzer Sonata" one would not need to be told that it was the creation of a brain working objectively, a brain which had produced, or was likely to produce, other novels of a wholly different kind; whereas of such books as "Dominique" or "Adolphe," were one to light on them as unpreparedly, one would say: "This is not the invention of a novelist but the self-analysis of a man of genius."

There is one famous book which might be described as the link between the real novel and the autobiography in novel-disguise. This is Goethe's "Werther." Here a youth of genius, as yet unpractised in the art of fiction, has related, under the thinnest of concealments, the story of his own unhappy love. The tale is intensely subjective. The hero is never once *seen from the outside*, the minor figures are hardly drawn out of the limbo of the unrealized; yet how instantly the difference between "Werther" and "Adolphe" declares itself! The latter tale is completely self-contained; it never suggests in the writer the power or the desire to project a race of imaginary characters. "Werther" does. Every page thrills with the dawning gift of creation. The lover has not been too much absorbed in his own anguish to turn its light on things external to him. The young Goethe who has noted Charlotte's way of cutting the bread-and-butter for her little brothers and sisters, and set down the bourgeois humours and the sylvan charm of the ball in the forest, is already a novelist.

IV

THE question of form—already defined as the order, in time and importance, in which the incidents of the narrative are grouped—is, for obvious reasons, harder to deal with in the novel than the short story, and most difficult in the novel of manners, with its more crowded stage, and its interweaving of individual and social analysis.

The English novelists of the early nineteenth century were still farther enslaved by the purely artificial necessity of the double plot. Two parallel series of adventures, in which two separate groups of people were concerned, sometimes with hardly a link between the two, and always without any deep organic connection, were served up in alternating sections. Throughout the novels of Dickens, George Eliot, Trollope and the majority of their contemporaries, this tedious and senseless convention persists, checking the progress of each series of events and distracting the reader's attention. The artificial trick of keeping two stories going like a juggler's ball is entirely different from the

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attempt to follow the interwoven movements of typical social groups, as Thackeray did in "Vanity Fair" and "The Newcomes," Balzac in "Le Père Goriot." In these cases the separate groups, either families or larger units, really impersonate *the characters of the tale*, and their fates are as closely interwoven as those of the two or three persons on the narrow stage of a tale like "Silas Marner."

The double plot has long since vanished, and the "plot" itself, in the sense of an elaborate puzzle into which a given number of characters have to be arbitrarily fitted, has gone with it to the lumber-room of discarded conventions. But traces of the parallel story linger in the need often felt by young writers of crowding their scene with supernumeraries. The temptation is specially great in composing the novel of manners. If one is undertaking to depict a "section of life," how avoid a crowded stage? The answer is, by choosing as principal characters figures so typical that each connotes a whole social background. It is the unnecessary characters who do the crowding, who confuse the reader by dispersing his attention; but even the number of subordinate yet necessary characters may be greatly reduced by making the principal figures so typical that they adumbrate most of the others.

The traditions of the Théâtre Français used to require that the number of objects on the stage—chairs, tables, even to a glass of water on a table—should be limited to the actual requirements of the drama: the chairs must all be sat in, the table carry some object necessary to the action, the glass of water or decanter of wine be a part of the drama.

The stage-realism introduced from England submerged these scenic landmarks under a flood of irrelevant upholstery; but as guides in the labyrinth of composition they are still standing, as necessary to the novelist as to the playwright. In both cases a far profounder effect is produced by the penetrating study of a few characters than by the multiplying of half-drawn figures. Neither novelist nor playwright should ever venture on creating a character without first following it out to the end of the tale, and being sure that it is an organic necessity. Characters whose fates have not been settled for them in advance are likely to present as difficult problems as other types of the unemployed.

In the number of characters introduced, as much as in the scenic details given, relevance is the first, the arch-necessity. And characters and scenic detail are in fact one to the novelist who has fully assimilated his material. The moon-enchanted hollow of Wilming Weir in "Sandra Belloni" is as much the landscape of Emilia's soul as of a corner of England; it was one of George Meredith's distinguishing merits that he always made his marvellous art as a landscape-painter contribute to the interpretation of his tale, so that such scenes as Wilming Weir, the sunrise from the top of Monte Motterone in the opening chapter of "Vittoria," and the delicious wall-flower-coloured picture of the farm-house in "Harry Richmond," are all necessary parts of the novels in which they figure, and all seen as the people *to whom they happened* would have seen them.

This leads to another important principle. The impression produced by a landscape, a street or a house should always, to the novelist, be an event in the history of a soul, and the use of the "descriptive passage," and its style, should be determined by the fact that it must depict only what the intelligence concerned would have noticed, and always in terms within the register of that intelligence. Two instances, illustrating respectively the observance and the neglect of this rule, may be cited from the novels of Mr. Hardy: the first, that memorable evocation of Egdon Heath by night, as Eustacia Vye looks forth on it from Rainbarrow; the other, the painfully detailed description of the Wessex vale, in all its geological and agricultural details, through which another of Mr. Hardy's heroines, unseeing, wretched, and incapable at any time of noting such particularities as it has amused her creator to set down, flies blindly to her doom.

(Mrs. Wharton will conclude "Constructing a Novel" in the next number.)

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Alcestis

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

On the third day, the loud deliverer said,
She will awake; she stands so silent now,
With that white veil across her whiter brow,
Because thus silent were the dead;
So still she stands
With those yet folded hands
Because she found
Such stillness underneath the ground;
But take her; she is all your own—
Beloved and known. . . .

So she had come again to tread
Her ordered household ways
With ordered mind,
And still, as long ago,
To find
Her joy at morning and her peace at night,
And light
As flowers round her head
To wear the garland of her blameless days;
For he had vanquished death and made it so.

But did he know? . . .

Among her maidens in the spacious room,
What dimness steals across the loom,
Changing the pattern that she weaves?—
These are the leaves
That grow not on the trees of earth;
These flowers
Drew their mysterious birth
From no dark seed of ours;—
Such are the tints that pale and gleam
Beyond that Other Stream.

Mixed with the music and the mirth
That ring
Through the wide hall,
What murmurs drift and fall
Upon her ear?
How should these alien echoes cling
To notes she is so used to hear?
Faint are the winds and far they blow
That bring
Such breathings low
To our clear pipes, and wring
Such unknown sweetness from the harps we know. . . .

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So was it all in vain.
The twilight mists that steal
From those wan meadows may not lift and rise
Again for eyes
That drank their shade too deep;
Nor music mend the broken chain
Of mortal memories;
Nor may forgetting seal
Those wells of silence soft as sleep
Where music sinks and dies.
Light is the joy of earth, too light its pain,
To keep
And bind again.

Fishing in Wisconsin

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Former Assistant Secretary of the Navy

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

OUTDOOR recreation has a marked effect on the character of a nation. Life in the woods, on the plains or mountains, breeds men of courage, independence, and initiative. In the last war, the characteristic of the American soldier that was most marked was his initiative. This independence was bred of our national ideals and form of government. They in turn come, I believe, in large measure, from the pioneers who built our country. Two hundred years ago this country was a trackless wilderness. There was a fringe of settlements along our eastern seaboard. Behind lay the backwoods and the great unknown. With restless energy and keen vision our forefathers pressed west, ever west. They blazed their way through forests, their canvas-covered wagons in long files crept across the prairie, the men walking, rifle on shoulder, beside the women and children looking out with wondering eyes on herds of shaggy buffalo and swift-moving antelope. Streams were forded, mountains were scaled, hostile Indians were met and defeated. The country was conquered.

These pioneers have passed. They have followed the Indian and the buffalo over the Great Divide. They have left us a country of unrivalled wealth and prosperity, but, far more important, they have left to us as a nation their spirit of sturdy self-reliance. Our national wealth is important, but our national spirit is infinitely more important. We of this generation must guard it for those who come after as their most precious inheritance. This spirit was fostered by out-of-door life. In order to keep it we must preserve our out-of-door life. Now is the time when we must meet this problem and take thought for the morrow. Our population is growing by leaps and bounds. It is not impossible that another fifty years may add another fifty millions to our people. If our children's children are to have the same opportunities for out-of-door sport that we had, we must take action. Realizing this, many men and women have been working to this end in different parts of our country. Until recently, however, the work has been individual, rather than collective. Last spring, President Coolidge called a National Conference on Outdoor Recreation. By this conference the efforts of the individuals began to be coordinated. It was my privilege to par-

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ticipate in this conference. There I met, among others, George Scott, of Chicago, an ardent apostle of out-of-doors. He and I believe in practising what we preach, so after the conference, we arranged to go into the woods together.

Fishing was recommended by canon law to the clergy of England in the olden times as:

"Favorable to the health of their bodies, and specyally of their soules."

Dame Juliana Berners, an estimable prioress, toward the end of the fifteenth century writes:

"If the angler take fysshe, surely then is there no man merrier than he is in his spryte."

With these precepts before me, what could be more the order of the day than a fishing trip after the Republican Convention in Cleveland? Therefore, as any sensible man would have done if possible, the moment the convention was over I went a-fishing.

All those who have participated in political conventions will agree with me that both body and soul need refreshment after them, and that man or woman longs to be "merrie in spryte." A political convention is kaleidoscopic. There are four or five days of heat and dust, when collars melt and lie in limp rags around your neck. You live in hotel rooms which are as private as a bird-cage, for into them people wander, stay a few moments, and then leave. You never know what time of day or night stray delegates or delegations will either come to see you or else mistake your room for some one else's. Lobbies are filled with men and women decked in buttons and carrying banners. Conferences take place at all hours of the day and night in rooms heavy with tobacco smoke. Wars and rumors of wars abound. Booms are launched where the ship seems to be sailing serenely, only to find her suddenly turned turtle, a hopeless wreck. Meals are hastily eaten in cafés where the waiters are so busy you get only a cup of bouillon and three rather stale rolls. Such is a picture of all conventions, and such is a picture of the Cleveland Convention last June.

Now, I am a real fisherman. By that I mean that I have fished for sun-fish and bullheads with worms, and from there up the scale to salmon-fishing. I prefer fly-fishing for trout to anything else, but where there is no fly-fishing for trout, I will fish with a cork bob for a carp.

Like those Biblical gentlemen we read of in Habakkuk, I have "taken them with the angle, catched them with the net, and gathered them in my drag." I can remember as if it were yesterday the enthralling rapture of seeing my battered cork-float bob convulsively and disappear, as I sat, a rather dirty, thoroughly sunburned, and much scratched little boy on the end of the pier at Oyster Bay. I can remember the string of fish of all sizes and varieties that I used to bring back to our house on Sagamore Hill, fish that my mother used to have to eat for fear of hurting my feelings. Parenthetically, to all those who have children, there is probably nothing more sensitive than the young hunter or fisherman. The trophies of his bow and spear are to him something infinitely precious and honorable. Personally, I have always believed that my mother originally disliked eels. However, eels were common at Oyster Bay, as were children in the family, and therefore she had gradually acquired a taste for fried eels through having to eat not only the catch of my generation but the catch of the generation of my children.

However, all this is wandering far afield, for this time I was fortunate enough to be going fly-fishing for trout. You fisher men and women who throw brown hackles, red hackles, coachmen, and what-not over the waters of the world, know just what keen joy and anticipation was mine. To begin with, fly-fishing, like fishing in general, is one of the oldest sports the world affords. Ælian speaks of a fish that lived in the River Astreus, in the "hollow vale of Tempe," which he describes as speckled and dwelling in swift waters. This fish, he says, is caught with an imitation insect. Unquestionably we have here our friend the trout, of the tribe *salmonidæ*, and here we have, as far as I know, the first reference to artificial flies, of which, incidentally, he describes the manufacture. Martial also alludes to it. Our sport, therefore, is not only delightful and ever new, but it is sanctified by time and

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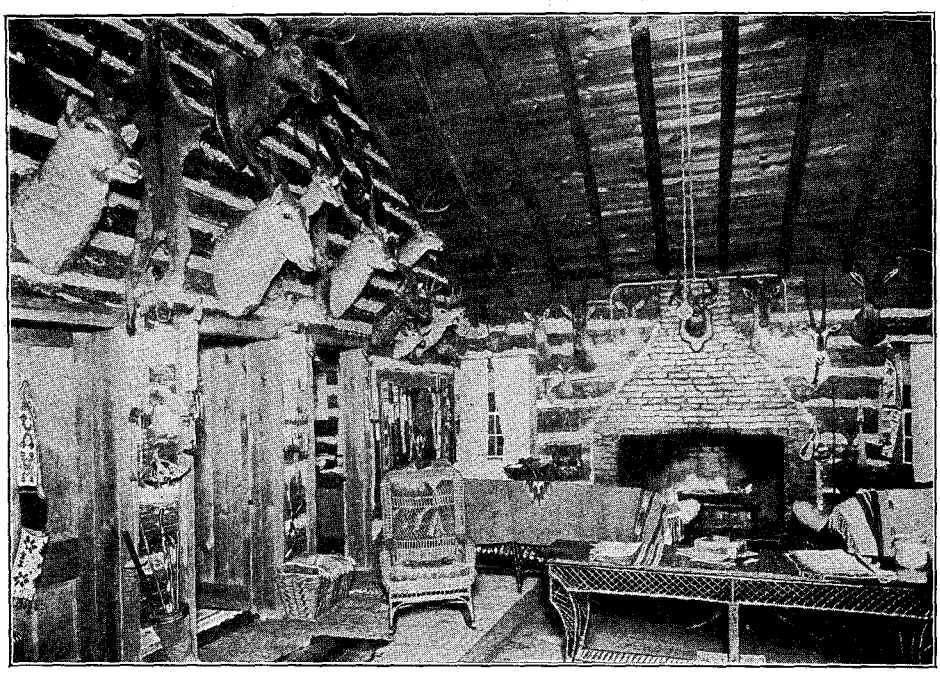
tradition. So none of us fishermen need at any time apologize for our loved sport.

But, to our muttons! The night train took me to Chicago. There E—— and I met George and Cornelia Scott, with whom we had, as I have said, arranged to go. We were to leave that night. We went out in the afternoon to George Scott's place. There a delightful surprise awaited us—two new Thomas rods, one



Interior of "Skokelkins Lodge," Coleman Lake.

for each of us. Next to catching fish, I think there is nothing more delightful than inspecting fishing-tackle. As a rule, I am reasonably economical. I have to be, with a large family and limited means. Fishing-tackle, however, acts on me the way drink or drugs do on an addict. I can no more go into a store where fishing-tackle is kept and come away without buying any number of things I don't need, than I can fly over the moon. Sporting-goods stores are positively immoral in the way they place temptation before their patrons. To begin with, there is a case of rods, and a particularly delightful new three-ounce Thomas with just the right spring in it. Then there are the trays of flies. As you look over them, you are perfectly sure that the reason you did not get any rises in the garden pool last time was because you did not have some particular variety you see there. Then there are the new lures, new gadgets for carrying your oil for dry-fly fishing, new lines, new reels, and a thousand and one temptations of the devil. I would not like to see at this moment totalled up before me the money I have spent on fishing-tackle.

Every good fisherman will agree with what I have said in the previous paragraph, and therefore every good fisherman will know the delight and interest of finding these two new rods. E—— had told me that on account of her long journey on the train from New York in the hot weather, she was very tired and would like to rest during the afternoon, before we took the night train again. I told this to George Scott. What was my surprise to find that the new rod had overcome all her fatigue. Her idea of resting was to put her new rod together and cast with it on the lawn. That evening we went over our luggage again. We checked up the reels, the disreputable but dearly beloved fishing trousers and hats, made

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sure everything was in, and got on the train. We were headed for Coleman Lake, Wisconsin.

The next morning we got off very early, breakfasted in the gray dawn on hard-boiled eggs, sandwiches, and coffee from a thermos bottle. There has been much talk in these recent years of inventions that have revolutionized life—the airplane, the radio, and countless others. Speaking as a fisherman, however, I want to put in my plea that the thermos bottle be given its due place of honor. After breakfast we started out in automobiles to the lodge. The country is the wild, rolling, northern Wisconsin plain. The soil is poor. There is but little farming. Once it was covered with a great forest, but that has been lumbered off. Now for miles and miles on either side stretch scrub bushes, with an occasional gaunt stump, fire-scorched, like the ruins of some old castle—a reminder of the past glories of the forest. It is very rare to find real woods in this country. Reforestation is very difficult because of the fires that so often sweep across the hills. I hope that at some time in the future a more enlightened public opinion may provide for suitable measures to make this country again a reservoir of wealth and an invaluable playground for the people.

Eventually we got down to George Scott's lodge. The lodge itself is delightful. It stands in a little wood on a point jutting out into Coleman Lake. The clear lake waters stretch away almost from the veranda edge. Originally, it belonged to Fred Stevenson, a great outdoor man, who hunted in Africa, Mexico, and all over. In the lodge are trophies of all kinds and descriptions—beaded buckskin shirts of the old Indians, war-bonnets of the South Africans, deer heads, koodoo heads, antelope heads, buffalo heads, old rifles, and books a-plenty in racks along the wall—an ideal place to spend a vacation.

Right after shifting into our fishing clothes we went up to North Pond. We fished the pond, which was teeming with trout. We kept nothing under eight inches. In fishing, George Scott and I had the usual anglers' debate about fishing with flies. He believes in a large wet fly, a six or an eight, whereas I hold firmly by a small dry fly, a twelve or fourteen. Our debate remained unconcluded, because we both fared equally well using entirely different flies. E—— had not fished much before. She had, however, taken some lessons in casting before she came on the trip, and in a short time she was throwing a beautiful line. However, for the first few days, at any rate, though her casts were beautiful, she had not got the automatic instinct which bids you strike at the correct moment, so the fish hooked were few and far between.

To me pond-fishing is all very well and may be done when one can get no other fishing, but stream-fishing for brook-trout is the cream of sport, and whenever there is a chance to fish a stream, I'll fish it in preference to any pond, no matter how big the fish are in that pond. I like to move along the bank; I like to wade the rapids; I like to select my pool, wade into it, get my fish, and be able to pat myself on the back and say: "You were right in your judgment." There are so many more difficult things to overcome in a stream. Any one who is reading this article will recognize what I mean when I say: "Those alders that always snarl up your backcast." You move forward gently toward a good pool. You see a big trout break with a splash just by an overhanging stump. You swish back your cast, intent on dropping the fly just above him. On the forward move of your rod, you find you are fast. You look around. You see the tops of a bunch of alders quivering where your leader has snarled itself. Then you have to work patiently back, climb up on the bank, pull the alders down, unsnarl the brown hackle that has hooked itself around the leader, and start over again. Not only have I snarled my leader many hundreds of times in this way on a backcast, but I have even been guilty of snarling it, going back to unsnarl it, casting again and snarling again, in exactly the same place. Let no one tell me that unsnarling your line at times like this does not build character.

That, however, is not the only trouble that confronts you as you move up the stream. At times I have snarled my cast in trees. Then I had to "shinny" up the

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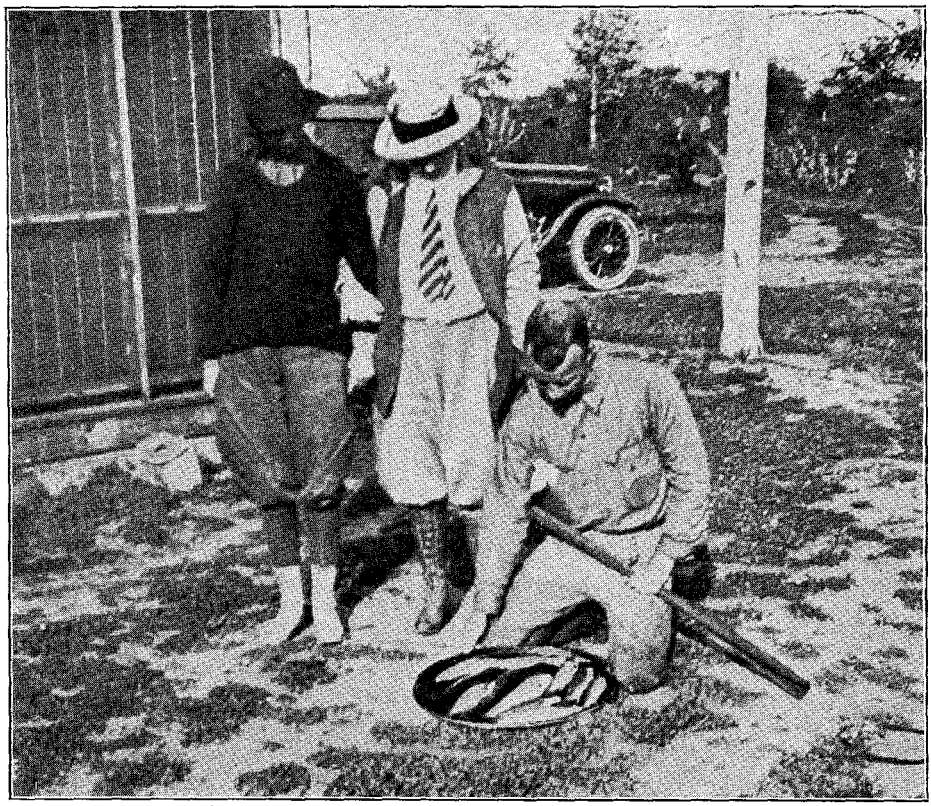

A morning's catch.

tree, climb out hand over hand on the branch, and try to break the branch and cast off by my weight. I have landed in the water with a splash many times after doing this. Also, there is the log-jam pool. All fishermen know it. The logs have drifted across the stream, and three or four of them lying together form a deep black back eddy on which flakes of foam are floating. There the trout lie in numbers. To get them dry-fly fishing, you have to cast practically against those logs. You cast against the logs, a fish rises, you strike, your fly hooks firmly on the log, and you are confronted with the problem of either breaking the leader or spoiling that pool.

There is one particular stream near Coleman Lake where big fellows lie. The alder-bushes and the reeds grow right out into the stream. It is a deep stream. When you hook your fish it is a battle royal from the moment he is on until he is flopping in the net. If you give him a bit of slack, he is in those reeds and off before you can say "Jack Robinson."

The first bit of stream I fished was only about half a mile long. It stretched between two of the ponds. It was deep. It had bushes growing in the water. It had reeds on every side. I fussed along without much luck, casting to right and left, occasionally picking up a fish. I had made up my mind that, as we could use only a certain amount of fish ourselves, I would not creel anything under ten inches. There were perhaps three or four nice fellows in the bottom of my basket. At last I came to where an alder-bush hung well into the channel. I cast back and over the bush. With a rush and a tug, a beauty struck. After a fight I got him in. I cast again. Two more rushed for the fly. From that one pool I took ten trout, running from eleven to thirteen inches. I walked up the stream farther.

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Just below the dam another beautiful pool lay. There I had almost equal success. I got one beauty fourteen or fifteen inches long. I played him until he was thoroughly tired, and built better than I knew in so doing, for when I brought him to the net and scooped him up and thought I had him fast, I found the bottom of the net had torn out and he splashed out through the net into the water. Then I executed a feat for which I believe I deserve a medal. I netted that fish in my creel, which was almost half full.

Theodore Roosevelt cleaning his trout.

On one of the days of our trip E—— and I fished this particular pool together. I was fishing wet that day with two flies on my cast. I hooked two fish, both of them better than ten inches. I don't know what I should have done if she had not been with me, but she succeeded in netting both at once by some marvellous means and landing them, though in doing so she slipped into the water herself. One evening, just as we were quitting, farther down the stream I hooked a beauty. I played him as carefully as I knew how. It looked as if I had him sure. His last rush took him to some bush stumps. With a final dash he snarled himself there. I could see him lying on his side in the water, the leader wound around the bushes. To prove the fact that the old maxim "the best fish got away" is not necessarily true, I hereby attest that while he was lying there I was able to scoop him in with the landing-net.

Later on, George Scott and I fished other stretches of stream. From early morning to evening there is nothing that is more delightful than wading stream—the vagaries of the fish are so infinite. Both of us cast in one pool. He was using a large fly wet. I was using very small dark flies dry. We got no rises of any

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sort, kind, or description. Just for luck, I shifted to a No. 14 Parmachene Belle, a fly on which I had caught no fish up to that time, and the first cast brought a splendid eleven-inch fish.

Trout-fishing was not the only fishing we had. We spent a couple of days after small-mouth red-eyed black bass. Trout-fishing is my first choice, my second fishing for small-mouth. The trout is a gentleman of sorts—a cavalier. He is gorgeously garbed, he is delicately built, he is gallant. There is more of the rapier than the battle-axe about him. The small-mouth, on the other hand, is the soldier of fortune—the professional warrior. He is garbed in sombre colors. His build is chunky and powerful. He strikes like a thunderbolt and fights with a dashing ferocity.

We sought the bass in the lakes. The lakes were clear as an autumn morning. Their shores were fringed with half-submerged logs and roots. Under them the bass lay. I used a five-ounce fly-rod with a Wilder-Dilge lure, and cast a long line among the snags. I tried to make my lure land as close to the stump as possible. When I was in luck and the gentleman home and hungry, as the lure fluttered over the water, a dark shadow would dash from under the snag. There would be a swirl and splash, and my rod would bend like a hoop. To and fro he would rush the line, zigzagging through the water. Then would come a splash, and out of the water he would leap, scattering drops like a fountain. At times we would bring him to net, at times a slack line mournfully reeled in would tell of the success of his pluck and strength. George Scott was "high line" in so far as the heaviest bass was concerned. He caught a "large-mouth" that weighed six pounds. I, however, got the heaviest "small-mouth," a beauty weighing three and a half pounds, and he fought for fully ten minutes.

There were two particularly delightful fishermen that I met during this trip. The first was Judge Jacob M. Dickinson. The judge is a Cleveland Democrat—even though a Republican, I admit that a Cleveland Democrat is a very fine type. He had been born more than "threescore years and ten" ago in the old South, on the Mississippi. He had been a Cabinet member. He had a wealth of anecdotes and memories, from the old plantation days to the present times. Furthermore, he is one of those rare people who paint word-pictures in their stories, so that characters and scenes seem to rise before your eyes. One day, when bass-fishing, we passed by him, fishing also. He was rowing his grandson, who was trolling. Age has not dimmed his interest or courage, and he fights for conservation or against the Ku Klux Klan with the vigor of twenty years.

The judge was with me when I met another delightful old fisherman who owns a lovely place in the woods, to which he invited us. This latter was John Kiernan. He, like the judge, was in the seventies. He came out to northern Wisconsin when it was a wilderness. He had made his way in lumbering, not at a desk job, but out in the woods. At seventy-seven, gray-haired, clear-eyed, he was as active in the woods as a boy.

Like all good things, the holiday came to an end all too soon, and we had to go home; so, brown as berries, we took off our leaders, reeled in our lines, and started back for the East and work. Though the trip was over, it left us all better in every way—"soules" and "bodies."

Here my story ends. Good luck to all fishermen! As Izaak Walton says: "They be such honest, civil, quiet men."

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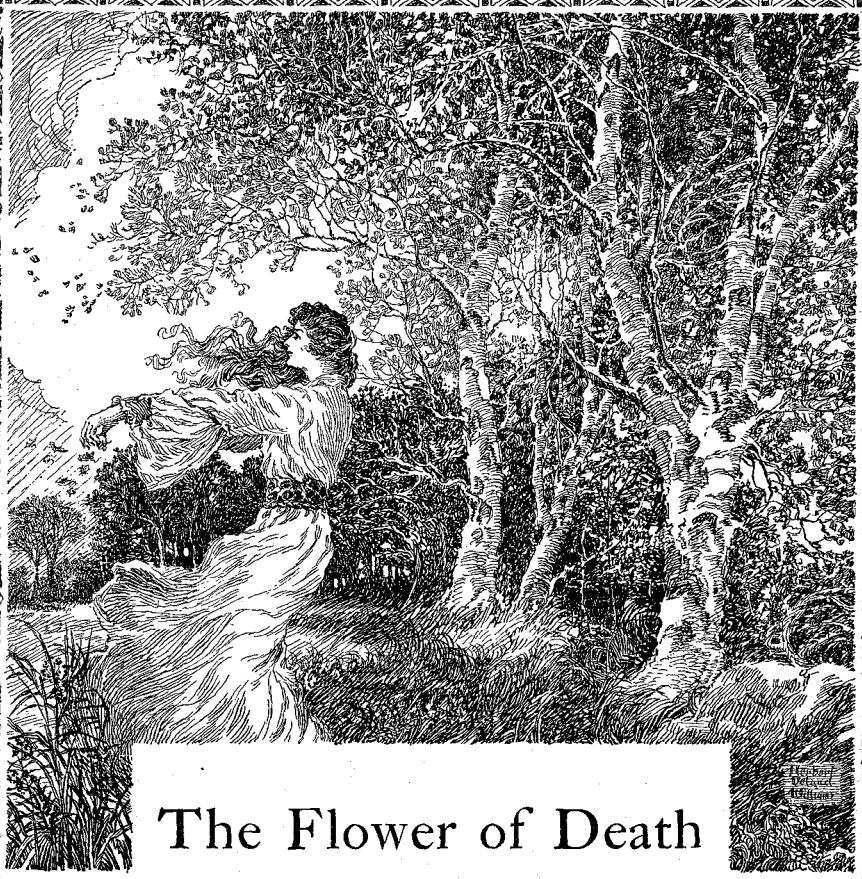

The Flower of Death

BY HORTENSE FLEXNER

Decoration by H. D. Williams

The flower of autumn is a perilous bloom,
Rooted in death, unfolding by the grace
Of frost and blackening winds; a garish doom
Is on the leaves that hang as luminous lace
Against the sky, and in the scarlet drift
Beside the curb; each hour the hurrying sound
Of the last storm may come, and trees shall sift
Their reeling gold like stars, along the ground.

But now there is a pause that tensely holds,
A timeless moment when, as by consent,
The sun strikes for the sap, renews and folds
The earth in flame; the drowsy earth too spent
To heed, yet prone and lovely still to bear
The flower of death, full-petalled on the air.

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BY CORNELIS BOTKE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

ALMOST every one in America is familiar with the picturesque form of the Dutch windmill, but not so many, perhaps, are aware that this beautiful feature of the Dutch landscape seems doomed by the introduction of modern machinery, and may soon, along with the galleons and square-riggers, become only a memory of the past. Already many mills have fallen under the hand of the wrecker. The cause is entirely an economic one, the power-driven engines being more dependable than the wind. It is often found necessary to tear down the old mills and replace them with modern factories or electrical pumps and motors. Sometimes the motor is put inside the old mill and the wings removed. It is a sad sight, a mill shorn of its wings; a wingless eagle could not look more forlorn. Nowadays mills destroyed by fire are not replaced; the new mill is almost invariably a modern mechanical one.

Technically the windmill is one of the most important works in the history of engineering in Holland, and the first mill builders may well be considered the worthy forebears of the mechanical engineers of to-day. He who would take the trouble to carefully study the construction of a good old mill would be astonished at the inventiveness and pure constructive genius of those early makers. Similar in charm and beauty to the old sailing vessels, the windmill is, like them, the result of many years of experimenting and development, detail by detail, until that state of perfection is reached where every part, as in a ship, has its function and is indispensable to the whole. The final achievement is that essential beauty of use and service that no mere ornamental attempt at decoration can ever bring forth.

At present, in the effort to save the mills, some engineers are considering the possibility of placing a motor next to the mill, enabling it to work in the absence of wind. This seems a practical and economical solution. Another scheme is to have the drive-wheel operated by electricity. But progressive engineers are in favor of replacing the wind power entirely by forces more reliable. "This is the new era," they say. "The windmill has had its day and must make way for progress, for modern machinery and dependable power." Fortunately the windmill has a strong and true champion in the society De Hollandsche Molen, a valiant

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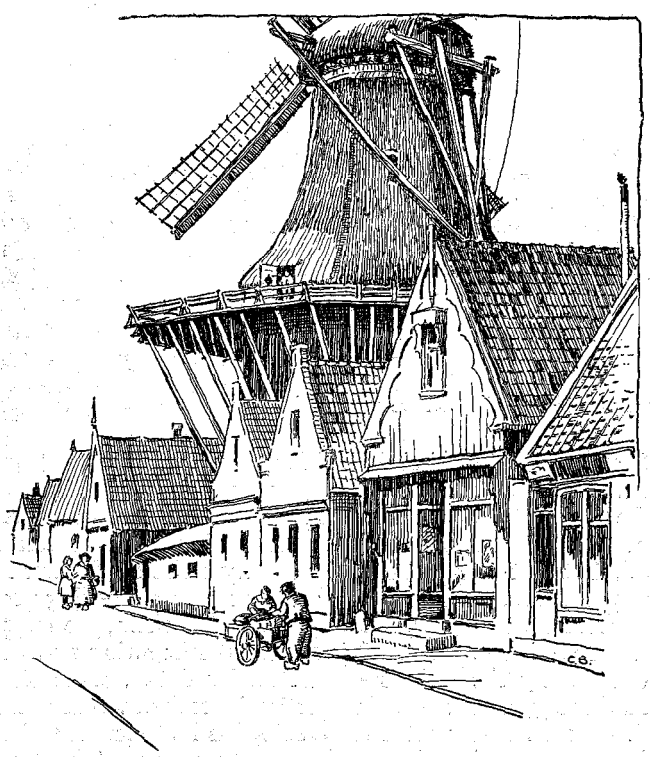
group of men inspired by a great love for the beauty of their native land, who are freely giving of their time and money in an effort to save this old landmark. They are encountering opposition, sometimes total indifference, on the part of owners, and results are often discouraging, but



Flour-mill, "The White Death," at Zaandyk.

nevertheless they have succeeded in saving more than a few fine specimens. One remarkable success: after the burning of a grain mill at Hoogezand, they persuaded the owners to replace it by a bigger one of the same type. Unfortunately this is a rare accomplishment; new windmills are practically never built these days. This society has launched a prize competition to try and find the most successful way of solving the problem to adapt the old mill to modern needs and yet save its exterior beauty.

These thoughtful men realize that the demolishing of the windmill would rob Holland of one of her greatest charms. It has been the constant source of inspiration to the artists for centuries, from the great Rembrandt to the famous school of The Hague, with Israëls, the Maris brothers, Weisenbruch, Gabriel, and many others. Always closely connected with Dutch traditions, it has played a very important part in the reclaiming of the land and making Holland the prosperous country she is to-day.

Little is known of the origin of the windmill. Like many another useful human invention, it seems to have had its beginnings in the remotest ages. Titus Livius says that in the time of Hannibal's trip across the Alps, 180 B. C., the Carthaginians saw windmills in the valleys below. They are supposed, too, to have been brought from the Orient by the Crusaders, appearing in Paris in the first part of the twelfth century and later in the Netherlands. The first paper-mill in Holland was built in 1586 at Alkmaar. But this was not the first in Europe; according to the Arabic writer, Edrisi, the first paper-mill operated by wind was built at Xativa, Spain, in the beginning of the sixteenth century. Don Quixote's battle with the windmill clearly proves that they were familiar sights to Cervantes during his lifetime, 1547–1616. Therefore Holland lays no claim to having invented the windmill, but she has perfected her own kind.

According to Soeteboom's "Saanland's Arcadia," before the eighty years' war with Spain, windmills were not numerous in Holland. Previous to this time most mills were operated by horse-power, not having changed much since Samson replaced the ass and ground the Philistines' corn. This almanac also states that the first sawmill was invented by Cornelis Cornelison, of Uitgeest, in 1592. The inventor took his mill to Zaandam

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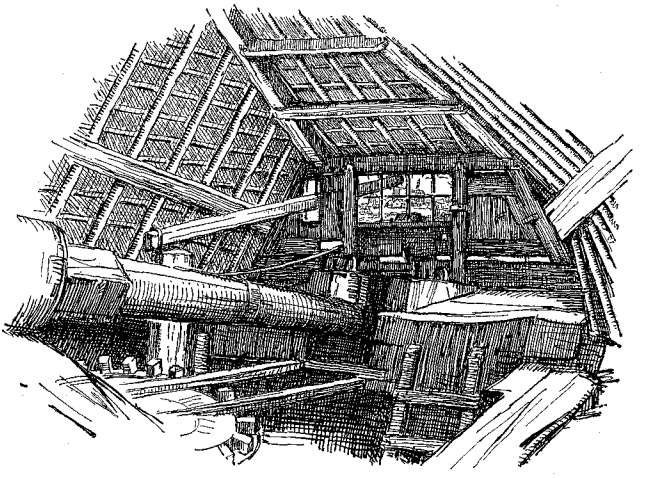


Interior of hood.

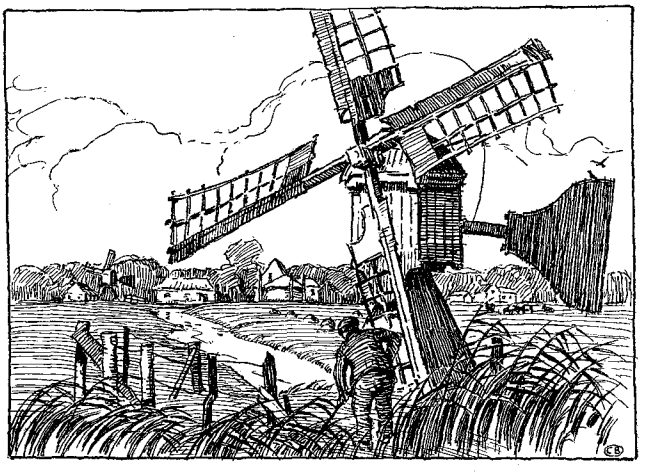
in 1596. It worked with two saws and was given the name of "Het Juffertje," in modern slang the "Flapper," because of her trim and shapely form. She had no turning-wheel, but was built on a raft and anchored in the river. The raft could easily be turned to put the mill in the right position to catch the wind. This mill survived until 1891, the "Flapper" attaining the remarkable age of nearly three hundred years. A model of her is in the small museum at Zaandam. Beside her stood the "Beau," an oil-mill, which caused the jovial rhymester to come forth with the following couplet:

"The Beau next the Flapper
sedately stands,
But after dark he squeezes
her hands."

The "Beau" is still standing on the banks of the Zaan, but grown very shabby and worn. He is no longer in use; empty rotting casks surround him, and across his jaunty portrait on the name-board some ardent dry has pasted an anti-alcohol poster. The first mill built in Zaandam was the "Black Rider," 1439; it was a spinbol, later rebuilt into an octagon, and torn down in 1864. The largest mill was the "Pearl," with a flight of one hundred and two feet.

All mills were given names, often very amusing ones. There was the "Watcher" or "Waker," the "Dreamer" and the "Sleeper," the "Stork," the "Wild Farmer," "Fatty," and the "Pelican." At Zaandyk still is one called the "White Death." The venerable old miller says that on the other side of the village was "Life" and in between "Constant Battle." Both "Life" and "Battle" have gone, and the old man points with pride to his fine mill that in spite of her ominous name still lives.

Even as the prows of the old sailing vessels were carved, painted, and gilded, so the hood of the mill was decorated in front. The face of the hub invariably had a star in relief. The owners also made ornate name-boards, bearing the name and often a complete painting with appropriate rhymes. The "Flapper's" board had her portrait on it, besides a rhyme, while the "Beau" has simply a portrait of a veritable Beau Nash. The



Little water-mill.

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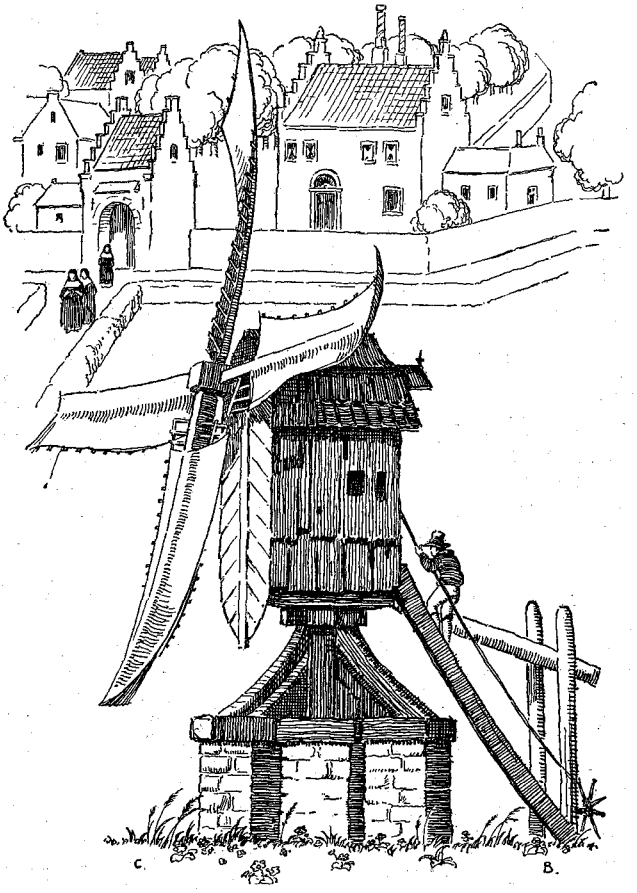
rhymes were often very quaint and, in old Dutch, difficult to translate without losing their charm.

A curious custom of olden times was decorating of the mills for the wedding of the miller or one of his children and putting it in mourning on the death of any member of the family. The first was called "standing pretty," the wings were put in a position diagonal to the body "crossed," and the sails were woven through the lattice, like garlands. Along each arm were hearts and circular decorations made of tin, that sparkled in the sun. On top at the extreme end of the two upper arms were cartouches bearing the initials of the bride and groom in gay colors. From the top of each cartouche flew the tricolor of Holland, red, white, and blue. A little lower on the bar stood two figures of angels with trumpets and garlands of flowers. The upper wings were connected with the lower ones by cords on which hung brilliant stars and more hearts, a portrait of the bride and groom on each side. In between the upper wings rose a golden sun. All this gave the mill a very festive appearance, and it is easy to imagine the wedding guests dancing a quaint old dance on the balcony surrounding the mill.



Mill near the Abbey van Leeurvenhorst near Leyden, 1572.
From an old painting.

The custom of mourning was also very curious. In case of the death of the owner, all boards were removed from the wings, twenty in all, the wings were crossed with the body and the mill stood

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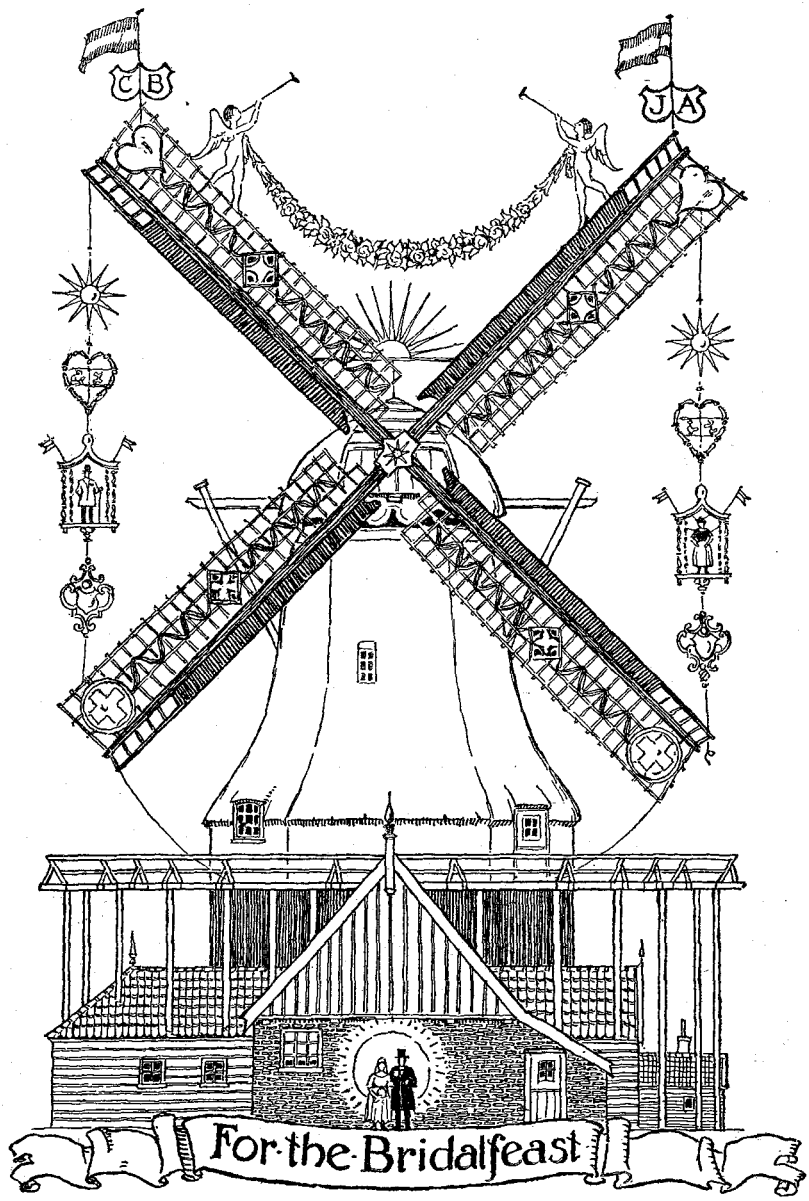

idle. It faced the house of the miller, and after the funeral, to the tolling of church-bells, the mill was slowly turned to follow the body to its last resting-place, as if it had eyes to see the sad procession. The mill was kept in this last position many days and stayed in mourning sometimes fully a year. In mourning for the wife of the miller, nineteen boards were removed and the wings were turned just a little off the diagonal. For a child of the family thirteen, for parents of the miller eleven boards were removed, but the mill continued to work. And so on down the line of near and remote relatives, till it reached the children of cousins, for whom only one board was removed.

These customs of symbolic decorations for weddings and funerals used to be observed by all millers; but recently, with the rapid decrease in the number of mills, they are very seldom in practice. Ac-

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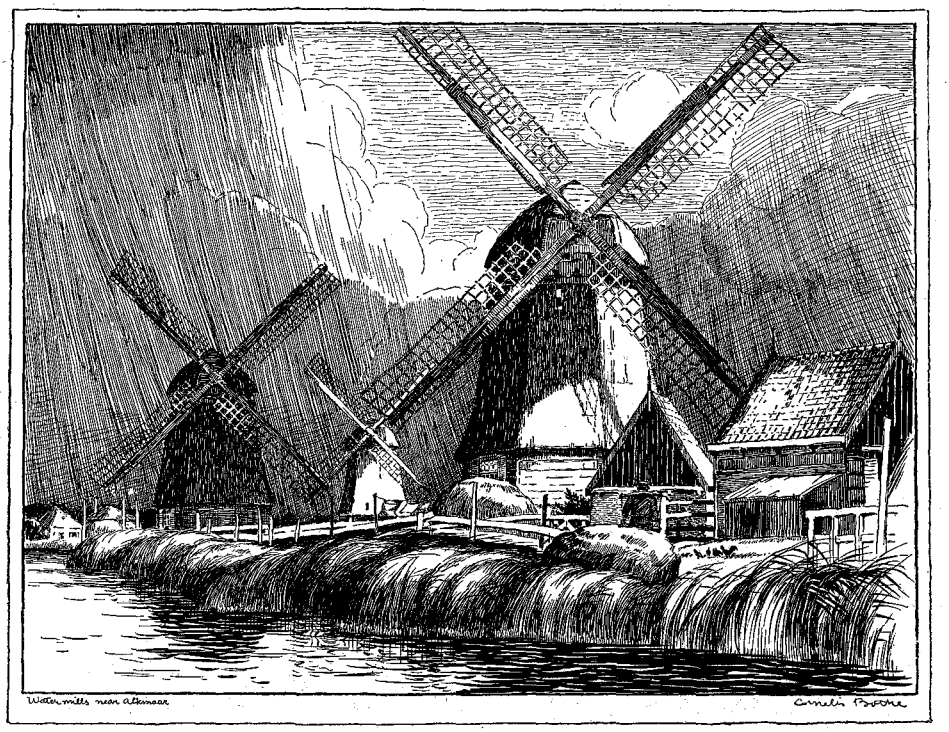

Water-mills near Alkmaar.

cording to tradition, the mourning of mills originated with two brothers, both millers, living some distance apart. The father lay ill at the home of the elder, and he agreed to notify his brother in case the old man passed away by removing the boards from the arms of his mill, thereby in a way telegraphing the news. On the sale of a mill there was a custom of presenting the new owner with an especially designed spoon of silver, engraved with the portrait and name of the mill.

Handling a mill has its perils, and many interesting stories are told in this connection. The present miller at Vyfhuisen, a little village on the Haarlemmermeer polder, tells how his grandfather made a complete loop-the-loop on one of the wings. The old man was engaged in tying the sails to the wings, when a passing friend called out a greeting. The assistant on the other side mistook this for the signal to start and let her go. Grandpa hung on for dear life and made the complete circle, having for a moment the strange sensation of standing on his head in the air. Fortunately, the mill was stopped when he came down again, considerably ruffled in temper, but none the worse for his experience. To stand close to a big mill and look along the great stretch of the wings, is to realize that it must have been an exciting trip for the old man in the days when aeroplanes were unknown.

Zaandam through its location became known as the city of windmills. The beginning of the seventeenth century saw them rise in great numbers on the borders of the Zaan. They pressed oil from seeds, sawed logs into planks, made rags into paper, ground wheat, chalk, cocoa, and chocolate. In the days of the powdered wig, they were famous for the snuff they made for the beruffled dandies. These industrial mills were closely interwoven with the daily life of the people of Zaandam and the neighboring villages. Practically the entire population depended on them for employment and livelihood. Often the mills changed owners, but there are cases where one family

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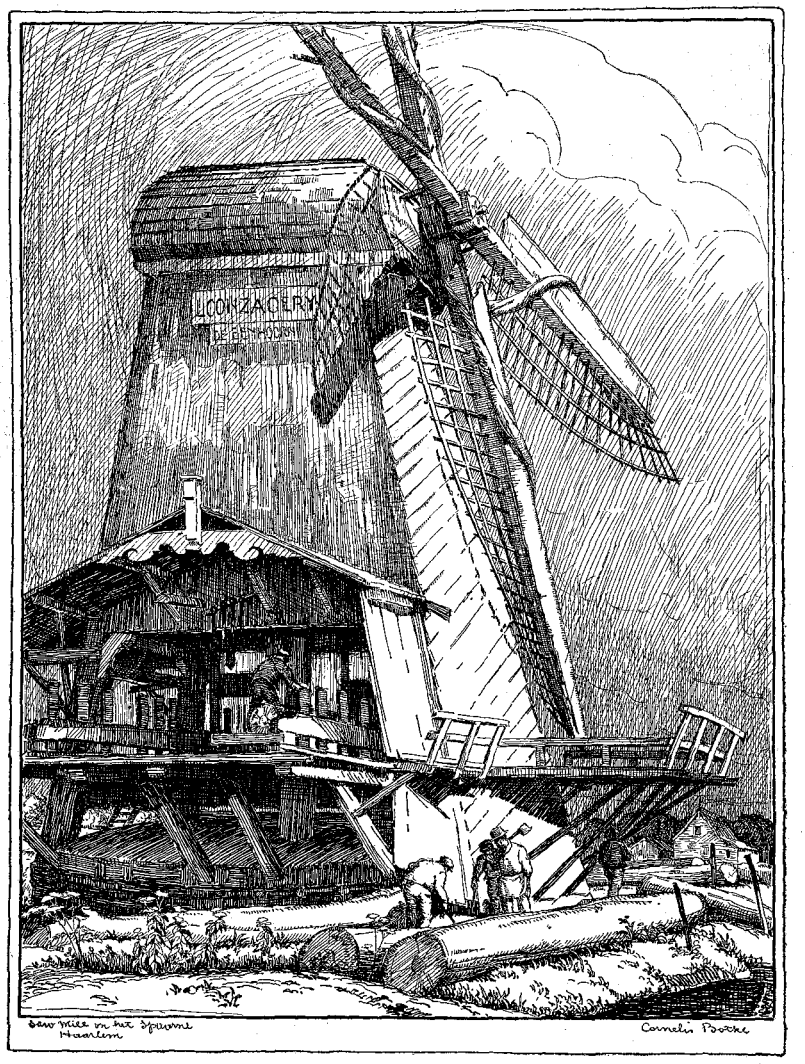
kept a mill through many generations, like a feudal castle. There were corporations also that in the course of time acquired a great many mills which have since been turned into factories; more



Sawmill on Net Spaarne, Haarlem.

practical, perhaps, but not, by far, such a joy to the eyes as their predecessors.

As to the number of mills in their heyday at Zaandam and the vicinity, there seems to be a difference of opinion. A young French abbé, Pierre Sartel, being sent on a mission to Holland by the Pope in 1719, mentions in his travel log-book as many as twelve hundred. An unknown Dutch author of that time gives the number as over a thousand. But these figures are supposed to be exaggerated. In the year 1896 the number was one hundred and eighty-three industrial mills, ten big water-mills, with seven hundred little water-mills in the surrounding country. At present the number has dwindled to twenty, mostly in the villages adjacent to Zaandam.

The old people of Zaandam still remember the terrific noise made by the mills on a breezy day. It was a chaotic roaring, rushing, and pounding, combined with

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the loud yells of the men and the screeching of the saws. Just as teamsters driving horses have certain calls, so the men who handled the logs for the sawmill had theirs. When the log was put into position it was "EE-oo-hoo," when out of balance "jer-iikoo." Tsar Peter the Great during his stay in Zaandam, in 1697, while he worked as a shipbuilder under the name of Peter Michaeloff, nailed some boards on a mill then under construction. The proud owner christened it the "Tsar of Moscovy." It is still working.

Mill on the dike, Medemblik.

There are several types of mills. For centuries the only one known was the standard mill, or spinbol, as is proved by old prints and paintings. There are two kinds of standard mills, the open and the closed. In the closed standard the base construction is covered with thatch or wood, from which it derives its name. The standard was essentially a flour-mill and did not prove practical for the pumping of water. As a result, in searching for a model to meet this need, the whip-mill was born. It has the necessary large base to house the big water-wheel and a small upper body. The Paltrok is usually a sawmill and has a square body, which

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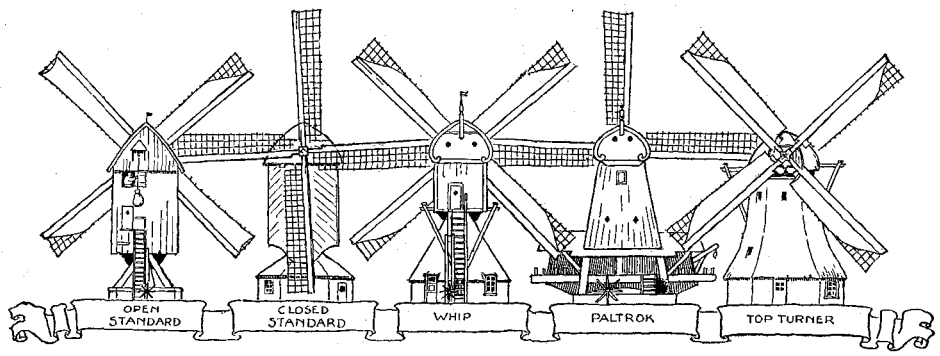
rests on a loose ring turning on a stone base; in turning the whole body moves. Very few of this type are left. The well-known bovenkruiers, or topturners, are octagon, and they are the most perfect development of the mill. The main body is stationary; the cap, to which are attached the wings, alone turns. The beams visible on the outside serve to distribute the weights and help balance when turning. The construction is of heavy timber covered with thatch, made from the reeds that line every water-course in Holland. This thatch, although very beautiful in color and texture, is very inflammable and once alight its burning brands spread destruction, one burning mill thus igniting its neighbors. Considering that in their day the mills often stood so close together that the workmen were able to toss their tobacco-sacks back and forth while on the balconies or upper parts of the mills, it is not to be wondered at that so many have been destroyed by fire. Some were burned and rebuilt three times. In cities with the exception of Zaandam most mills were round and built of brick, lessening the danger from fire.

Later came the small water-mills which pump the water from the lowest ditches to the upper and larger ones, where the big water-mills take up the work and pass the water on to the canals. These little mills are built of wood, the base being a pyramid on top of which the square body rests, a survival of the primitive spinbol. Placed at regular intervals all over the polder country, each is surrounded by its little fence to keep inquisitive cows from interfering with its most necessary functions.

With the passing of so many beautiful old mills after their long period of faithful service, it is not to be wondered at that many people who have long loved and cherished their familiar and picturesque forms regret their going and are trying to save the few that are left. There they stand true to the end, the last of that vast army of winged warriors who have helped to fight Holland's battle with her age-old enemy, the sea, to feed and clothe her people, to build her ships, and to establish her prosperity. Their erect, sturdy bodies seem like watchers over the land. When the winds come flying across the polders, to see them swing their wings merrily, majestically against a glorious sky, now and then a flash of sunlight turning them into flaming swords, is like a glimpse into the heroic past.

Starting out on a tramp from almost any Dutch town, in that happy irresponsible mood, no definite destination and time forgotten, it is invariably some friendly mill in the distance that allures the wandering footsteps, and a visit fully repays the effort. The seemingly little mill increases in size at every turn, until it becomes a great giant swinging his mighty arms, vital with life and power, imbued with a great spirit, the same indomitable spirit that filled the hearts and sails of the early Dutch navigators, sending them fearlessly to remote corners of unknown seas. For the sake of the vagabonds and the poets, the artists and the lovers of the picturesque and even the ubiquitous tourist with his guide-book, let it be hoped that some way may be found to save the windmill for Holland.



Evolution of the windmill.

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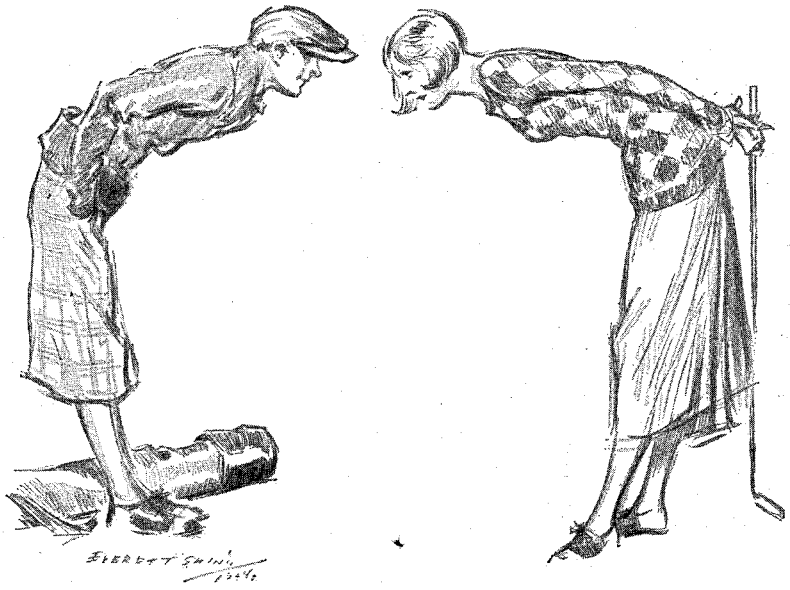

Mrs. Renwick Plays the Game

BY RUTH ROBINSON BLODGETT
Author of "Tent Poles" and "The Curve of Adventure"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVERETT SHINN

NO stranger, seeing Jo and Ted Renwick swinging up the fairway of the Green Bay Country Club, would ever suspect that they were mother and son. Jo, holing out on the eighteenth green, right under the clubhouse porch, got many a pleasant ear-tingling—echoes which floated down from above.

"That slim *girl*—in the cherry-colored sport dress? She can't be his *mother!*"

"Yes—regular pals——"

Ted, glorious, great fellow, crouching pantherlike to measure his putt, tense on making a four to halve the hole, had no ears for eavesdropping. "Gol ding it! Missed it! It's your match, all right, Jo. You're getting too good for your teacher."

"Well, old pal," smiling, she quoted the word, "what's the difference who wins? My game's your game, you know!"

There had always been about Jo Renwick's golf game an aura of altruism. She had begun playing on account of her husband. She had continued playing on account of her son.

Eight years ago the doctor had insisted on outdoor exercise for Chris Renwick—that spring following his attack of pneumonia. For his sake, she had said, they would give up the idea of having a second maid for that year and join the Green Bay Country Club. The club was a late acquisition—following a real-estate boom of Green Bay as a summer resort.

Good times, those early games! Padding over the soft turf, sniffing their way around the new-mown links—like hungry cattle released from winter stalls—giggling at each other's futile, awkward attempts!

"Look at them!" Chris would say, pointing to some of the newcomers. "Gosh, but they take themselves seriously! Matter of life or death, chasing

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that little old ball!" Whereat they would both laugh with kindred superiority.

Sweet afternoons, filled with the joy of companionship with Chris. Chris, all but snatched away from this beauty . . . from her . . . forever. . . .

She would find herself trying to think what it would have been like if Chris were not here. . . . And then she would dub the ball! Perhaps Chris was wondering, too, for he could not keep his eye on the ball.

"Look, mother," there was a gently humorous significance in the fact that Chris called his wife "mother," while her boy called her "Jo," "that's the sort of thing—if I could paint—I'd like to do!" It was a row of vivid willows marking a brook they must avoid. "You can almost hear them singing, can't you, with the surge of returning life?"

"Yes, dear, but that foursome will want to go through, if we don't play."

Then he would grip the stick with new determination, bring it down with the force of a sledge-hammer. . . . The ball, leaving the fairway at right angles, soared on the wings of Chris's spirit to the high branches of the willow, dropped into permanent obscurity.

"Well, there goes my last ball!" His composure was ungolflike. And when Ted, who was often their caddy then came back after a fruitless search, Chris was still looking at the willows. "No matter, I guess I've had enough for one day, anyway." He sounded as if he meant it.

"Dad don't seem to want to learn, Jo! Now you're different. You can loosen up your muscles and come back slow and swing through—" Ted, as their teacher, assumed all the airs of the pro at the club.

Ted was right. Chris did not even try. He was always looking at soft, mystical things, like the willows, the winnowing pink grasses, the waters of the distant bay catching the gold of the sunset, instead of at the ball.

By the second season, when Chris was once more rugged and restored to his nine-hour working day at the shoe shop, and there came the question of renewing the membership, she had insisted on it again—for his sake!

"You may say you don't want to learn to keep your eye on a ball, Chris, but there's more to it than meets the eye, old dear. You need to get out with other sorts of people—the sort you meet over at the club. Just sticking down at the shop and working in a garden, you'll never—work the green of Summerville off!" Summerville was the little town in Maine from which they both had come. "You know it does stick—to both of us—if we don't use a little elbow grease to put on polish," she added quickly, with an uncomfortable laugh.

For Chris was smiling—as if at something inside—a wistful twist of a smile, which went the other way from his crooked nose. The effect should have been grotesque, but it wasn't. It was more an invitation—for you to smile, too.

Jo didn't smile. She had grown quite intimate by then with some of the club crowd.

"All right, Jo!" speaking gently—like a mother indulging a child. "We'll join up again!"

But Chris neglected to buy the sport clothes which went with the membership. And he couldn't get off afternoons—not even Saturdays, that season. The result was he was no better at mingling than at golf. He got into the habit of dropping around at the club late in the day—just in time to pick out the most remote of the rockers and have a cigar, while Jo and Ted finished their round.

By the third season Jo's altruism had extended itself to Ted—and there it had stuck ever since.

"Chris, we'd better keep the family membership on account of Ted. If a boy likes games it means—fewer problems—of another sort—you know what I mean! And he loves it so!" She thought other arguments . . . of a mother building up companionship with her son . . . of a mother's keeping her boy's confidence. . . . She couldn't frame them. In some mysterious way they seemed to shut Chris out.

After that Chris did not even go through the rocking-chair gesture. He got his health certificate and found his companionship in his garden. "A love of a garden!" the summer crowd called it—on a terrace, off a scrap of a sun-porch, and right over wind-blown marsh reeds!

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Beside the sea, too—which made a background for delphinium and canterbury bells!

But what caught the eye, early in July, as you rounded the marsh road and came upon their white clapboard, all-the-year-round cottage was the arbor covered with pink ramblers at the end of the terrace.

That third season Jo won the ladies' championship—and Ted, who caddied for her, stood on his head and let out a war-whoop. Every one forgave him his awful taste, he was such an irresistible kid at thirteen.

That victory meant the added triumph of Jo's being selected to play on the old, established Bay Shore Team—one of four teams scheduled for a round-robin at the various clubs in the vicinity during August. It was the first time that the new Green Bay Club had been invited to send a representative.

Chris always took his vacation in August. Jo did not see the irony in it—that this game which she had taken up for her husband's sake was really separating their interests. For Chris went back to Summerville alone that year. Only for a few days! Labor troubles had begun in the near-by city where his shoe factory was. It was about this time that he began insisting that he preferred a pipe to cigars.

During the next four years of continued triumph, Jo's joy in winning for Ted's sake spread itself out, like a rich, creamy icing, into the joy of winning for the Green Bay Country Club. Ted, this very season, had taken up her cudgels against his father—explaining her golf status in these broader terms of community service.

Not that Chris had intended to throw her on the defensive! He had merely remarked early in the spring: "Couldn't you manage to save the second week in July, mother?"

"What for, Chris?"

"Summerville! Old Home Week! Reunion of all the old crowd. High School Alumni banquet! Great doings, this year, sis says!"

Jo responded to a light in Chris's eyes which she seldom saw nowadays. Such a self-effacing little man, whom she had ceased trying to understand. . . . Queer the way he clung to those stodgy old friends—wanted to get in on this brass-band, hand-shaking jollification. . . .

She agreed to go.

But when they pushed the Green Bay ladies' tournament ahead a couple of weeks, she was ashamed at a pang of relief. She turned to Ted.

"Father's going to be awfully disappointed if I give up—Summerville——"

She did understand Ted. "Why, you can't go, Jo! You'll win the third leg on the cup this year. It means it's yours! Say, dad, you've got to go back to your hot time without Jo! She can't leave. They need her here at the club—they depend on her! There isn't another dame over there can break a hundred. More than that, the winner of the tournament, you know, is the one who has to represent them on the Bay Shore team. *It wouldn't be fair to the club*——"

"Not that I care anything about the club trophy, Chris!"

"Oh, that's all right, Jo. I just thought it might be sort of fun. Forget it—I don't care." Chris always had such philosophical equanimity; he never seemed to care very much. . . .

Not so much as Ted would care if she should disappoint him . . . after all his careful training. . . . Jo looked at him tenderly, anxiously—overgrown, mastiff-puppy of a man! He had been away to college this year. It hadn't done to him some of the things she had feared. . . . And yet Chris . . . something seemed to shut him out still more. . . .

But that day of the practice round, when he acknowledged her "my game's your game, you know!" with a proud grin, which cut into the red brown of his hard cheeks, she gave a responding sigh of relief, and put Chris's disappointment out of her mind for good.

Regular pals—as the woman on the porch had said! Especially during that precious aftermath which followed every game—sipping cold drinks, bending intimately over the score-card.

"I'll meet you on the porch, Ted. A phizzy orangeade for me—not too sweet. The drinks are on me to-day!"

She sank into a chair and removed her tight-fitting felt hat, glancing casually at

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a group not far away—the group whose conversation she had just now overheard. One of the prominent club members and a man and woman—the latter, somewhat excessive in size, settled ponderously in a rocker, tilting with heavy, monotonous rhythm—the one, no doubt, who had expressed surprise at Jo's youthful looks. No wonder. . . .

"Oh, Mrs. Renwick!" The prominent member was wanting to introduce her to these out-of-town guests. They always did.

Jo was on her feet.

"You must meet Mr. and Mrs. Paige. They have rented the Gould house for the season." And then, by way of explanation to the others: "Mrs. Renwick is our club champion—for five years now—the one who won us our place on the Bay Shore team!"

Familiar prattle to Jo! She acknowledged it graciously, taking the extended pudgy hand. "Delighted, I'm sure, Mrs. Renwick! I don't know a thing about golf—leave that to the rest of the family." She waved toward the wiry, nervous man standing by the rail. "But as a mother I *am* interested—believe I've made a mistake if golf's your prescription. Not a line or gray hair, or a trace of a bulge at the hips! No wonder you can make your boy think you're a contemporary. They've been telling me how he'd rather play with you than any other girl——"

Jo squinted her eyes into a happy smile. She knew it made telltale crows' feet. She half wished, too, that she had not removed her hat. Her hair, though luminous against the afternoon sun, was the negative shade of blond hair when it fades before it grays. "Oh, I've always been Ted's best girl—ever since he asked me to marry him—when he was four!" A tremor of pride darted through her, at Ted, slouching toward her, the orangeades matching his rebellious curls.

Meanwhile some one was saying something about another girl, who would "come along some day—and, presto, my dear!" The pudgy hand patted hers patronizingly.

"Of course, I hope she will! It's what I'll want—a daughter—some time—" An obvious, mechanical retort, in the face of an inevitable, far-distant future! And she was introducing Ted—laying a possessive hand on his big, moist shoulder.

"I've got a little girl who can play golf, too. Better take her on some time." It was the first time Mr. Paige had vouchsafed a remark. Jo remembered, then, that she had noticed his sharp little face earlier—watching her appraisingly as she approached the last green. His remark now antagonized her, as—interfering . . . pushy. . . .

Ted shifted self-consciously, was replying with that show of enthusiasm which betokens only indifference. "Sure thing! I'd like to." And Jo suppressed a desire to run a hand through his curls.

It was the very day after this practice round that Ted went across the bay to visit a freshman friend. That visit did to him what the year at college had failed to do. . . .

Jo realized a difference as soon as he returned. A realization which had been heralded by gnawing fears—that he would not be back to caddy for her in the tournament, as his visit extended itself from the planned-for week into ten days. . . .

He did get back, however, the night before the match. She did not see him until the next morning, when he ambled out onto the miniature sun-porch for breakfast. He was wearing his college sweater with the usual hypocritical modesty of nineteen—wrong-side out, to hide the numerals—his Prince of Wales baggy knickers more than usually dingy.

"Howdy, old man!" She committed the unpardonable sacrilege of laying her hand lightly on the offending curls as she stood up to kiss him. He slid into the empty place beside her chair. "You did get home in time, didn't you? Began to be afraid you'd found another girl, old dear!" Standing behind him, she twitched a lock.

"Time for—? Oh, the golf match! It's to-day, isn't it?" She let her hands fall to her side.

"Have a good time, son? Tell me the gossip!"

But he plunged into the cereal and the former subject with unnecessary heartiness. "Sure thing! You might 'a' known I'd get back for the match, Jo! Knowing

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you're as superstitious as the devil about my caddying for you."

"You are my elixir and soothing-syrup, Ted!" But a new standoffishness had come over her. He seemed so startlingly older—or was it younger—that big back huddled over the breakfast-table.

She dropped diffidently into her chair—spread a piece of toast with marmalade, shoved it toward him. "Tell me about the house-party, Ted! Any good golf?"

"Great links, aren't they? Way ahead of ours!" He had picked up the toast. Then she noticed that he laid it down—looked vaguely across the table, out through the window—as if he saw some one other than Chris among the flowers of the garden. "Any one's darned good who makes them in the eighties—especially a girl—" As if unconscious of her presence, he pushed back his chair and reached for the morning paper.

Baffled, disappointed, Jo got up and looked out, too, across the listless July day. It hung, an enhancing veil, over the marsh. Chris, tying up some stray spirals of the climbing roses, had the absorbed and devout expression of an acolyte. Resentment passed over her—as if it were she who was shut out from something. . . . Those roses. . . . It was morbid, Chris's dwelling so among memories. (He had brought her the potted plant when their little girl was born, the first year in this house. She had died in his arms two weeks later.) Jo had always shrunk from the thought of that unfulfilled past . . . had ignored the symbolism of his tender devotion to the transplanted vine.

In her impulse to break the spell, she turned around now—to touch Ted's husky shoulder again. But he had pushed the newspaper among the crumpled napkin, the untouched marmalade-smeared toast, and was stepping out onto the eastern side of the terrace. Sky and sea mingled in one undivided mass of pearl. The mirage-like unreality of the scene seemed to swallow him.

"I've been wondering about Ted, mother." It was Chris himself—his hands full of the little roses—who shocked her into reality. "I've rescued one more bowlful. Almost gone for this year!" He held them up, a shy offering—crossed to the buffet to fill an alabaster bowl from the water pitcher. "What do you really think about Ted, Josephine?"

"Think about him? What do you mean, Chris?" Why was Chris taking this interest in Ted now? He generally stood deliberately far enough away, so that his shadow should not fall across or between mother and son.

"He isn't a kid any more."

"No!" Chris had noticed, too? She watched him arranging the flowers with deft, womanish fingers.

"What do you think of his loafing all summer? I could give him a job at the shop. Business is dull—but it's a good chance to learn." Chris hurried the words, bending his bald head over his task. "There's a vacancy in the packing-room. I thought Ted might like to try his hand—" Then he did look up. "You don't like it, my interfering, do you, mother? Oh, well, forget it— I was just thinking about Ted."

"About Ted? You put it a queer way, Chris. As if I—" Was she actually growing angry with Chris? "As if I did not think about him! As if I—" She could not say: "Let him hang around, because I love him for a playfellow!" She coasted down from resentment to clear rationalizing. "He's worked so hard at college—those entrance conditions—he needs the relaxation—the outdoor life——"

Chris cut her off. "Oh, it's all right, Jo! Forget it! I was just thinking about him—that he must be rather bored."

The red came up again into Jo's cheeks. "It isn't a case of apron-strings, Chris! Ted can do as he likes——"

"I was just thinking when I was his age——"

"When you were Ted's age, you wanted to get married." Something akin to remorse tightened her throat. "Ted's more sensible than you were, daddy." And she all but laid her hand on the stooping shoulders of this pale-faced man—but started up-stairs instead, thinking of Ted's broad back. . . .

Chris's third "forget it" followed her, mixed itself up, contrariwise to the command, with the smoothing out of the sheets and blankets. (They had never

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"Yes, you got to watch your step, Jo!"—Page 487.

engaged that second maid.) It finally brought again into the foreground that former vague doubt regarding her sportsmanship, a quality on which she loved to pride herself! Was it quite fair, her arguments always winning out . . . leaving Chris always admitting he was wrong—even with his business competitors? . . . The answer was clouded—like the furniture, which got along without a dust-cloth during the golf season. But she shut her eyes to that—to the doubts—answered the tooting of the horn out in front.

Chris was in the front yard, fumbling with the hose. "Oh, Chris, I forgot! Your vacation," she stopped. "It begins to-day, doesn't it!"

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Ted, already at the steering-wheel, continued to toot.

"Well—I'll be home for lunch, anyway!" There was an unaccustomed pang at leaving him alone.

But on the ride over to the club her arm run carelessly across the seat back of Ted, her eyes fixed lovingly on the curves of his boyish profile, she forgot Chris entirely—thought only how "ridiculous" were her former fears regarding her son. For Ted's attention, never too much given over to the running of the car, was riveted eagerly, as in the good old days, on the prospect ahead.

"Who're you playin' to-day, Jo? Not that it matters—first round—and no one over there anyway you couldn't lick with your stick in your teeth and both hands tied behind your back."

"A son isn't fit to judge his mother's game." She clutched his shoulder. "Do you mind slowing down to thirty, Ted? It's only when I ride with you that I feel—my age——"

"Why, we haven't begun to leave the ground yet, Jo!" Ted aspired to own a private air-plane. "But who're you playin'?"

"Some youngster! Her family have rented the Gould cottage here."

"Any good?"

"Je ne sais pas. No one's seen her play. She's been off visiting. Her father signed up for her." Jo smiled indulgently, let her arm drop from the car-back to Ted's shoulder. "I'm counting on a father's being even more prejudiced than a son. That Mr. Paige's been boasting all over the club about the kid's game."

"Paige!" Ted took the corner on two wheels.

"Forget the aviation stunts, Ted!" She spoke sharply. And Ted did slow down. "Yes. I forgot—you met the father and mother, that day. It's awfully poor taste for a father to exploit a kid the way he does that girl. It's sure to turn the girl's head, too."

"Uh-huh! Give us a light, Jo!" Ted, plucking a cigarette from his pocket and handing it to her, took both hands from the wheel. "It'll be good for you, Jo—put you on your mettle—" he mumbled, as she lighted the cigarette and placed it in his mouth.

It was just as she was settling back once more on her tournament experience and Ted's confidence in her, that they rounded the drive to the club.

"By Gad!" The glad cry broke from Ted. "It *is* Susan Paige!"

"Susan Paige! How did you know?"

But Ted was waving both arms in the air. "You wait, young lady!"

"'Lo there, Ted!"

"So that was why! You wait!" Greetings mutually inclusive, exclusive of all those hanging about. Among the group on the porch, Jo fastened instinctively on the gleam of some little white teeth—an infectious giggle. The car ground to a halt. Ted had leaped over the side, not waiting to open the door.

Jo still sat there dazed—until her mind, steering her back with cold, electrical logic through the phases of the morning, reasoned that Ted must have met this Susan Paige on his visit. . . .

But he had not mentioned her. . . .

She looked up at the steps with an impulse to dislike whoever she might be. A girl had come part way down to meet Ted. Round face, brimming over with the effervescence of mischievous eyes and laughing mouth—sweater and bando screeching with flamboyancy! As they giggled together, Jo had the insensate impression of two puppies rolling over and over in play.

She got stiffly out of the other side of the car.

It was Susan who had to introduce herself. "I'm Susan Paige. And I *ought* to be scared to death from what Ted tells me about your game."

His mother's presence had done an immediate something to Ted. He was awkwardly mumbling that no girl need be scared "who can do the Lincolnshire course in eighty-six—" when he looked up at his mother and all but gulped the rest.

"It's the best joke about Ted, Mrs. Renwick! Tell her, Ted!" But Ted had become a self-conscious lump of inarticulation. "Oh, he's so peeved at me! Does he stay mad long?" The only one of the three at her ease, this Susan bubbled along inconsequentially. "If he won't tell you, I will! I didn't tell him I was coming to Green Bay for the summer. And he didn't know that the reason I had

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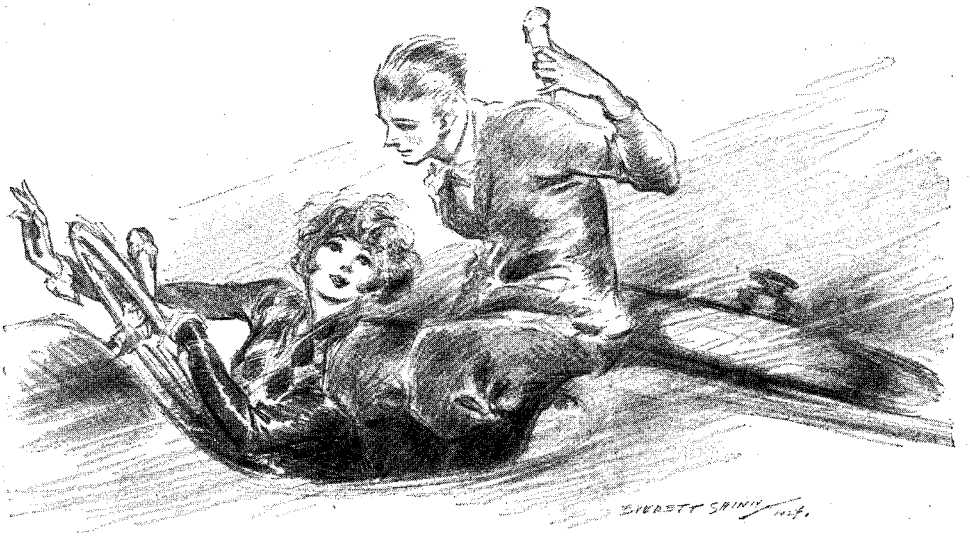
to come home, last night, was because I was playing in this tournament."

Ted had gathered himself together. He clinched a mocking fist. "Not another word, woman, or I'll——"

She playfully warded him off, bubbled on: "I said I'd bring him as far as the Junction. It was such a joke when I left him to take the train there. And he was so cross when I wouldn't let him know my exact address until to-day!"

as a well-greased machine, taking the driver from Ted's extended hand, stepping up to her ball, swinging through in perfect rhythm—hearing the "Oh-hs" of the scattering observers, as the ball zinged up—out—cutting the thin mist, frightening the swallows — carrying straight down the fairway over the dreaded bunker.

"Guess you weren't boasting, after all, Ted!" And Ted admitted Susan's ap-



A natty, this-season gray roadster whisked by. . . . They were gone—a splash of color and laughter.
—Page 480.

Jo was forced to laugh, too, at Ted's discomfiture—had to admit, against her wish to do so, that there was something quite engaging about this jolly girl, as she hurried to the locker-room to change her shoes and get her sticks.

But with the acknowledgment some outer force submerged her will—a new sort of a determination to win—fanned by a personal grudge. . . . She made no effort to control it.

They were waiting for her on the first tee—Ted, Susan, and that tense, wiry man, her father. A quick snap of his head, a half-smiled "Good morning, Mrs. Renwick!" She was bowing coolly—as if accepting him mentally as her opponent—some one nearer her own size. . . .

Presently everything was running off mechanically, impersonally, she, acting

proval with a proud grin. Jo was proud, too, that Ted *had* boasted how her game was his game, took it as a pledge of his loyalty, turned to watch her opponent.

A peculiar half-swing, a twist of the wrists. As the sliced ball swirled out into the rough, and a scowl settled on Mr. Paige's features, Jo dropped a casual, not too patronizing "Too bad!" and quick-stepped along to Ted's long stride after her own ball.

It was the first time she had been alone with him since she had met Susan Paige.

But he said nothing.

"So the little one can play golf, son?" She made a nonchalant attempt to dent the uncomfortable silence.

"Yes, you got to watch your step, Jo!" He was grateful for the chance to speak. "Watch that recovery now—just

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like a man's!" Impersonal, professional appreciation of the use of a niblick!

"The old lady's got to step down, hey?" She watched him narrowly.

"Nonsense!" he exploded. "Not with your tournament sense, Jo!"

Mollified, she patted the back of his big, sun-burned hand. "Oh, I'll win, old man—if you want me to!"

And, leaning on Ted's apparently unqualified support, she did win the first two holes easily.

When she had taken the honor at the third tee, and sent out another clean drive, she looked, for the first time, to see if her opponent had lost any of her composure. The same irrepressible good humor shone back, even although she had just sliced again. Jo watched her tripping away, a bobbing gay sprite, her impudent orange-and-blue sweater defying the soft, overcast morning sky.

Just as if this game was, after all, only a trifling incident in her superabundant young life—just as if she were laughing a little at Jo . . . like that dandelion head, blown over from the field, which Jo was mistaking for her ball. . . .

Ted was watching the girl, too . . . forgetting to be professional. . . .

Something in Jo began to slip—slide. In Ted, too? His cautioning prophecy of the girl's skill began to justify itself. (She captured the next three holes.) His appreciation neglected to hide itself in covert glances, burst out in "Look at that—gee, a bird of an approach!" "Dead-eye Dick!" as a long, perfect putt scored Susan *one up* on the ninth green.

The tee for the tenth hole brought them around by the club. A crowd had begun to gather and follow—becoming a nettling irritant to Jo—increasing some sense of loss of support. With Susan, still that unshakable serenity, that refusal to take this recreation seriously.

Jo watched her—chatting with her caddy now—stopping elflike on tiptoe—saw her run an impulsive hand through the air, as if to feel the drooping leaves. "Oh, aren't they too—lovely!" They were Chris's weeping willows, now wearing the full silver-green of maturity.

She insisted on chatting with them, too (a thing Jo detested in a match), whenever they met on tee or fairway. "Aren't fathers silly!" Jo heard her saying it confidingly to Ted. "They get so haired up over little things!"

Again, on the twelfth tee, when they were waiting for the couple ahead to take their second shot: "Aren't you glad we came back, Ted? Isn't this most as much fun as that beach picnic?"

"So you did think of staying longer?" Jo said it casually to Ted, her heart thumping foolishly. And at once she regretted the question—for the girl answered it.

"Oh, yes, we both wanted to—till dad telephoned for me to come right home. He said I'd been drawn in the first round."

Ted, with a very red face, stooped down to make his mother's tee. And Jo, with a feeling of complete frustration, wanted to knock something down—something which this girl, with her disarming ingenuousness, was piling between herself and her former self-confidence. . . .

Something, which she was piling between herself and her son. . . . For Ted, already forgetting to be ashamed of his neglect of her, forgetting her entirely, was looking at Susan with a fatuous, kiddish grin. And they were both giggling again.

Idiots! . . . Jo gripped her stick, drove impetuously—wildly— The ball rolled off the tee into a pile of rocks. Some one in the crowd smothered a laugh. Dislike for the girl sharpened into definite hatred.

Her ball was out of bounds. She drove again, losing a stroke. Susan and Ted strolled along—leaving her to follow. Comrades— Pals. . . .

That determination to win, more sinister and ugly, possessed her. She would prove that she could get along without Ted's support. She called it tournament nerve! It must come to her rescue—take her into its cold, calculating hands—give her this thing she wanted insanely at this moment—to win this match! Mr. Paige, openly preening his feathers at his daughter's lead, seemed to accept the challenge.

Jo Renwick did win. By a hair's breadth—by a few blades of grass, to put it literally. Two inches more on her last putt, and Susan Paige would have tied the match.

Queer that the youngster should get

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careless at the last, when she had been holing out with such uncanny accuracy—never more than two putts on any green! And that last putt, only eighteen inches—the sort you'd say, if it weren't a match: "Oh, I'll grant you that!"

A long gasp of chagrin escaped the big gallery when she flubbed that last shot. Not that they cared so much who won—but it was a shame not to have a more clean-cut decision!

Jo herself wished she hadn't become suddenly conscious of those two kids again, just before Susan took the stroke. . . . She had so successfully put them out of her mind up to then—had paid no attention to Ted at all, those last holes. She knew her playing must have impressed him. Like an apologetic puppy, whom she had punished, he had returned—close to her heels, repledging his loyalty—his voice strangely gentle, like Chris's. "Now you're coming back, Jo! Great work!"

She acknowledged his congratulations now in a bright, impersonal way. He might have been any one of the crowd—old friends, pressing around, telling her they were proud of her as usual, that it was the best match they had had! Susan herself, without a tinge of apparent regret: "Oh, that was fun, Mrs. Renwick! You're too good—and," she lowered her voice to a chirplike whisper, "I'm awfully glad you did win!" She was looking apologetically toward her father just beyond as she took Jo's hand.

He had come up, was also shaking Jo's hand, briskly, their eyes meeting, uncovering the hostility their words belied, making her keenly conscious of the vindictive spirit which had colored her game. Making her remember Susan's "Aren't fathers silly?" . . . Mothers, too? . . . What did Ted really think of her?

He was waiting for her on the outskirts—bashful, more like Chris than she had ever before admitted. "It's what I wanted—to see you win, Jo! I thought perhaps you thought I didn't——"

"I know you did!" Ridiculous tears sprang to her eyes. "That's all right, old thing! See you later!" She went on to the locker-room with the joy of a girl whose lover has returned—telling herself that she *had* won for Ted—after all!

The cool water of the shower-bath was just beginning to give new vigor to her hot, tired body, when some stray remarks outside reversed her line of thought.

"Mighty close, wasn't it? Glad we have some new golf pep, at last!"

"It *has* become rather monotonous!"

The conversation stopped with suspicious suddenness.

But the innuendoes had cast a chill over her enthusiasm. The women were no particular friends of hers, but, for the moment, they seemed to speak for the whole club—who would be only too glad of a new champion! . . . She shivered under the icy stream. Hadn't they all clustered about this Susan Paige after the match, just as if she had really won? . . .

Just as if she had won! . . . Hadn't she all but won? A scant two inches to gloat over! She turned off the cold water, began to rub, but continued to shiver. This child had won—in other more subtle ways—had made her, Josephine Renwick, forty-one her last birthday, feel childish, immature——

At the thought of the aftermath with Ted, it was her turn to become shy, ashamed—fearing that Ted had been a little ashamed for her. She slunk out of the club, looked about for the car, determining to buy her way back into favor by praising her opponent, which she had hitherto withheld. . . .

A natty, this-season gray roadster whisked by—down the drive. Ted, his arm along the back of the seat, held an ice-cream cone in the other hand, which he was feeding to the driver! They were gone, a splash of color and laughter.

The insolence of them! Idiot, herself, that she had even thought she could be a part of it . . . this youth!

She stood there confounded, wondering . . . why *had* Ted wanted her to win? Was it only because he was afraid to have her lose? She was an older woman, to whom he felt he must be kind. . . .

She drove her own car home, picking up a neighbor.

"Your opponent's an attractive little thing—that Paige girl!"

"Yes, isn't she!"

"They say her dad's had a golf stick in her hands since she was eight. Wants to make a national champion of her."

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"Looks as if he might!"

"Gracious, how Ted's growing up, Mrs. Renwick! It won't be long before he'll have to be buckling down——"

"Yes, I suppose— Not this summer——"

"No! Let them play as long as they can. They get serious soon enough! Serious and interested in some girl, and— Well, a mother can't hold a boy forever, of course——"

"Of course not!" Jo breathed with relief, when the woman descended at her destination.

When Jo rounded the corner of the marsh road, the gray car was just pulling away, leaving Chris standing with Ted at the end of the walk. Ted must have called Chris out to meet Susan.

As she joined them later in the living-room, Chris greeted her. "Congratulations, Jo! Ted says you won the match—that you'll win the last leg all right now!" The same as always—Chris assuming an interest in this fetish, profession, of hers, just to please her! Last leg! Last leg. . . . Crazily tilting on it, she sank into a chair.

"Awful day for golf! So muggy!" She let her head drop against the chair-back. The same as always—all sitting about, waiting for luncheon to be served.

She closed her eyes.

But she need not have worried that they would want her to talk.

"How'd you like her, dad?"

Jo looked up from under her fringe of lashes. Ted had stretched out on a divan next his father, with the same confidential eagerness as when he and she had indulged in powwows of gossip after golf matches.

Chris was measuring his fingers appraisingly. "Seems like a nice girl, Ted! I like her looks—seems as if she had something to her." Then he looked up with that quizzical expression which excluded others from his little jokes. "What else can she do, son—except play golf?"

Jo started—sat up——

"Oh, Lord, dad, that's only one of the things she can do. She swims, sews, dances, makes the best camping coffee—and—she can swing a paint brush, too—a reg'lar hound for art—says that's what she's going in for! It's her dad, not her, that's got this golf bug! She's no mug-hunter!" Then he saw his mother, squirmed, sat up, too, his hands fumbling in his pockets.

It was Jo's answer. She was standing up—her cheeks flaming, her throat dry, choking. She found herself out on the sun-porch—fussing with the partially laid lunch-table.

Mug-hunter . . . mug-hunter . . . was that what Ted thought of *her!* Her son stigmatizing her on the very ground which she thought she was cherishing for him! That determination to win . . . she looked it squarely in the face. Greed! Plain greed!

Like a brilliant cinema flashed by again that last scene on the eighteenth green—the girl taking her putter for the last shot—looking first at her father—then at Ted. . . . That look of such intimate understanding—annoying her at the time. Jo made it speak unmistakable words now—"What of it if I don't win! Your mother cares so much more than I do! And what is a game of golf where we are concerned!"

Ted was straddling a chair, deep in a man-to-man discussion with his father. In desperate loneliness, she leaned forward, softly touched the bowl of roses. Delicate petals fluttered to the table. The flowers were already dead.

"Father, I'm going to work. Got anything down at the shop?"

Chris got up—with the alacrity of one who meets a friend for whom he has waited a long time. "Have a cigar, son!"

Jo was out in the hall, climbing the stairs, not caring where she went. In the alcove of the upper hall was Chris's desk, untidy, strewn with the bills he had been cleaning up before he went away. A long procession of blue slips—club vouchers—caddy fees, new balls, sticks, drinks, luncheons for out-of-town guests—marched across the desk. Necessary expenses of a mug-hunter! On the undusted desk-top an unemptied ash-tray gave out a foul odor.

She emptied it, ran and got a dust-cloth, made nervous dabs around, tried to arrange the vouchers and bills in orderly piles. As if clutching for some old interest of the past. . . .

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She found it presently in their room. Chris's brown leather suit-case, dog-eared, rounded out of shape—like Chris's back—thrown open on the couch, half-filled with neat rows of rolled-up underwear, socks, toilet articles— She could see his deft fingers arranging them. She remembered he was leaving on the late afternoon train for Summerville.

Instinctively she ran to the closet, pulled down her bag—opened it beside the other—began pulling garments out of bureau drawers. The two bags, close together, were pals, fellow-travellers on many good times. The familiarity of their personal belongings re-established old intimacies.

And she was wondering about their journey's end—who would meet them at the depot . . . which of the old crowd would be back. . . . She took out her new crêpe—for the banquet. Chris liked her in yellow. . . .

"Hello, there! Didn't you hear us calling you to lunch, Jo? Why, mother—" Chris was crossing the room, his face twisted into incredulity.

She straightened up—put out her empty hand—closed it convulsively over his. "Fold this for me, Chris. I never can get things into a suit-case the way you can."

"Here, give it to me, Jo!"

His hands shook a little, as he spread out the slippery garment on the bed. But the incredulity melted into the twisted smile.

At the sound of Ted covering the stairs, he looked around at her. This time, he wanted to share his little joke. "History repeats itself, don't it, mother? He's hit —just like me—right between the eyes. It'll be fun—to go back— Won't it?"

Because You Love Beauty

BY ANNE KYLE

BECAUSE you love Beauty, I would have you know
What place has seemed the loveliest to me;
A little cloistered valley, coiffed in snow,
Remote as in an Alpine nunnery.

Because you love Beauty, I desire to guide
Your feet on certain far-off sunlit ways,
Where larches lay their needles, and where hide
Among old leaves the clematis' new sprays.

Because you love Beauty, I would run with you
Down morning hillsides, tapestried with June;
And bid you hear the goat-bells tinkle through
Quaint Old World streets at slope of afternoon.

Because you love Beauty, I have dreamed I stood
Beside you, and beheld the westering sun
Ignite a cloud-bank, singe a bordering wood,
And fire the porphyry mountains one by one.

And I have thought that, when the Alpine glow
First flushed the twilight, I would touch your hand,
Finding no need for words, content to know
That you, who loved Beauty, *you* would understand!

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Southern Memories

SIDELIGHTS ON THE RACE PROBLEM

BY ALBERT GUÉRARD

Author of "Mesocracy in France," "In the Realm of King Log," etc.

MAY I not, once again, borrow the text of my sermon from Dom Anatole? It is written in *The Amethyst Ring:* "M. Gustave Lacarelle had a thick, long, and fair mustache, which, as it determined his physiognomy, determined also his character." He looked like an ancient Gaul; from his student days, he had been nicknamed the Gaul; and he felt in honor bound to uphold the Gallic tradition, which, as we all know, consists in making love to every woman. Poor Lacarelle found it irksome at times to maintain the standard of his race, especially when Madame Bergeret fell—plump—into his arms. But "noblesse oblige," and he pursued resignedly the course of his Gallic destiny.

Among our manifold delusions, there are few that are so pathetic, and none perhaps that is so dangerous, as this desire to live up to some preconceived type. Excellent Germans, adipose, beer-sodden, home-loving, possibly musical and metaphysical, whom Providence had intended for *Pantoffelhelden*, felt it their duty to rouse in their hearts the Berserker rage, the tearing fury of Blond Beasts, because such amiable traits had, in remote ages, characterized their hypothetical ancestors. Englishmen, and, above all, English governments, have been known to spurn as un-English the plain, immediate solution of an urgent problem, because it was truer to form to "muddle through somehow." I remember a lady of unusual scientific attainments who, because she was born in Baltimore, found it necessary to cultivate a number of odd little superstitions, with the proud apology: "I am Southern, you know."

It is particularly useless to discuss the race problem at all, so long as people make a virtue of their prejudice and impregnably entrench themselves therein. You might have Logic, Science, Democracy, and Christianity on your side: all that your opponents have to answer is: "We are Southern, and we have the race feeling in the marrow of our bones. This is the one central fact, which you cannot understand, but which you will have to accept. All your specious arguments will be shattered against it." Thus a good little Christian from the South, who, finding herself at some missionary banquet by the side of a negro, rushed away from the table, convulsed with indignation. "But, my dear," said a lady who had followed her, "do you think that Jesus would take it in such a way?"—"Ah, well! Jesus came from Heaven: but I come from Alabama, and I won't stand it."

We have never been very much impressed with the argument that such feelings were "in the blood." We had been told that it was "in the blood" of Frenchmen and Germans to hate one another, just as cats hate dogs, horses hate camels, women hate mice, and Orangemen hate Sinn Feiners. But we realized that the noblest Germans, like Goethe and Nietzsche, had loved France, no more, however, than the noblest Frenchmen, Hugo, Michelet, Renan, had loved Germany. Even if we admitted that there were "something in the blood," this would not alter in the slightest degree the question of right and wrong. I am enough of a Fundamentalist to believe in the depravity of human nature, and in the necessity of some grace divine to curb its evil instincts. It is "in the blood" of man to kill, ravish, and get drunk. It has been done from earliest times, by all races, in all countries, under all religions. If we were told "Thou shalt not kill," it is because the Legislator knew that human nature is bent on killing. All laws, re-

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ligious as well as civil, are engaged in a perpetual fight against human nature. And it is not a losing fight, because human nature is divided against itself, and because the angel in us is no less real than the beast.

That is why I formally refused to be bluffed by the Southern taboo. Taboos are exceedingly valuable as incentives to thought. As in the days of Eden, they point to the Tree of Knowledge.

It was my privilege to be connected for eleven years with a Southern institution. Now that I have left the Land of Cotton, I feel free to say that nowhere else, in Europe or in America, have I ever met such a genuine aristocracy of simplicity, kindness, wit, and culture. There, more completely than in the North or in the West, I was able to forget at times the vulgarity which besets our commercial civilization. Babbitt is ubiquitous in the New South: but he has not yet become supreme, and the merchant who is first of all a gentleman remains the ideal. Of all the nostalgic memories I have gathered in a roaming life, there is none perhaps that is so poignantly vivid as this: the farewell picnic of a small knot of friends, Townmen and Gownmen, cheerfully oblivious of wealth or learning; the sluggish bayou at our feet; the grove of live oaks draped with Spanish moss (that vampire among plants, which kills with beauty); and the well-known gentle voices rising in jest and song through the caressing softness of the Southern night. . . . Ah, well! The South did not treat me as a stranger, and I may be trusted to speak of it in the spirit of a grateful friend.

If I had come down South with the preconceived idea that all Southern whites were busy grinding the dark faces of the poor, a few weeks' experience would have sufficed to explode the delusion. Before the Great War, there was no more contented working class anywhere than the Southern negroes; and if they are now more restless than they used to be, their discontent is mild compared with the ominous ferment found in other parts. Nowhere will you find better relations between masters and servants. The material conditions are such as would make millions of European mouths water; and there exists in the Southern homes an atmosphere of personal friendliness which has survived the Civil War and sixty years of emancipation. It is not all idyllic, I know: servants and masters are human, all too human. But no Southern negro could stand the cold contempt, the lack of humanity, the positive cruelty, as it would seem in comparison, that prevail in London or Paris.

Gradually, as facts were impressed upon me, I came to the staggering conclusion that there was no race question in the South at all. I did not accept it easily: it sounded too good to be true. I happened to hear, in my Southern home town, that picturesque character, Pastor Russell. He told us that we had already entered upon the millennium: in fact, it had begun, I believe, in the year 1897. As I was listening to his ingenious Apocalyptic calculations, I could not help thinking: "What is the use of a millennium, then, if it looks just like Hell?" I wish evil could be exorcised by a mere denial. But I don't belong to the thriving sect which suppresses the Devil by cutting him dead. Ugly realities will not down, even though, like Soviet Russia, they are not officially recognized.

Yet, in that very sense, all true Southerners would agree with my paradox. There is no real race question; it is an importation from the North. Don't spoil our niggers with false ideas; leave us alone, there will be races in the South, but no difficulty between them. It is the same spirit which prompted Germany, before 1914, to deny that there was any Alsace-Lorraine problem. Recently, England served notice upon the League of Nations that the Egyptian unpleasantness did not exist, and sent a few warships to Alexandria to make that nonexistence more palpable. This spirit has been admirably summed up by Rose Macaulay: "Don't interfere: we want to have our little war in peace."

There is another point upon which I can claim the support of the entire South: there is no antipathy between the races, but exactly the reverse. The Southern Mammy is no myth; I have seen her with my own eyes. And even the younger generation, shifting and shiftless as they may be, show an instinctive loyalty to

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their masters, a pride in whatever distinction comes to "the family," a sense of *belonging* which is not slavish, but feudal, and in line with our finest Nordic tradition. These sentiments are reciprocated, as the real Southerner is of a kindly and affectionate disposition. There is on the part of the ruling class a feeling of responsibility which, at its best, is truly ennobling. Yes, the darkies and the white folks are genuinely fond of one another. Talk of "sending the blacks back to Africa"! That sounds in Dixie like Yankee nonsense. Not only do the Southerners need the negroes in their cotton fields and in their mills, but they want them in their own homes, washing, cleaning, cooking for them, holding their babies, inextricably mixed with their most intimate life. A Southern lady is never so happy as when her house is swarming with negro help, and pickaninnies playing on the back stoop. There is something delightfully picturesque and human about a big colored "lady" boiling clothes in the open air, over a primitive charcoal bucket, singing some plaintive and humorous tune in a voice as rich as a Thanksgiving dinner. To be sure, an electric washing-machine would be more efficient; but it would not have the same appeal. All this is sentimental, but are we not discussing sentiments? I do not see why "sentimental" should invariably be a term of reproach. Shelley is not condemned because some one did write "The Rosary."

It is evident that Southern children are born perfectly innocent of race prejudice. They sit on their nurses' knees without any sense of repugnance; they play with negro children on a footing of perfect equality. I have clearly in my mind the picture of an unusually fair little girl, the daughter of one of the richest cotten men in the country, sitting on a toy wagon with a negro boy, whom she was holding as tight as she could. A very few months later, probably, she did begin to realize that the creature she had been treating like a brother was under an inexorable curse. I have watched the growth of the race feeling in my own children. It was not native to them, it came insidiously, by imperceptible steps, like their Southern drawl.

What is the root of the trouble, then, if it is not racial antipathy? First of all, there are historical reasons, which are still potent in a tradition-loving country. The economic wounds have been healed; the bitterness of actual warfare has been forgotten, and the veterans of both armies are able to meet in friendliest fashion. But the conflict has undoubtedly seared the Southern soul. A nation—and if Wilson's gospel of self-determination has any sense, no country ever deserved the name of *nation* more truly than the Confederacy—a nation will confess that she was wrong—or defeated—but never both. I have heard Britishers admit that the Opium War was a crime: but they were not suggesting that Hong Kong should be returned to China. Some Germans are willing to acknowledge they were beaten; others will own the Imperial Government was guilty: few will accept an adverse verdict on both points. So the South, beaten to her knees, clings all the more tenaciously to the idea that she was right; and right, not on the issue of secession, which is now dead, but on the issue of white supremacy. To admit that the Yankee abolitionists were justified would be rank treason to the heroic spirit of the South: their ancestors would turn in their graves. Thus the South has been hardened by defeat into an attitude of irreconcilable opposition to the Boston evangel. A change of heart cannot be imposed by the sword.

Then there was the nightmare of the reconstruction period, when the victorious North applied in the most insane and mechanical fashion the pseudo-democratic dogma: every featherless biped is entitled to a vote. Southern States and cities are still paying for the corruption and extravagance of the carpet-baggers. It was studied insult combined with systematic injury. This is what the political equality of the races stands for in Southern minds. And we cannot help sympathizing with their horror. Even at present, after the tremendous progress of the colored people, their sudden and wholesale accession to suffrage would be an evil worse than their complete exclusion.

Finally, there is the enormous power of the Party Machine. A party in full

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control clings desperately to its privilege, and is not overscrupulous in its methods of self-defense. I know there is a new "Lily-White Republicanism" in the South and I know also that if the negroes had the vote, most of them would cast it for the Democratic ticket, "like gentlemen." But the comfortable, unchallenged supremacy of the machine would be at an end. With the South no longer solid, Democracy would have to mean something positive, and that might compel Republicanism to mean something also. No party has ever been willing to extend suffrage to its enemies, or even to a new and uncertain element. It took Great Britain nearly a century to grant all adult Britishers a vote. Guizot faced a revolution, rather than give the franchise to such dangerous characters as professors, attorneys, and notaries. We know how tenaciously the Suffrage amendment was fought, and the French Radicals still deny women political equality, for the same reason as Southern Democrats exclude the negroes: the future of the Party is at stake. A party needs a bogey as a rallying cry: it may be a foreign foe, the Jews, Catholicism, Socialism. In modern France, whenever Radical governments were at their wits' end, that is to say most of the time, they raised the cry: Down with the Jesuits! Southern politicians would lose the best of their stock-in-trade if they no longer had to "keep the nigger out."

These historical and political reasons are not to be minimized. With every generation that passes, they will lose some of their justification: but at the same time they will gather strength as traditions, and an inherited belief is infinitely harder to overthrow than a reasoned conviction. Feudal titles ceased to have a meaning several hundred years ago: yet an earldom, a marquisate, still have enormous value, in sentiment and in cash. It may take centuries to get over the effects of the Civil War: had we allowed the erring sisters to depart in peace, it is probable that the problem would be much nearer a satisfactory solution. Some day we shall realize that there is no righteous war: we cannot do God's work with the tools of Hell.

A few years ago, an economic consideration could have been added. It is singularly tempting to keep the bulk of common labor out of politics. A negro who "knows his place" will be more willing to accept low wages and long hours. This factor, however, has almost ceased to operate. The change is not due to politics, or to the power of negro unions: but to the northward migration of colored workers. The negro is getting his economic dues: if he were not, he would move. Obviously he would be happier in the South; but now there is a limit to his resignation. The restriction of the flow of labor from Europe will keep up a steady demand for the negroes in the North. The movement may never again be catastrophic in its suddenness, as it was during the war; but it is sufficient, on the one hand, to strengthen enormously the economic position of the colored people in the South, on the other hand, to create an ugly problem in the industrial centres of the North.

Yet, potent as all these causes may be, they do not go to the root of the matter. They apply exclusively to the old South: and the race difficulty is world-wide. It is world-wide because it is founded on a universal trait of human nature: the hatred of genuine equality. We cherish equality, in the sense that we do not want to have anybody above ourselves; but the more there are below, the better pleased we are. It seems that we cannot quite respect ourselves unless we despise somebody else. This is the origin of castes and classes, and the race problem is merely a form of the class problem. This does not make it any easier.

Let us interpret a few facts of Southern experience in the light of this principle. Any Southerner—and, for that matter, most Northerners as well—would resent it if a negro doctor or banker took up his residence next to theirs. The handsomer the residence, the greater the insult. Does this show a physical repugnance to the proximity of a different race? Not at all: for every Southern home is flanked, within ten yards and frequently within ten feet, with a negro home, in the form of a servants' house. A colored professor or Bishop could not be tolerated in the front part of a street-car, with the white folks, but a coal-black nurse can go any-

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where, provided she escort a white child. A young chemist from the South was my colleague at Williams College. He had a few negroes in his classes, and we asked him how he enjoyed teaching them. "Oh! I don't mind," he answered; "what goes against the grain, though, is having to call them 'Mister.'" The classical expression of this sentiment was given by the Southern gentleman who, in some function up North, had to meet Booker T. Washington. "You see," he reported to his friends, "it was embarrassing to call him Booker, and *of course* I couldn't call him 'Mister'"—"So what did you do?"—"Well, I compromised and called him Professor."

What is the key to these apparent absurdities? Class feeling, pure and simple. We like the negro, we appreciate the negro, we want to have him among us—so long as "he knows his place." That is the great Shibboleth of the South. You may be as kind as you please to your niggers; you may even devote your whole life to the improvement of the race: the South will praise you, if, throughout your charitable activities, you never fail to "keep the darkies in their place."

Now that phrase, which sums up the whole creed of the South, is not peculiar to the South. I had come across it, times out of number, in European history and literature. Nay, I had heard it with my own ears, in France and especially in England, although it can no longer be freely spoken with the same wide approval as twenty-five years ago. Tenants, servants, working people, had to "know their station" and acknowledge their "betters." Between the attitude of the nobleman to the commoner under the ancient regime, that of the bourgeois to his "inferiors," that of the gentlemanly officer in England, Germany, or America to the enlisted man, and that of the Southern whites to the negro, there is no fundamental difference. It is the same unlovely but irresistible instinct to lord it over one's fellowmen: in a word, snobbishness. Cringing before those higher in station is only one aspect of snobbishness: despising those below is the very essence of the disease. That is why Thackeray had a passage on "the Royal Snob."

The temptation is most irresistible, of course, when the lower class is indelibly branded. The old aristocracy in Europe distinguished itself by elaborate trappings, and was fenced off by a formidable etiquette—high sounding titles, special forms of address, carefully established tables of precedence. In those happy days, every one "knew his place." All these artificial distinctions have become obsolete. The aristocrats, to keep themselves from being defiled, have to rely upon more elusive criteria—style, tone, manners, a set of religious and political convictions, a slang and a list of nicknames which only the members of the inner circle can master. By such means, a true gentleman can detect a man who, as the French put it, is "not born," as sharply as a true Southerner will find out the damning sixteenth of negro blood. The line is drawn as definitely as possible, and a working man, suddenly enriched, stands as good a chance of being admitted to the Faubourg Saint-Germain or to some club in Pall Mall as a quadroon to enter any Country Club in Dixie. W. L. George's searching story of misalliance, "The Stranger's Wedding," shows how subtle habits of thought and niceties of taste can create a cleavage, invisible, undefinable, which defeats love itself. Still, there are commoners who, even in the first generation, can impersonate gentlemen in the most convincing manner. Their sons, at any rate, may go through some expensive Public School and acquire the smoothest kind of polish at Oxford: no criterion is absolutely safe, now that formal barriers have been let down. On the contrary, until anti-kink hair treatment, bleaching lotions, and facial surgery have reached a degree of perfection still undreamed of, the man born in the racial abyss must remain in the abyss.

And we all want to keep him there, for there would be no heights for us if there were no depths for him. How pitifully we are striving to fasten ourselves to some kind of aristocracy—Pilgrim Fathers, Cavaliers, Dutch Patroons, Huguenots, Revolutionary heroes! Those of us whose hapless ancestors missed all these opportunities can at least claim we are Nordics; or at any rate Aryans; or Caucasians, whatever that may mean.

What a special temptation there is in

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the South! Just by joining in the cry, Keep the nigger in his place! you feel at once assimilated with the proudest and most genuine aristocracy in the land. As the beggar said to the banker: "Us Nordics must stick together." You begin to believe that your forefathers owned plantations, which were ruined by the wicked Yankees; and you look upon every negro as potentially a runaway slave of your own. I have heard one Aaron Slavinsky utter the words "We Southerners" with the same conviction as a notorious American Countess, in Paris, regretted the days when the nobles "had their rights," and as a colored sergeant, in 1917, said: "Wait till *us Anglo-Saxons* get into this fight!" Who would refuse joining the aristocracy on such bargain terms? I thought I was impervious to such influences, being protected by a different kind of snobbishness. Yet the South was slowly making a gentleman out of me. When I went North and a negro sat by my side in a street-car, I did not resent it, *but I felt virtuous because I did not resent it.* It was what my Southern friends would call the first dawn of saving grace.

When, for some reason, race difference is not accompanied by social difference, the problem loses its virulent character. In my Southern city, the whites seemed to have exhausted their exclusiveness on the negroes. There were thousands of Mexicans in the district, much less assimilated, and probably much less assimilable, than the Africans. Many of them showed practically no trace of European blood. Yet the darkest and dirtiest of Mexican laborers could sit in the white section of the street-car. I do not believe that this was due to the desire of not giving offence to an independent neighbor: local opinion recks very little of Washington policy, and California is treating with insolence the subjects of an Empire more cultured and more powerful than Mexico and the whole of South America. It means that, fortunately, the Mexicans have not yet created a social problem. And it is true that we have hostages of inestimable value south of the Rio Grande.

Wherever members of an alien race are few, they are treated with fairness, and even with sympathy. It was so in the North half a century ago. I have known a venerable survivor of that period, who, although of purest British stock, had no prejudice whatever against the colored people. I have seen negroes treated with unaffected courtesy in London. In 1913, I saw elaborate preparations in the City Hall of Glasgow for the reception of the dusky King of Buganda and his suite. The British, who are so caste-conscious in India (almost as caste-conscious as the Hindus are among themselves), welcome Hindu gentlemen in Europe. There they may become popular and important characters: a Hindu sat for the Borough of Westminster, and Prince Ranjitsinhji was the idol of the cricket field. London is always inclined to take up the defence of the natives against the Afrikanders and even against the purely British colonists. The trouble is not "in the blood": the people who elect a negro judge in Chicago or appoint a negro official to a post in New Orleans, are as Anglo-Saxon as the rest of us. The trouble lies in the social conditions. As soon as a sharply differentiated race becomes numerous enough to form a lower class, the line is drawn, and the crisis opens. That is why the area of race friction is steadily moving northward and race riots occur in Republican territory. When Massachusetts has the same proportion of negroes as Mississippi, the descendants of Garrison will be as exclusive as the kinsmen of Jefferson Davis.

We find a confirmation of these views in the experience of the French. There is nothing "in the French blood" that makes it easier for them to deal with alien races: under the same circumstances, they have to fight against the same temptations. And if they fight more successfully, so could we. Conditions in Algeria somewhat resemble those in the South. There also we have two races side by side, one vastly inferior to the other in wealth and culture. And the Algerian colonists think and act about the Berbers and the Arabs just in the same way as the Southern whites with the negroes. It makes no difference to them that the natives are of white stock, of the same Mediterranean race to which most of the colonists themselves belong: if the colonists had their way, the Arabs and Berbers would be

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strictly "taught their place," which is at the bottom. The political progress of Algeria, painful and fitful, like all progress, yet promising, is due to the fact that the country is not fully self-governing. The Government takes into account both the ideal of Paris and the facts of Algerian experience: it moves cautiously, through a series of compromises, offering a model of what our reconstruction period could have been. Because a hundred thousand Berbers drifted into Paris during the war, and will not away, Paris is becoming uneasy, in the same manner as Chicago and Saint Louis are worrying about their Black Belts. "Latins" are no better and no worse in this respect than "Anglo-Saxons": they are men.

My Southern experience has not converted me to pessimistic fatalism. For one thing, it has inspired me with greater confidence in the possibilities of the negro race. The Barbarians who swooped upon the Græco-Roman world were centuries behind in civilization. Although eager to learn, they wrecked the whole fabric of ancient culture as completely as the negroes ruined the amenities and decencies of French life in Hayti. It took them five hundred years to grope their way out of the darkness they had made. We, the proud sons of these Barbarians, have no cause to be supercilious. What the negroes have achieved in little more than half a century is literally astounding.

And these achievements are beginning to tell, even in the South. The negroes are still a proletariat, treated with the Christian charity and the sense of fair play which have always been meted out to the proletariat. But there are already many negroes who are richer than the average white man. In a civilization which ultimately has no other standard of valuation but money, enrichment means power. In the most exclusive store in my Southern city, I have seen colored belles buying expensive shoes, with white attendants literally at their feet. The negroes should take to heart Guizot's advice to the bourgeoisie: "Enrichissez-vous!" Get rich! Money will slowly purchase for you the respect that plain justice could not secure.

Last—and, I confess, least—of my reasons for hoping, is my confidence in the "Americanism" of the South. If Americanism does mean common sense and fair play, then the people who boast the purest American blood cannot help reverting to the ideal of their country. Admitting—and it takes no great effort to admit it—that the whites are on the whole vastly superior to the negroes, this would bind us all the more to a policy of strictest justice. What would we think of a champion who should say: "I am the best man in the ring: and because I am the best man, I refuse to fight any challenger unless his right arm be tied"? Any form of injustice is a confession of diffidence. The just desire no favor; the strong need none.

The Southerners are gentlemen: it remains for them to apply the gentlemanly code and the spirit of chivalry between the races as well as within their own caste. They know that bragging and brutal assertiveness, in the individual, are the surest tokens of vulgarity. A man who acted as a man in the same way as we systematically act as a race, and as we too often act as a nation (Myself first, right or wrong!), would be hunted at once out of polite society.

As Tolstoy's hero devoted his life to the "Resurrection" of a soul he had ruined, so are we in honor bound to atone for the great collective crime of our race. Thinking of the wrongs inflicted by man upon the weaker sex, Vigny said: "I cannot meet a woman without being tempted to say: Forgive us." The negro among us is also an eternal reproach. Forgive us he will, if only we give him full justice. We owe it, not to him alone, but to our own conscience, to efface the last consequences of the ancient slave trade. We owe it above all to the spirit of our ancestors. They were responsible for the curse, and until we have turned the curse into a blessing, the stain on their memory will not be washed away.

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The Organization Complex in Our Colleges

BY RUTH STEELE BROOKS

MOST of us who have thought at all about the subject will probably agree that the colleges and universities are reflections in miniature of the tendencies and influences manifest in society at large. This is but natural, I take it, for the young are always imitative. But many of these tendencies seem less compatible with life inside college than with life outside. At the moment, I am thinking particularly of the tendency to "organize," to "do team work," to "pull together" for community-this and community-that, for a thousand different purposes, and frequently for no accomplishable purpose at all. We have all had illustrations among our acquaintances, if happily not within our own family, of the victims (is that too strong a word?) of this passion for organizing, for joining, for working in groups. We know the result—hurried, nervous creatures from whom all leisure, and in most cases all desire for it, has departed; whose time is filled with endless meetings where the chief accomplishment is endless talk. The value of the individual *per se* is lost sight of in the hue and cry of the modern watchwords "organization" and "co-operation."

When this ideal is absorbed, as has been happening now for the past ten years, by those who are still in the "formative" period in the colleges and universities, what is the result? A futile scattering of effort and a loss of the realization of one of the great purposes of a college education. It is one of the chief reasons, to my mind, for the complaint of professors everywhere that the students do not read; that they do nothing beyond the definite assignment of the day's lesson (lucky, if *that* is done). All leisure is lost to them, just as it is to the man or woman outside college who goes in for organization to excess—a dangerous form of intemperance for which, as yet, no Volstead act has been contrived! Intellectual curiosity, that small but precious plant, which requires such care and plenty of light, has been starved in the shade of its hardier, coarser rivals, which belong to the genus "campus activities."

It is generally conceded that one cannot lead a comparatively cultivated existence, a liberal existence, with any emphasis on the intellectual side, without some degree of leisure and the capacity for an inner repose. Now, if what we are constantly having dinned into our ears be *true*, that "college is training for life," then, above all things, it should foster the desire for leisure and the quiet enjoyment of it. There may be a smile at my recommending that the desire for leisure be encouraged among the college students of to-day! I do not mean a lessening of lectures and class work so that there may be more time for the movies! That is not the leisure I speak of. Perhaps it would be more accurate to recommend a better use of the free time which is left, over and above lessons and their getting.

Preparation for life, to be effective, must supply armor against the present-day demons of confusion, haste, and noise. If, instead, the college merely gives us exercises in the speeding-up process, or, to use a baseball phrase, if we are only being "warmed up" while in college so that we may be fast enough to keep up with the pace set by the players who are already in the game, then it is a failure. That facility can soon be acquired after graduation; the desire for leisure, and its good use, in all probability will never be had at all if a liking for it is not instilled in the college years. It is the one unfailing method of providing insurance against boredom and against an old age whose only solace is work or a restless going about.

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In all colleges, or practically all, the amount of work which may be carried by any student is limited, with possible permission to carry extra courses if the quality of his work justifies it. This is to save the student from himself, so to speak; from his lack of judgment due to inexperience; from an overzeal and enthusiasm, and from failure to realize his limitations. This method assures to him the proper amount of time, or rather the amount of time which the average student needs, for his studies. It prevents him from becoming a dabbler, from enrolling in many courses and doing none well. The purpose of this restriction of studies is entirely beneficent. Yet there is no limit of any kind to the "extras" which he may indulge in outside the classroom. I am not including, understand, sports and amusements; they are a necessity; but the purely routine demands of organizations so numerous as to be absurd, and which are increasing in number rapidly year by year in every institution.

I speak from the experience of some years in a State university (four as an undergraduate and the remainder in close touch with campus life), and with briefer periods here and there at other institutions, large and small. The conditions are much the same everywhere; it is only a question of degree. In fact, when one gets a close-up view of most colleges to-day, one feels that if lectures and assignments were all, life would indeed be simple. It is characteristic of the age, I suppose, this love of meetings, and it is folly to expect students to be free from it. Often the greater part of the student's day, aside from classes, is spent in some sort of meetings, or in preparing for them; meetings of departmental clubs, with programmes and papers and refreshments (somebody must make arrangements for each of these different things) or committee meetings over student government, to mention but two possibilities. The students rush from one to another. I have often seen them gathering for committee meetings, where one or two members were late. Instantly out would come a book, and perhaps two or three pages of history be read, or an irregular verb learned before the delinquents appeared. It might be argued, I suppose, that it teaches good use of the odd moments!

The point is: everything must have its organization, our religion, our politics, our hobbies, our departments of study—every branch of our college existence, mental and physical, must be co-ordinated and shared with any who chance to bear the same label. To be specific, there are departmental clubs for almost every department in the college. Theoretically they are for those who are majoring in the subject or those particularly interested. If it were possible to belong to but *one* of these, the problem would be simpler. But being an English major, you must, of course, be a member of the English Club. It happens that you are taking home economics, too, so you are probably asked to join the Home Economics Club, and so on. Now I would be the last to argue for the limiting of students' interests, but the problem resolves itself into the old formula, "Jack of all trades and master of none." It produces what we hear so frequently and rightly condemned, *smatterers*. The mere belonging to a large number of societies becomes an end in itself—if only to have the reputation for popularity which it seems to imply, and an imposing list after one's name in the senior book.

Besides the departmental clubs there are all the so-called honorary Greek-letter organizations (I do not refer, of course, to such societies as Phi Beta Kappa or Sigma Xi), honorary journalism, honorary dramatics, honorary education, and honorary aquatics, to name but a few. Why honorary it is hard to guess.

The list of campus organizations in the average college or university is a lengthy affair! First of all in importance, so far as making demands on the time of the members, are the fraternities and sororities, which are to be found in the greater number of educational institutions. They are the source of many pleasant friendships. They *do* swallow up a tremendous amount of time. (I speak from experience.) These have increased so greatly in numbers of late years that it is all but impossible to keep track of them. One phase of their development is, I think, to be regretted. They are beginning now to organize along racial and religious lines

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—some societies taking only Catholics and some only Jews. A few years ago such a thing was unheard of. Not content with the regular fraternities and sororities, there must needs be numerous inter-fraternity groups to "further good-fellowship." Then, too, we have, of recent years, branches of the Masons, the Eastern Stars, and other lodges. Even the "Kluckers" are said to have invaded Academe!

In mentioning some of these college organizations by name, I am assessing no blame to the individual societies as such, but to the aggregate; the fault, in the main, is one of numbers, though some, of course, have no excuse for being.

Heading the list in point of wide-spread activity are the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A. These are to be found in practically every college and university in the country, with paid secretaries in the larger places. From the students who serve on the cabinets or governing committees, they demand much time; time spent in committee meetings, time spent in organizing for fairs or entertainments to raise money, time spent in drives for new members. Not only does this apply to the committee which directs the work, but to all members as well, for every one has some part in the work to be done. I am not questioning the value of the work, I only ask: does this coincide with the main purpose of a college education? I grant that I have the feeling that it is unfair to expect college students to support missionaries in India or Africa, while they in their turn are being supported, often with difficulty, by their parents or by the money which they have earned in teaching. This was done in my own college days. I presume it is still a part of the yearly budget which must be raised.

I question, too, whether Student Government as it is organized on many of our present-day campuses, with all its advantages and desirable qualities, has the right to as much time from the girls and men who are on the governing board, and who must deal with all cases of infraction of rules, involving endless hours of committee meetings; I say, I question whether it were not better to let the authorities in charge bear the burden which is rightly theirs than to exact this toll of hours and responsibility from so many students each year. The answer is sure to come from some devotee of the system "as is," that it is usually only the "strong students," the "outstanding figures on the campus" (we are all familiar with the phrases), who are elected to such positions. This I grant, and add that it is the "strong students" who are most sought by all of these organizations, so much so that many of them are so swamped with demands entirely apart from the classroom that their work, and often their health, suffers. It is the strong students, presumably, who could make most use of a little leisure if it were allowed them. I have in mind an acquaintance, a girl of fine scholarship, a senior in one of the large colleges for women. She had taken an active part in all college affairs, including athletics, and was rightly called a "leader." In her senior year she was elected president of the Women's Student Government Association, carried the burdens with greatest conscientiousness, and when the time came for examinations and commencement she was at home with a complete breakdown from overwork. After a rest of eight months she was able to return and pass her examinations, but the joy and thrill of commencement festivities were gone, and with them the unquestioned health which had formerly been hers.

I cannot say enough of the demands some of these organizations make! They think nothing of setting conference weeks during college terms, with the expectation that some representative from each college concerned attend these meetings, often hundreds of miles away. I have known this to happen in cases of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., the Student Government Association, and the Women's Athletic Association. I presume there are others. I recall one conference of the Women's Athletic Association held in early March at my own university, in the Middle West, where there were delegates from a number of colleges on the east coast and a goodly representation from Colorado and California. How absence from classes is managed for a week, I do not know. I infer, of course, by arranging to make up the lost work. But this again implies an added strain and, what is even of more serious consequence,

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is sure to give the students the impression that classes are of secondary importance in comparison. The question to be answered is: why these conferences at all during term time?

The fact is, classes and study have become the least part of the college education of to-day. It consists, chiefly, of the *trimmings*. We have long granted the fact that athletic teams might forego attendance at classes when off on trips to neighboring colleges. But of recent years the idea of neighbor has been stretched until we see teams racing from coast to coast to match their prowess against some rival "neighbor." As usual such things tend to reduce themselves to the absurd, and we have baseball teams starting off in February for a season of games in Japan. It is argued that the loss of the semester will be amply compensated for by the travel. Mayhap! Mayhap! But how far into the depths of oblivion has the old ideal of a college education fled?

As an example of the lengths to which this has gone—only recently when a State university was having a drive for "funds," on top of a week of "whirlwind campaigning" for money on the campus, and the endless demands for organization and committee meetings which preceded this, a group of the leading students was withdrawn from classes for two weeks to make a speaking trip to the alumni through the East. In term time—yes, of course. One couldn't blame the students; they were flattered and delighted at the idea of travelling, but one may think what one likes of the policy which sponsored this academic junket.

Does any serious person think that the permanent value of liberal studies, of the mental discipline of the humanities and sciences, has undergone any real change through the many attempts to belittle them or through this attitude of putting ephemeral things on the same level with permanent? They go their way serenely, supremely conscious that they are a necessity, and knowing well that the world will come back to them. They are like gold, in that they are the only standards of measurement available.

To go back to organizations, the churches, too, feel the pressure of the demand to such an extent that in the large institutions there are university pastors, supported by the various denominations, who have no churches, but whose sole duty is to look after the welfare of students of their own faith. These are constantly having meetings; that is a great part of their work.

Then, too, each political party must have its group of students (women as well as men nowadays), forming Lincoln or Jackson or Debs clubs. During every local or national campaign these must obtain speakers and hold meetings so that their platforms may be put before the many.

And, as if these were not enough, students from the same State form clubs; from the same county; the same town! If by any chance they are foreigners, they need not be without hope; there is the Cosmopolitan Club for them to join. To such a pass has it come that all sense of humor has been lost, and we have, in literal truth, in one university which I know, perhaps in many, the "Organization of the Unorganized." Having exhausted every other possibility, this one still remained, and it would not be well to overlook it!

My plea is not to do away with organizations—far from it. Many of them, most of them, have something which they can give back to the students, provided the students are not too rushed to make it theirs. It is but a platitude, yet it applies just here, to say that we get from anything in proportion to what we put in. If the students are always hurrying from one thing to another in a mad race, they are not depositing sufficient funds to have a checking account!

Why not limit college activities (not including sports and amusements) as the number of courses is limited? Why not protect the students against a needless waste of time, due to their lack of experience (for which they are not to be blamed), in taking on more things than they can possibly do well, and at the same time assuring to the organizations members who are *really* interested? Let the students make their own choices. I do not even suggest a proper number. This plan is being tried out, in one form or another, in several colleges, not always, it must be granted, with success. However, it seems a step in the right direction, though

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such steps are fraught with the difficulties which any attempt to limit ideas always involves. But this restriction is not enough. The students and faculty, too, must join in the struggle to free themselves from this time-devourer. With a little faculty disapproval, either individual or collective, many infant organizations would die at birth, which, without this word of discouragement, thrive to no purpose. The majority of the students, I feel sure, would welcome curtailment in practically any form. The solution of the problem, which might almost be defined as a state of mind, is not to be found in any single restriction, any one panacea, being, as it is, the outgrowth of years and so closely akin to the conditions in the world at large. It is a case which student and faculty opinion, accompanied by an open recognition of the evil, must combat.

The Man Who Had Been Away

BY EMERSON LOW

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD HOPPER

IT was a half hour before twilight, or so. Only one person was walking on the lonely road from the station, and he was bouncing along as if he had no cares in the world. He carried a new yellow bag. He had been away from home ten years; but he was not simply going to walk in and tell who he was. He had a plan.

"Does Mr. Gabrowsky live here?"

"What?"

"Pan* Gabrowsky—Heinrich Gabrowsky."

"Oh, Heinrich Gabrowsky. No."

"No?"

She watched him walk away with his suitcase. He was not ill-looking, though bald. As for his clothes, she had never seen anything to equal them, not even in Cracow. Black and white little squares, with a cap to match, and, as if this wasn't enough, a cravat to match, with an enormous diamond.

Why was she such a dolt? Struck dumb by his elegance! She might have had a pleasant word or two with him. She had not even smiled.

Meanwhile, down to the river walked the man with his bag. He sat on some stones and looked lazily across where the bank was dug away for a space, and some cows, coming down for a drink, were sinking to their knees in mud. Straining to get one foot up only sunk the other deeper; but they seemed content to be stuck, and placidly stretched their necks, reaching out in all directions from one little tuft of grass to another, and then, with a colossal effort, another plunge, and a nibble; and so managed to reach the firm edge of the marshy ground, where, with much grunting up they went—*up—up—ah!*—what a bunch of shoulders getting over the side! There, safe on the green grass, they began to browse and nod to each other. The simplicity of all about him struck this man—with the ring of the railway cars still in his ears—and if he had been a child he would have clapped his hands.

"What simplicity!" he thought. "Here they are, creatures like these, with so few wants." He meant the woman he had spoken to, who was his wife, and her mother, Bertha. And he felt one with their simplicity, sitting there idly watching the river. Yes, in spite of all, this was his native earth.

He had a longing for a swim. The water was shining and quick, the sunlight through the trees making it so. He got

*Pan, Mr.

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out of his clothes and let himself down gingerly, and smiling, holding on to a root —to his knees, which froze, and—swoop to his chest—now then—ah—he was swimming on his back. Now striking out forward—but, wonder of wonders, he kept his cap on. With his head well above water, there it was—a duck, bill and all. And running up and down the bank, his feet were making pats on the wet ground, his chest was cool. It was ten years since he had done this. He came to a halt on the edge. Not a bad figure, if somewhat bony. His chest swelled out, his head arched back, the rosy joints of his toes glared up from the soft ground. And now he was tugging at a pair of pale blue underdrawers—what a dance!—then a silk shirt with a big gold collar button, and then a pair of pale blue garters—and the checks over all.

Sitting down quietly again on the stones, he took off his cap, being warmer now than before the swim. He was not bald after all. But was it a wig? Long, curly hair with nothing below it: a bush which had found foothold on the top of a bare stone. He had given careful directions to the barber in Warsaw: showing him how to shave up the sides all around and then lay the curls flat on top. With one or two gold teeth in the front rank. . . . The barber, not to be outdone, had sprinkled eau de Cologne on it, and had said, when the stranger paid him the money, "You are now a fascinating object to sight and smell."

Heinrich now ran his fingers through this remarkable coiffure, and smiled. He opened the suitcase. On the top lay a big doll, and under it a gorgeous thing: a woman's silk blouse with carnations with purple leaves, and what seemed to be another one under that. He closed the suitcase, and looked at his watch. It would be well to go back to the house; and this time he would ask for lodging for the night. It would be amusing. . . .

A chance sight of his checkered legs brought other thoughts. He sat still for a while. A brown leaf whirred down and fell in the plowed field behind him; one color with the earth: there was no distinguishing it. *That* belonged here—a native. A second glance at his checked trousers: the color of nothing—they would have to flash. *He* was a new thing in the life here. He was a new thing, and he felt the pebbles crush under his yellow shoes as he paced up and down, almost shivering in excitement. There would be a change in the life here. What it was, he did not know—concrete bridges. No more simplicity about him: he was as complex as what he had got into: garters, silk socks, collar buttons, and all—a *new thing!*

He sat down. He took out an enormous roll of bills. They were Polish marks. He began to count them. Forty thousand—that would be a dollar. He set them on the ground with a stone on them, and began plunging into an inside pocket. He pulled out a huge bundle: letters, postcards, photographs, a comb, a mirror. He looked among them, drew out a paper, and read it over carefully. It was a letter of credit. If he took it to Warsaw, he might draw as much as five thousand dollars—two hundred million marks! He folded the paper carefully, and stared away without seeing anything.

One day he had worked in that field behind him until he was bent nearly double for fifty pfennigs. A big power—a new thing—and he stared away, no longer thinking anything.

He shook himself from the stupor. He picked up the marks from the ground, and was counting them again, when he heard a footstep. Looking around, he saw the woman. She pretended not to notice him, and he kept on counting.

"Oh, here you are," she said. She was panting—a bouncing Bett. "I was just walking by, and saw you. We wondered if you had a place for the night."

"What time does the train go from Visco to Warsaw?" asked the stranger casually, not losing his count.

She had no idea. Did he live in Warsaw?

The marks had no sooner disappeared than a gold watch came shining out. It was rather late, he thought, and perhaps he would spend the night, if they had room for him.

She led the way along the bank, Heinrich following, busy in thought. They would not permit him to roam about, seeking a place. They would be flattered to have him under their roof. He was a person of consequence.

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From a drawing by Edward Hopper.

Looking around, he saw the woman. She pretended not to notice him, and he kept on counting.—Page 504.

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"They are good, simple people," he said to himself, with a rush of delight, as he now ascended the path in front of her.

The hill was nothing to him; she, with her stout ankles pushing, found him at the top, staring at the house, as if it were a human being. There was nothing to stare at. A seedy house, a little distance away in the evening sun. With its "porch," a few boards projecting over the door, it was like a man shading his eyes. Heinrich approached slowly, and then stopped and scratched himself. They were facing each other, it looked. The sun faded from the two windows, which stopped shining and were dull, like dull eyes. The roof, patched with everything but tile, hung low down about them. Heinrich felt uneasy. He looked at his hen-coop, with a great hole in the wire, and—akin to the roof—everything in it but hens; at the field he had so often worked in, dry and dusty: only a poor patch of gray vegetables left. Poplar trees rustling in the wind. And the fence down.

This little sunken room into which they stepped, with its smell: smoke, cooking, and bad air. There was no light—Heinrich, coming in from the daylight, could make out nothing. From a chair near the doorway, he saw Hannah join another woman in a corner. Two shadows. He could hear them whispering: whistling and rubbing together like the poplar leaves outside. Simple folks. They were planning to cook him a fine dinner!

There was something not right in the room—the stove! It had been set nearer the door, where they had always wanted it, as it was handier there to the shelves. But it was a bad place, and that was why it smoked. There were the two women, a little clearer now: both short and plump, and still whispering. Heinrich strained his eyes. Was it old Bertha? Fumbling in his suitcase, he brought out a pocket-light, and flashed it. Both women wheeled around. He set it on the table, so that it shone on them. They were amazed. Yes, it was old Bertha, his wife's mother, sleeves rolled up, and a red stick—a club—in her hand. She had been pounding something in a pot, perhaps tomatoes. She smiled hideously. "Thank you," she shrieked, steam coming from her red arms. Old Bertha, still shrieking at every one as though they were deaf—and as ugly as ever. Down went the club. Pud, pud—how she beat whatever was in that pot.

There was a little heap of rags adjoining the stove. It was moving about. Now it was standing up. It was a child, a girl of ten or so. She had been picking up bark and splinters in her hands, and was emptying them into the stove—palms ruddy. She had not seemed to notice the new light.

"Come here, little girl," said Heinrich cheerily, when he saw what it was.

"Come now, Adeleine, go to the gentleman when he calls you." The child stooped for more splinters, but the mother caught her arm and pushed her.

She went over. She kept her face down. Both were embarrassed. But Heinrich's big hand lifted her chin merrily. The light shone full on a rat face, with wet, staring eyes and a soiled mouth; the hand dropped it quickly. The light twinkled for a moment on the yellow shoes, which shuffled awkwardly, and then the stranger drew from his suitcase the doll, and gave it to the child. She took it by one foot and walked away.

"Thank the man," said the mother, doing something savagely in the shadow with her hand. But Adeleine slipped off, with a cry. The mother was a simple woman, trying to pay all respect to the important guest.

His socks just wrinkling above his shoes, "It is nothing," he said, to put her at her ease; "I bought it in Warsaw for a thousand marks, or two thousand marks. The price tag is on it, I believe."

Old Bertha's chin fairly glistened. At all times it was shiny. She pounded away vigorously—with that great red club.

Placing his hand over his mouth, the stranger could not help smiling: there he was, after so many years. He would have liked to drop a word or two about the "husband," but felt it safer to wait—and then was there any comparison between the Heinrich who went away and *Szanowny Panie*,* who was sitting there with his legs crossed? But he was uneasy about that child——

"Do you like rabbit for supper?" asked

* Equal to the German *Mein Herr*.

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Hannah, proudly—how had she managed to lay her hands on one?

"Yes, I think so, if it is well boiled."

"And carrots?"

"Whatever you have."

"There are tomatoes here," cried old Bertha, lifting up the red club, something dripping off. And then, stooping, she picked up a soft thing. It was moving—another child? It was a rabbit. Her bony hand clapped down on its head. There was a smothered noise, and the hand turned slowly. Heinrich started—it was something in the way the hand gripped it. But then they are rough, honest folks on a farm, and think little of those things.

A young man without a hat stepped in. He seemed rather disconcerted on seeing the light and a man with yellow shoes sitting at the side of it. He had called for a shirt. Hannah left the stove and crossed to a far corner of the room. The stranger shifted the light to help her. She fumbled about a bed, covered with a gray blanket, and finally found it. She seemed to have pulled it out of the bed-clothes. She gave it to the young man, who looked at the buttons and then paid her—not money, but an egg. Bertha took the egg, examined it, rattled it, smelled it, and deposited it carefully on a shelf. The young man did not seem to want to go. It was almost as if he were waiting for Heinrich to make the first move. But out of awkwardness, he finally went to the door, Hannah with him. He in the yellow shoes could hear them giggling—and then

The stranger drew from his suitcase the doll, and gave it to the child.—Page 506.

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a scuffle under the window—and a loud, ringing slap, more giggling, and in she came, red as a beet. Oh, she was an impulsive, natural creature!—full of steam—open and good as daylight—no artificial laws in the country.

"I think I'll go out and just stroll about," he said, anxious to see the rest of the place.

"As you like, *Szanowny Panie*," replied Hannah—she would doubtless always call him *Szanowny Panie*.

The moon was up and it was quite light. He stood for a moment in the doorsill, and then stepped out, stretching, where it was warm, and pleasant, and smelled fresh. He began a tour of the house. The house itself was dark and inhospitable. If it were not for the smoke coming from the chimney, one would have said it had been deserted for many years. There was something about it that troubled Heinrich. Something nearly aggressive in that dark lump, squatting there in the moonlight. He had a vague image of destroying it—in some way. He walked quickly along the uneven ground to the back. A smell attracted his attention . . . he would tear that shed down, and build things as they had them in America—all in white marble. And he would put in electric lighting. The field was high with weeds; only a small vegetable patch had been half-heartedly kept up, as much string and broken glass being there as vegetables. They had seen hard times. It was doubtless a grave struggle with them. Leaning against the broken fence, he began thinking. What plans for this and that worked in his brains! He would have men up from the village; the fields must be tilled, a new fence built, a new hen-coop for the chickens.

And as he leaned against the fence, he heard the men at work, making a noise as if their wind were broken, cutting and dragging away the gray weeds—and then saw the brown soil already reeling in rich lumps. Standing in the sun, his cap slightly down, like a foreman of a street gang in New York, he would be watching silently. He would call in something now and again to Hannah, or Bertha—a glass of beer perhaps. In the moonlight he could see a distant windmill, like a crazy loon turning handsprings on a hill.

And so far his thoughts were simple, like the brown leaf falling in the field. But they went further—to the tearing down of the house. He now had a fixed hatred for it—that ugly lump should go! He felt himself a giant now. He would build a house in brick, with electricity and gas, the windows all alight, and a hall with warm air with just a slight smell of gas. Five rooms perhaps.

His heart swelled as he thought of the old Heinrich, who had worked all day for fifty pfennigs. How Hannah had scolded him when he was a few minutes late for supper, and old Bertha actually knocked him about. Half of the villagers, then, had not bothered to speak to him. He was now a man of consequence—really a great man. There was nothing that he could not do. If Visco desired a concrete bridge over the river, or a new church, they would come to him for a loan. He would be as important as the mayor. A valuable man. He would send little Adeleine to Cracow to school to learn manners. Something was not right with her. He would laugh good-naturedly at Bertha and give her a new dress or a hat. They were having a hard struggle of it. Oh yes, he would do all that, and he stretched to the ends of his yellow shoes in pleasant reveries. It was good to be back. How Hannah would look up to him and beg to do this or that to please him. "They are certainly simple, good people," said the rich stranger once more, unable to resist a smile; and again came that warm, pleasant feeling of being at home.

Rising from the fence, he looked at his watch. It was six. He would have time to go up to the station and bring back the gramophone. What would they say to that—to American jazz?

"I will not let them know who I am until morning," he said to himself as he looked in the window and saw the light in its place and the two good women by the stove.

"That big box there from Warsaw," he said to the baggageman. "And can I have some one to carry it down for me?"

"Where to?"

"To Gabrowsky's."

"Pani* Gabrowsky's?" He looked at

* Pani, Mrs.

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the stranger—at the diamond. "I'll carry it myself." He was a poor enough looking man, probably glad of a chance of making a few marks in these bad times. "Will you kindly wait just a minute, *Szanowny Panie?*"

"It is of no consequence," replied Heinrich, leaning carelessly on the counter, and watching the dirty thumb go inquiringly through some papers.

"Stopping at Pani Gabrowsky's?" asked the station-master, when they were on the road, the box on his back.

"Yes," replied Heinrich, and thinking here was a chance to find out something: "She lost her husband, I believe."

"If you can call it a loss." The station-man chuckled, and slid the box to his hip, walking with a slouch: a Gothic Madonna and Child of the Thirteenth Century.

"Left her, did he?"

"Yes."

"What kind of a man?" (He would have a bit of fun with this fellow when all was revealed.)

"You're not a relative?"

"Oh no."

"Would you mind picking up my hat, sir? It has fallen off I think. It must be ten or fifteen years that he's been away. What became of him I can't think: likely drowned himself, or been run over by a train, being that foolish. I didn't know him very well, but he was the fool of the village, and a pretty lazy one. Never turned his hand to anything, as far as I know. His wife beat him, they used to say—perhaps that's why he looked so silly. She made him jump."

"Oh yes." Fool of the village—with two hundred million in his pocket! He smiled to himself again, and felt warm and pleasant. Through a break in the bushes, he could see the tall weeds of his place in the moonlight. A fool—how things were changed!

"Does she expect him back?"

"Can't say. She seems to get along all right though." And the station-master chuckled.

"Others?"

"Plenty."

Well, that would be different now. They were simple creatures, and had to get on some way—like animals—in bad times. There is no real vice among such people. And now it would be all changed. What was an egg compared with that paper of his?

"A bad road, sir," said the station-man, stepping into a puddle. "I don't like this trip after dark."

"Why not?" asked Heinrich, bouncing ahead.

"Can't tell you, but there's been a lot of odd happenings under these poplars—don't mind when I'm with some one."

Now every inch of the road felt to Heinrich like *home.* "Strange happenings!" he cried.

"Well, I don't like these poplars, sir," and said no more.

Heinrich pushed his door open. In walked the baggage-man with his head bent.

"Put it down in the corner," called the stranger after him. "It is only my box from Warsaw," he explained to the astonished women. "I may want something out of it to-night."

The baggage-man was standing in the door, panting, and sighing, and rubbing his hands. Heinrich went up to the light, and took out his pocketbook—his roll (one dollar!). He disengaged a fifty mark bill and placed it on the table. Hannah and Bertha drew near, to see what it was. All eyes popped. He selected a hundred mark bill, and placed it on top of the fifty—and a five-hundred mark bill, and placed it on top of that—and gave *all three* to the baggage-man.

"A thousand thanks, sir." How he bowed and took off his cap!

"God have mercy!" cried Bertha, half aloud.

"Without even wetting his fingers!" cried Hannah in a frightened voice.

"It is nothing," said the stranger. He had resumed his seat under the little light, which had begun to flicker whitely. You could scarcely expect it to burn all evening. He turned it out, and they heard him fumbling about, and then on it came, brighter than before—but revealing—oh wonders!—the stranger in the darkness had removed his hat.

"Here, here, don't do that!" The little bundle of rags was thrusting the doll head first into the stove. He jumped up, but Hannah caught the child's arm first.

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She shook her—as she might have shaken out a cloth. All the hair was burnt off—the yellow hair, which the shopkeeper said was real. It had belonged to a fair-haired prima donna who had been obliged by conditions to sell it. The child set the doll on a stool, and began looking about for other fuel—more shavings and splinters.

A fifty mark bill which had come out with the others and fallen on the table seemed to have disappeared. The stranger looked about for it. Both women were red and occupied with the stove. . . . Well, it was another life—country folks, rough and good-natured, without knowledge of city laws, perhaps.

The door was flung open. A young man, not so shy as the first, and he gave the stranger only a glance. He went up to the stove and put his arm about both women: pinched Bertha on the arm, and patted Hannah on the back. He was quite at home. Glanced in the pot to see what they were having.

"You've got quite a light here," he said.

"Yes, it's a gentleman from Warsaw," replied Hannah proudly.

The stranger moved his feet a trifle to let the young man see what he had on. They were humble people, and such things impressed them.

"How is the mayor?" said the stranger at last.

"All right, as far as we know," replied Hannah. (What next!)

"He is thought to be a rich man," went on the stranger.

"Yes, he's very rich."

"A million a year, perhaps."

"Well, that's a lot of money——"

"Oh, not so much nowadays," said the stranger lightly.

Hannah stirred the rabbit vigorously, and Bertha was pounding the tomatoes with her blunt red stick—what a great red wrist she had too.

He was a well built young man with pale yellow hair very long over his collar. Heinrich watched him, setting the plates on the table. Was he going to have supper with them? Had he brought an egg too? Oh well, that would be different now: he might as well put up with it for one night. The young man, meanwhile, going into this and that, seemed to know just where everything was. And soon four white plates were spinning beneath the light; and, after some hesitation, one with pansies on it followed. That was for him; and he had bought that one himself in Cracow fifteen years ago. Purple pansies, all alike. The man had said that they had been put there by machine; but of course shopkeepers are crafty. There they were, however, all alike: it was a wonderful thing. And Hannah had called him a fool for spending the money on it, which was a mark perhaps! He went whining about in those days: leaving his sabots at the door and shuffling in in slippers. It was worth waiting ten years for!

They all sat down, with more than one twisting glance at the box with its labels. The young man sat next to Hannah, Heinrich next to his mother-in-law, who kept rolling about—like a boat in a swell—as if to make more room for him on the bench, tucking in her apron, pulling in her arms, and sniffing. The soup gone, and the five wet plates sparkling beneath the light for the rabbit, the young man slipped his arm about Hannah's waist. But *Szanowny Panie*—who was he to be jealous? A reassuring grip of that bundle of papers. A great man. And then they were guileless creatures—showing their feelings in a straightforward way—it was not the same as in the city.

Bertha brought on the pot with the rabbit and carrots in it—that was a nasty burn she had on her thumb, and what was the matter with the nail? Each plate was now sending up its little column of steam: good cheer and pleasant eating. It was a comfort to be home: to have a warm, cheery meal in company with such simple folk. Country folk—small in their wants, and affections perhaps, but honest and good. And Heinrich smiled: for it was not disagreeable to sit on the outside, as it were, and be like a prince. Hannah passed him the bread, and it being black and sour, he reached into the wonderful bag and pulled out a loaf of white, which he had used on the train. He cut it with his knife, and passed it around (an even amount to the young man; who was he to have petty feelings?). They saved it to eat as dessert, old Bertha sweeping up the crumbs with her red fingers and putting

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them in her mouth as she chattered. With a grunt, she rose to get the tomatoes.

Adeleine was gnawing a rabbit bone. She was a silent child. Her face itself looked like a rabbit: all teeth and a soiled, puckering mouth. He remembered when she was a baby and all slobber. Now she was thin and dry and gnawing. She must be sent to school.

The supper ended, the stranger went over to his box, and examined the boards, and called for a knife or something. Old Bertha, who seemed ready to wait on him hand and foot (Bertha!), wiped a knife on her apron and gave it to him. He pried up the boards, twisting and pulling, for he was not strong, his arms were thin, and drew out carefully first a lot of excelsior, and then a shining box. Still something else. He called for a pair of scissors. He might have used the knife probably, but everything was at his command, and it was such a complicated thing. So he snipped some string down in the box—they couldn't see how it was—and drew out one by one shiny black things, perfectly flat and round, which caught the light every way, like the top of a silk hat. At first Hannah was sure it was Swedish bread. A Swedish family had spent a night in the village about a month ago, heaven knows why, and their maid, a Polish girl, had shown Hannah the bread. He was setting one on the box, and putting in a needle—perhaps it was a sewing machine? brr—brr—brr. Oh—they had heard of that thing.

Heinrich, sitting there in the short light, watched them, his foot swaying. It was a Polish folk dance, which the slender young man at Warsaw had told him that all the peasants knew—whistled it as they went to their work—but they did not seem to recognize it. Their faces were strained as if they were having a photograph taken. Set, ignorant faces, all curiosity—but no more? A gleam of brutality—what was it? What did it mean? What was this he had not noticed before?

We, who have an infinitude of emotions, can think difficultly of persons with one. All feelings merging nearly in one. They are emotional or not emotional, with very little to distinguish admiration, hate, fear, or happiness. There is a joy in ferocity, and a ferocity in joy, more completely than with us, who know also what it is to find sadness in happiness, and happiness in sorrow. Primitive emotions that all blend into one sense: of stupidity, or joy, fierceness, glee.*

Squeak, squeak, squeak, what now? The stranger was up, and doing something to it: another Swedish bread. Old Bertha jumped, and something fell: jazz—ah ha, they knew that one: and how their feet kept time!

No, somehow he did not like their faces so well during the music: there was something he did not like—plain peasant folk they were not.

Heinrich shut the lid without a word. There was a busy council near the stove, all talking at once. Heinrich smiled: their faces were childish enough now. He would have a little fun. Pfew—something hit the stove with a hiss. "What was that?" cried Bertha. Pfew—another, next to her elbow. She looked at the stranger. His jaws were moving fast, and then a stream of brown liquid flew from his mouth. Bertha grinned. "He's from Warsaw," Hannah was saying.

Bertha turned to her pot, and began scraping it. Adeleine had gathered up all the excelsior from the box and was stuffing it into the stove.

The young man was talking earnestly to Hannah. He seemed to be pleading something to which she was stubborn and laughing. He retorted, and came a slap that one might hear to the river, and she shoved him heartily out of the door.

There they were at last, all together—the family. Heinrich watched them in their duties about the stove. Finally Hannah had finished, and she sat down at the table near him; and then Bertha, reaching up to hang the red club on a nail—what a comical figure—one foot off the ground—joined them. Now he would try something.

"Husband dead?" he asked carelessly.

"Might be, for all we know," spoke up Bertha loudly.

"Did he leave you?"

"Yes."

"He was no good," cried Bertha.

"No," agreed Hannah. "And it's all

*Likewise primitive emotions may be quite distinct: nearly pure joy, sorrow, etc.—purer than we could have, who think ahead.

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we can do to get enough to put in our stomachs."

Heinrich raised his hand to his mouth to hide his smile. How would they feel in the morning? "No good, am I?" he would say to everything they asked him. So feeling in a merry mood, he bent down to his bag and pulled out one of the blouses. He began to clear a space on the table with his pocket handkerchief, but Bertha shoved him aside, and cleared it with an edge of her skirt. He laid out the shirtwaist.

"What do you think of this?" he asked carelessly. It was shining red and purple. Both women stared. Hannah touched it with her coarse fingers, which stuck to the silk like burrs.

"You can have it," he said to Hannah.

How her eyes sparkled as she picked it up! He kept Bertha's back, and it was fun to watch her face. Her eyes glistened too, but fiercely—and the chin fiercely too. "They are greedy children," thought Heinrich with a smile. "Children!" And then drawing out the other shirtwaist, he poked the good old animal in the side, and her chin beamed in the light as she gathered it in.

There was another gift for Adeleine. Where was she? Would *Szanowny Panie* rather not wait till morning? No, he had a desire to kiss the child good-night. They looked about the floor with the lantern, and found her asleep in a corner, the doll as a pillow. Hannah shook her awake—hard—a rabbit rattling in a dog's mouth—and set her on her feet. Is she bow-legged too? She stood there blinking, with bubbles on her lips from sleep. "See what the good gentleman has brought you from Warsaw," said Hannah.

Another doll. Heinrich had racked his brains, but could think of nothing else. This one had brown curls, and some kind of mechanical squeak, which he would show her in the morning. He did not ask again to kiss her.

"She certainly ought to be sent to school," he thought.

She stole into a shadow, a "thank you" being kicked out of her as she passed Hannah. It did not escape Heinrich, who said to himself, "They are used to these rough ways in the country, but perhaps they are not good for her."

"She should be sent to a school," he said out loud.

"Ach," said Hannah, "What use? She's a little idiot."

"Like her father," put in Bertha.

"Yes, but a good school, at Warsaw—not a cheap school."

"Ach, *Szanowny Panie*, where would we find the money?"

"With little or nothing to put in our stomachs!"

"It would not be expensive. Perhaps a few thousand marks a month."

The three were sitting around the light. Mother and daughter put heads together and began to buzz: their eyes were shining with shirtwaists and thousands of marks.

"They are impressed," thought Heinrich; "but certainly Adeleine must be sent to school."

Suddenly Hannah stopped listening; and then she grew red, and getting up, whispered something into Bertha's ear: a big, brown ear with tuft of hair and wrinkles. The old mother nodded approval. Then Hannah drew toward Heinrich.

"When you are tired, there is the bed."

He bent down to his valise. Could there be anything more in it? What was this—another blouse? A pair of trousers and coat of flowered silk, which he spread carefully on the faded gray blanket.

"And where do you sleep?" he asked Bertha.

"Oh," cried the old woman, "here in the corner. I'm used to it."

"And I will sleep there too—if you would rather"—began Hannah. Her eyes were beady. Something that was there during the music. . . . He came nearer. Her face looked hot and brutal; her voice was full of phlegm. Oh well, they were simple creatures—guileless creatures. They had probably never seen anything like the shirtwaists. Any way to show their gratitude.

His eyes twinkled. It would be odd.

He stood outside near the roadway, dreaming; the house, with its curl of smoke, the vegetable garden, the field lying at his back. In a month what a change would come about: the concrete cellar would be there, a smooth brown field behind, and everything growing into order. The carts would be coming up the

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road, tugging, and they would drop their bricks here: he would lend a hand himself —a little outdoor work would make him as strong as any of them—and Hannah and Bertha could paint the fence. It was good to be home! That rainy evening in Posen when he had gone into the railway station and asked for a third class ticket to Visco—third class, not fourth, and via Warsaw—at the railway station, they had had a time finding Visco. The train left at two in the morning. Standing in the doorway of the deserted station, wondering what he could do until then, watching the rain coming through the dark trees to the roadway, he thought of his native town almost with alarm, as a traveller might think of a lonely village when he suddenly realizes he must spend the night there. But here he was, standing on his own grass—and what a place it would be. It was home—and Sixth Avenue with its lights and rush overhead was far away.

He might have stayed there. He might have had another woman—but not like Hannah. She was a woman that a man might rest on when he was tired: crude, but a woman of the earth. Sixth Avenue with its rush overhead—he would tell them stories of it. He thought of those iron girders, running in pairs all along the street: he would construct too. He would build, and build well, on his own ground. He looked about. His eyes fell on the dark lump with its curl of smoke.

"That will come down," he cried. And he pictured the new concrete cellar under way—for he had a hatred for the house, and he paced up and down proudly underneath the poplars. And through the leaves, there was the windmill still doing its silent handsprings. He opened the door, and stepped into the bad air. There was heavy breathing. He turned out the magic light.

Those two had risen, and were over next to the stove. Hannah had felt a breathing in her ear and then a voice. First she had thought it was Heinrich, and, being sleepy, had pretended not to hear, but she recognized her mother's voice. They were talking now in low whispers, mother and daughter, standing in their stocking feet.

"How much do you think he really has?" asked Bertha.

"Ten thousand marks perhaps——"

"Ten thousand marks!" The moonlight shone on the window-sill, on a flower-pot with some string in it, on her old chin, which beamed as if it were oiled. "Ten thousand marks! And to-morrow he will be on his way, goodness knows where."

"I suppose so."

"And give you a few marks for your pains——"

"Six hundred and fifty, perhaps, like he gave Johann for carrying the box."

The chin glared. "I'll tell you something."

"What?"

Hannah caught a sparkle in those old eyes, and started. "But we're not strong enough——"

The old woman bent forward. There was no mistaking what she whispered in Hannah's ear. The younger woman was quiet for a moment. Would it be worth it?

"What — not worth ten thousand marks?"

"But do you think he has that much?"

"Didn't he give Johann six hundred and fifty?"

They were silent for a moment. They could hear his heavy breathing.

"I rather like him," began Hannah.

"And those silk things he has on," said Bertha.

"Yes, yes, and the music-box."

Hannah turns away and stares out of the window. Her bouncing face is hard and sullen in the gloom—just as it was during the music. The moonlight shines on an edge of that rusty vegetable garden —that yields for all. Not only for them, but for those others who drop in—and would not drop in, perhaps, if there was nothing. A pig suddenly passes beneath the window. She starts back. It is Bertha. She is doing something out there—bending down. She is looking for something. There, she is stooping down by the gate and picking up what seems to be a stick. But it is no good, and she throws it away. She looks all about. She goes out into the road and looks up and down. Her hair is all over her face.

Now she is pushing Hannah aside,

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From a drawing by Edward Hopper.

"What's this? . . . Don't, don't—Hannah!"—Page 515.

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reaching for something above the stove—up on one toe again, which had so amused Heinrich. It is the red stick.

She left the door open, and now the moonlight comes in there too. It makes a narrow path across the floor and the bed, where the gray blanket is rising and falling regularly—his stomach, it should be. Bertha tiptoes forward in her wet stocking feet, Hannah following. The daughter kicks something: it is one of the yellow shoes, and it shines out in the light.

Bertha is feeling for his face, and finds it—in mid-air. He is sitting up, staring at them. Probably heard it all. Well, then——

Bertha is thrown on her knees with the impetus. A groan. She is raising herself up slowly to do it again— She feels on the bed——

"What's this?" comes a voice from the floor. "Don't, don't—Hannah! There is more—you're killing me—for only a dollar!"

It was a half hour before dawn, or so. No one at all on the road from the station. In the dark lump of a house, they lighted that strange lantern. They looked through the papers. Hannah could read a trifle. They came to the letter of credit. What's that? "It's a hotel bill," said Hannah. And this, with a photograph on it? "Heinrich Gab-rows-ky," she read aloud. Mother and daughter looked at each other. They bent over the photograph. Something far back seemed to crack in their minds. And there was the name. Hannah gave a silly laugh—a sort of whine.

The Proudest Fruit

BY ELIZABETH MORROW

Apples are the proudest fruit
Ever bent a tree,
Dreaming still of Paradise,
Heirs of mutiny:

Scarlet-coated harlequins
Who with impish fling
Lighted all the fires of Troy,
Taught how planets swing.

Ancient gods have not withstood
Their bright witchery;
With an apple Pluto won
Sad Persephone.

Golden apples, dragon-kept,
The Hesperides
Gave an island diadem
To great Hercules.

Painted flame and ashen heart
Dead Sea orchards bore,
Ghostly harvest of desire
Snaky stem to core.

Apples are the proudest fruit—
One life on a tree,
Then in children's cheeks they wear
Immortality.

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Wrath

BY McCREADY HUSTON

Author of "His," "Jonah's Whale," "Not Poppy—," etc.

Illustrations by H. Van Buren Kline

WATCHING the swirl following its mad leader into a maze of laughing, singing, swaying, dancing couples capped in carnival fancies of gay paper, Naomi Widdowson, standing in the doorway of the Big Savage Country Club ballroom, wondered how soon she and Hamar might slip away and go home.

Out of the figure momentarily, she stood alone, laden with cotillon favors—an idiotic pink ruff, a shepherdess hat of blue, a long crook, a toy balloon, magnificent crêpe roses, and grotesque chrysanthemums. Her hair was on the point of falling over her flushed face—she was one of the two or three members who held out against the fashion of shingling—and her coral gown was torn. But the slight, bald prodigy of endurance, the cotillon-master, knew nothing of fatigue. He was determined, Naomi suspected, to make up in excess of exertion for a certain mechanical technique of frivolity.

From the side doors that opened on the wide porches of the clubhouse came two stodgy little girls carrying incredibly wide baskets from which overflowed new stocks of favors. In the centre of the room the dancers were tossing colored paper streamers over wires which crossed above their heads; they were shouting and jostling. They were hugely pleased by the impromptu revival by the negro musicians of "Rufus Rastus Johnson Brown."

At intervals Naomi saw her husband in the throng. He was having a good time; probably he would not want to go home. The music kept beating, beating, beating. The figure was without an end, apparently. With gathering dejection Naomi remembered they were driving the Starkweathers home. That, of course, settled leaving before the final beat of the drums. The Starkweathers were the kind of people who stay until the end of everything.

Suddenly Naomi was angry. Why should she stand there covered with a professional caterer's trash? These people, excepting Hamar, were infinitely silly. Most of them were older than she; many of them had children. Regina Aldis had five; but there she was, capering in a riotous cake-walk. And there went Hamar, posturing with that Terriss girl, Georgia. Georgia Terriss, Naomi had heard around card-tables at Big Savage, made a specialty of married men.

She turned and walked slowly to a row of chairs, stripped off her favors, and tossed them in a forlorn heap. Then, without a glance behind, she walked out to the porch.

This was better. Cushioned wicker beside a white pillar, with a moonlit view across the rolling sweep of the fairways, suited her mood. Sitting there she admitted to herself that this mood had been coming on since she had bundled little Michael into the coupé and hurried him back to the orphans' home, from which he had been borrowed.

She had done right. She had satisfied herself of that; and Hamar, looking up from his coffee, had nodded.

"I don't think we ought to keep him unless you feel—the need for him; and unless we could do him full justice," he had said. Hamar was like that; he had never, in all of their eleven years together, made things difficult.

The obstacle was, Naomi told herself, the sum of the never-ending, insistent exactions of children and the pressures of the set in which she and Hamar moved. At thirty-two she was being driven to the last, ultimate ounce of energy. Her experiment of two weeks with the borrowed boy, who was five years old, had prompted caution. He had required so much. Naomi saw that if she kept him she would

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Suddenly Naomi was angry. Why should she stand there covered with a professional caterer's trash?—Page 516.

have to choose between things which had become very important to her and the care of the child.

Speculation about how Mrs. Aldis kept her head above the surface of the social whirlpool and looked after her brood was not comforting. All of the Big Savage crowd wondered how she did it. If Re-

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gina Aldis could take care of five—Naomi got to her feet, feeling the need of motion for reassuring herself in her carefully built-up position. It was all right. Michael was in excellent hands. Naomi and others like her could do most by watching over and contributing to the orphans' home.

At a sound behind her Naomi turned and found Mrs. Aldis. Regina wore her cotillon hat, awarded to her in a romp, a Spanish affair of black and red paper; but she carried none of the other trumpery. She stood there dusting her hands together and smiling at Naomi.

"You've caught me," she said. "I've just been hiding our favors so we can pick them up in a moment when we start home. Jim has rustled three more of everything, so we'll have five. Perfect!"

Naomi frowned.

"Do you mean to tell me that you and Jim are taking those gimcracks home?"

"Why, of course." The other spoke softly. "We're not the only ones. Look around on this porch and in the dressing-rooms and you'll find piles, all ready."

"Silly. It's bad enough to wear the stuff here. I could do without cotillons."

"I guess you don't understand. The children at home expect them."

Mrs. Aldis came a step closer and laid a hand on Naomi's arm.

"I thought you might be doing the same thing to-night. I heard you and Hamar had taken a youngster from the home."

Naomi looked away quickly.

"You are too complimentary, Regina. I took him back to-day."

There followed too much silence. Regina ended the strain.

"Well, it's not for me to say; probably you are right."

The band had begun again inside. Mrs. Aldis turned and ran back to the ballroom door, light as a girl. Naomi found her chair again and sat gazing out across the golf course. Behind her the screened doors snapped and in a moment a man and a woman passed her, carrying a bulging package to a parked automobile. Other couples passed. It was growing late; the party was breaking up.

She would find Hamar and drag him away. She could manage the Starkweathers. Fond as Hamar was of dancing and a frolic, he would not want to go; but to-morrow's engagements arranged themselves in Naomi's mind like a challenge. They must go.

As she turned toward the lights of the ballroom entrance she was aware of a flurry around the coatrooms and a movement of many people. Good-nights were being shouted, and above them the throb of the music reached her, reminding her of those couples who would stay until the close.

She drew aside to permit a group to hurry past her. It was then that she caught a glimpse of Jessie Starkweather, standing waiting, like a schoolgirl, in the sweater-jacket she had drawn on. She held a great pompon of yellow paper.

"John will be here in a minute," she said to Naomi. "He found we were short a paper hat for one of the children, so he's trying to buy one from the caterer."

Jessie looked twenty. Naomi knew she was thirty-three. Her eyes were starry. When it came to clutching the youthfulness that seemed to be the passion of the hour, some of these mothers revealed a stronger grip than women like herself, Naomi admitted. Recognizing a great desire, inspired by the sight of Jessie with her pompon, she made a swift calculation. There was Hamar beyond, shrugging into his coat. She recalled the picture of Michael sitting on his knees last night. She did not want to recall it, but it came back to her unbidden. She saw the little boy riding with the little circus whip she had bought him.

Hamar and she had no favors; they had tossed them away. They seemed, suddenly, to be the only ones without them. Naomi felt an appalling loneliness, looking about her at the laughing women.

It was only five miles to the orphans' home. Hamar, who had a way with such people, might be able to get the matron up. Perhaps for money they could get Michael out to-night; take him home with them. She put a hand to her head, giddily sketching the possibility, pushing forward into the crowded room.

Silly Howard Graham delayed her with some obscure joke. Across the shoulders of the men she spied Hamar's face and raised a hand to him. He did

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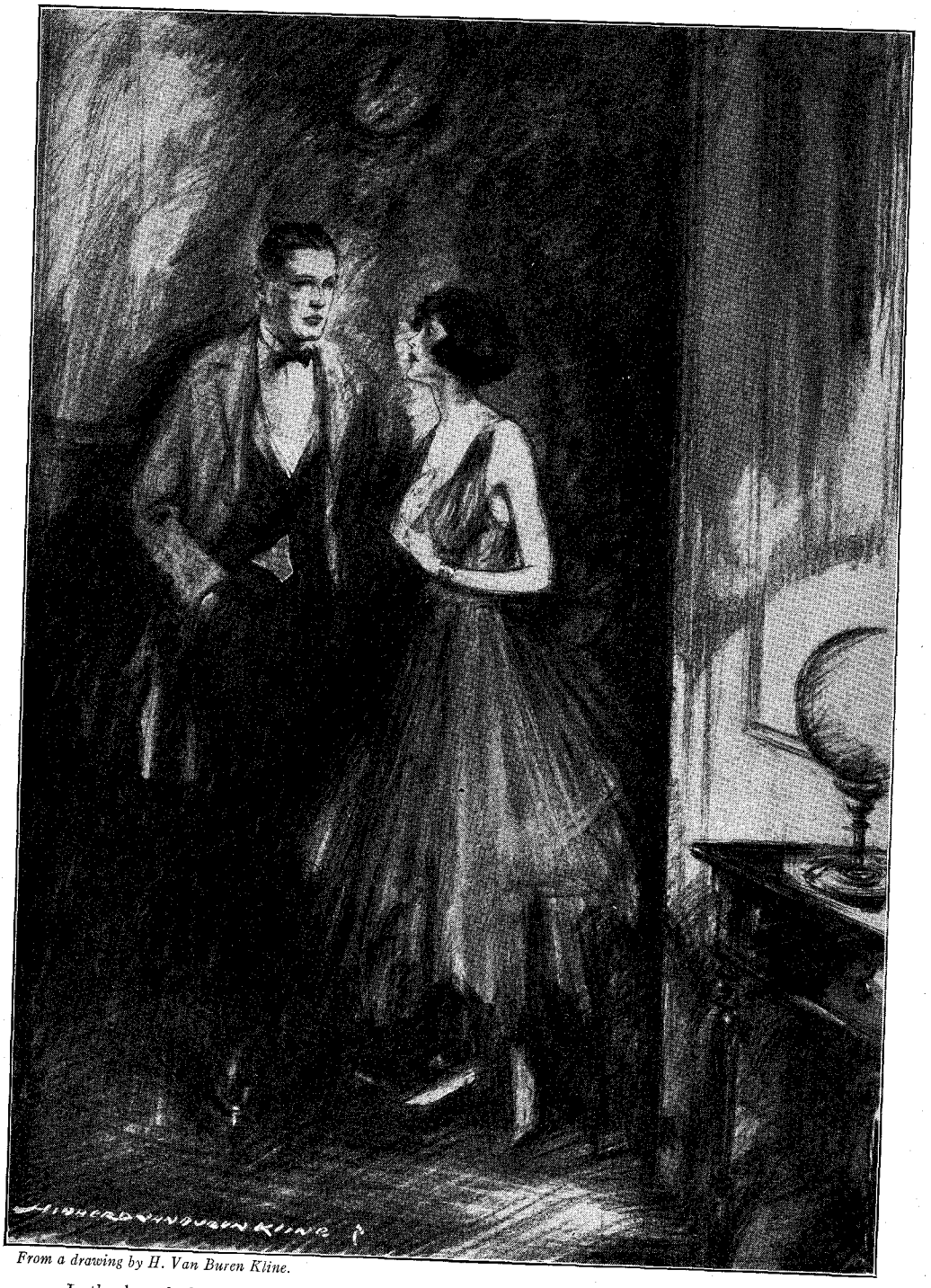

From a drawing by H. Van Buren Kline.

In the deep shadow stood Hamar and with him the Terriss girl, who made a specialty of married men.—Page 520.

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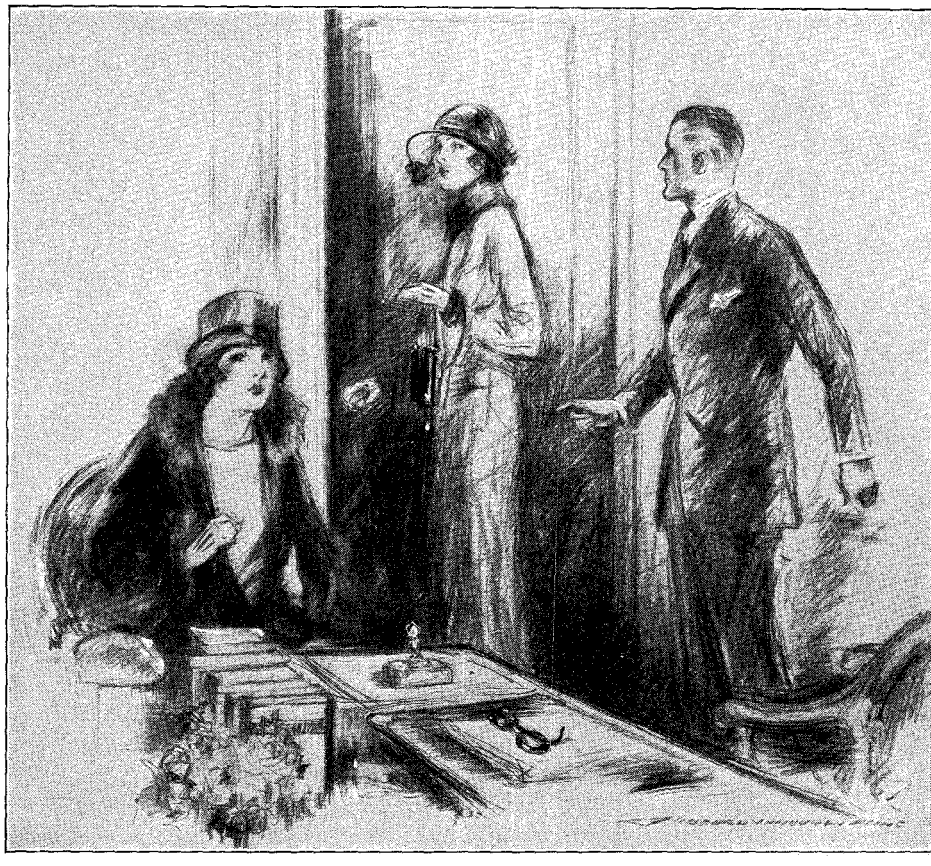
not catch the signal and Graham was still obstructing. Hemmed in, Naomi felt that if she did not reach Hamar right away and tell him to go to the caterer and get the favors—one of everything—for their boy, she would scream. She saw a specialty of married men. The Terriss girl was standing looking up into her husband's face.

Somehow Naomi moved away. Presently she was sitting in her own car, behind the wheel, waiting for Hamar and



Naomi was at the door. "You don't need me. I am superfluous, as I suppose I have been for months."—Page 524.

Hamar raise a bauble, a merry, wrinkled goblin on a stick, and toss it with a laugh into a corner. Without seeing Naomi's white face he pressed through the crowd and disappeared.

Naomi broke away from Graham and pushed through the jam desperately. If Hamar hurried he could get one of everything. She pursued him through the door that had marked his disappearance.

At the corridor that led off toward the locker-rooms she stopped, frozen. For there, in the deep shadow, stood Hamar and with him the Terriss girl, who made giving the Starkweathers what passed for conversation.

When Hamar climbed in beside her and pressed her hand she found, to her surprise, that the car's mechanism would respond to her paralyzed arms, and the machine moved smoothly down the driveway.

About the way Naomi Widdowson stopped her car at the Aldis home on Mt. Vernon Avenue the next afternoon there was an air of precise leisure. Only one of her careful mind would have sat and

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enjoyed for a long moment her satisfaction at having brought up exactly upon the spot her deep-blue eyes had selected on the approach. Her glance into the mirror and the accompanying twist at the brim of her blue straw hat, her slow buttoning of a flawless white glove, and her flick of a grain of dust from her tailored skirt—these were movements inevitably hers.

Having made herself right and locked the car beyond any chance of worry during her call, she stepped out and went quickly up the short flight of steps to the Aldis door. She went quickly, but she had time to notice how smudged was the plate glass of the door and how littered with roller-skates and dolls was the ugly, shallow concrete porch.

She gave Regina an appraising look as the door opened and the strong north light fell on the streaked, harassed face.

"Come in, Naomi, if you're not afraid of germs," was the greeting which admitted the caller to the little sitting-room. A night practically without sleep had written its record almost ludicrously on Regina's countenance, and she knew it. As she thrust a lock of her straight dark hair into place and threw aside her apron she was aware of a warm surge of anger. Naomi looked so clean, so composed, so rested.

From a place on the sofa Naomi, without intending to do it, was noting the worn rug, magazines streaked and soiled from childish handling, the antique clock that had stopped. The room was not warm. Evidently, Regina had not had time to think of heat, and the days were growing crisp.

"Which one is it this time?" Naomi began, drawing off her gloves. The mother, who was making a pathetic effort at the mirror over the fireplace to repair the devastation of a morning's nursing and housework, passed her trouble with a matter-of-fact comment.

"Rachel. Got the grippe. She was feverish when we got home last night." She laughed; and Naomi reflected upon her flashes of beauty that care could not defeat. "My cleaning woman and laundress both chose to quit this week," she added. That disaster, evidently, was the source of her amusement.

The visitor patted her foot on the rug.

There was something inefficient about Regina Aldis. If anybody were to be left by cleaning women and laundresses in the midst of sickness it would be she.

"I will not keep you," Naomi said. "I just wanted to explain about Michael. You remember, I told you last night I had taken him back to the orphans' home."

"Oh." Regina found a seat on the edge of an old Windsor chair and folded her hands.

"Hamar and I threshed it all out. I'm afraid we couldn't adjust ourselves, having been childless so long, to do him justice. Besides, we never could be certain how he would turn out."

The eyes of the hostess were on the floor, but she spoke distinctly and with feeling.

"That last is a conventional excuse, Naomi. It is unworthy of you. People don't know how their own children will turn out, when it comes to that. He was a handsome little fellow. I guess if you had five girls, as Jim and I have, you would appreciate a boy."

"I know," countered Naomi, "but when I look around and see what you parents are going through—see the heroism—I don't know whether I have the moral courage."

Her caller, Regina reflected, raising her eyes, was an authentic beauty. It was hardly possible that she could be more than twenty-four.

"You're what, Naomi—thirty?"

"Thirty-two. So after all, I'm young enough to do it later if we reconsider. Just now the atmosphere of the younger set doesn't encourage me to take it on."

A shadow passed across the face of the other woman.

"Younger set? What do you mean by that? Here I am only thirty and I've got five."

"I know, but you've borne yours; the first when you were just a girl. You've never known anything else. I have allowed myself to grow selfish. Hamar is fond of youth and a good time, and in addition he is ambitious. He is determined to get to the top. I've got to keep footloose and attractive."

Her voice was low and husky. The other saw, for the first time, that her caller

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was in the hands of an unusual emotion. She went across and sat down beside her, laying a hand on her arm.

"Let's talk sense," she said. "Are you sure you and Hamar Widdowson are not fooling yourselves and fooling each other? You think he wants certain things, a certain mode of life; and he thinks you do. Neither of you actually cares anything about them, but neither is brave enought to admit it to the other. Perhaps you are at cross-purposes about this adoption. Maybe if you really knew Hamar——"

"Know him?" Naomi flashed. "I've been living with him for eleven years."

"Yes, but you could live with him for fifty and still not know him. I find out new things about Jim constantly."

Mrs. Widdowson looked up, and her eyes held an odd, interested look.

"Well, that's true. I found out something about Hamar last night at the dance; or I think I did. Something that scared me."

Mrs. Aldis rose and crossed the room, her frown suggesting decision.

"Naomi, I don't think you came here to-day to set me right about Michael at all."

She raised a hand to prevent interruption.

"You came here because you couldn't help it. You were drawn. Your true impulse is toward what I have here—children, confusion, dirt, tears, and happiness."

Her guest looked away.

"I didn't know it, if I was drawn. Perhaps you are right." She spoke falteringly. After a moment she went on.

"I know I was upset, confused. I wanted something I didn't have at home."

Regina spoke sharply:

"I am going to prescribe for you. Do exactly as I say. Go straight from here to the orphans' home and get that boy again and take him to your house. Have him there when Hamar comes home for dinner. And keep him. Get a girl too; you and Hamar have plenty of money, or you would have if you'd cut out some of the non-essentials."

Naomi smoothed the fabric of the sofa, hiding the bright tears.

"Do as I say," Mrs. Aldis urged. "Try it, anyhow. You and your husband aren't competent to—thresh it out, as you say. What you need is action."

The other spoke almost inaudibly.

"I wish I dared tell you what I saw at the club; the fright I had, about Hamar."

"Don't. Don't tell me or anybody. Drive to the home now."

Naomi stood, and moved toward the door.

"It's funny how the game beats you," she said. "I've devoted myself to keeping young, but while I was doing it a new generation was rushing up, crowding me back."

"Hush." Her hostess slid an arm around her waist and opened the door, pushing her gently into the vestibule. "When a woman starts thinking like that it's time she did something. You don't really want to say anything more. If you stay any longer you'll tell me something you'll regret."

She stepped back into the room and took from the mantel a plush elephant.

"Take this to the little boy," she said, pressing it into Naomi's arm. "It's nice to take a toy to a child."

The inner door closed.

Outside in the car Naomi sat and pondered. Then, with an odd smile, she reached to the rear seat and got the plush elephant from where she had tossed it. She laid it in her lap and started the car.

Later, with as little time as the coupé needed to cover the miles between town and the orphans' home, she stood in the barren office and searched the face of the nurse in charge.

"And you can't tell me who has him?" She asked in an appalled voice.

"No, I don't know. And even if I did, it's against the rules to tell who takes 'em out on trial. If he comes back you can have the next chance. He's such a promising little fellow he won't want a home long. The party that took him, probably they'll keep him."

The woman turned away. She was used to such scenes. Stricken and embarrassed, Naomi stood hesitating by the desk. She recalled how Michael had taken the hand of a nurse and had trudged down the long, dim corridor toward the

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dormitory of the five-year-olds, a beloved colored ball she had given him clutched in his fist.

Realizing that she had no further business there, she half-stumbled out into the failing evening light. On the threshold she paused, thought a moment, and went back.

She laid a bill on the desk. "Use this some way," she said, "for the children."

Outside again, she pointed the car toward town and Hamar. She might as well, she reflected, go through the customary formality of picking him up at his office and driving him home or wherever he wanted to go.

Evening crowds were pouring out of the Allegheny Building when Naomi, having left the car by traffic mandate five blocks away, stood waiting in the lobby to be shot aloft to her husband's office. The surge of stenographers and clerks, disgorged by descending elevators, told her that Hamar might be gone. The black hands of the immense clock, high on the pink marble wall, affirmed the suggestion of the crowds. But she felt that he must be there, waiting for her. If she could get just a word, a gesture of reassurance, that would take them back to the point where they seemed to have missed the trail, she would be happy.

Hamar must be in, so she could drive him home or out to the club for dinner. She would go a way she knew, along an aisle of leaves so beautiful, so tender in its appeal, that she had never driven anybody through it, not even Hamar. This evening she would do that. She would relax while Hamar would drive, and in some way, she was not quite certain how, they would find understanding. It must be as Regina Aldis had said; they had been fooling themselves. Certainly she did not crave the life they had been leading; perhaps, after all, neither did Hamar. She would try to tell him about how she had gone to get Michael to take him home.

Naomi felt stronger as she stepped out of the empty elevator and began the long, echoing journey in the marble-lined tunnels. Here and there girls rushed past as if hungry for the outer air and the first breath of autumn. That one who just passed—she looked like Miss Cline, Hamar's efficient secretary. If she were just leaving, Hamar must be in. The thought sent Naomi past the last rank of office doors with a high heart.

She paused a moment, as she always did, and read the name and legend on the glass. She and Hamar had worked together for that—a name on a door; and now that he was beginning to be consulted by clients capable of appreciating his genius for design, it was something for her to stop and contemplate the black letters every time she laid her hand on the knob.

The reception-room was empty. Beyond, the desks of the two typists over whom Miss Cline presided were closed. The door leading to the private office and drafting-rooms was closed also. Hamar must be in there with a belated client or perhaps with Mills, his chief draftsman.

Naomi, the thought of the coming drive through the twilight passing behind her closed eyes, laid a hand on the door. As a woman she clung to a childhood habit of shutting her eyes to open them suddenly upon a scene she expected to delight her. So she walked into Hamar's private office with her eyes closed. Just inside she opened them.

What she saw with Hamar was no client or draftsman. It was Georgia Terriss.

The girl was sitting in the visitors' chair, drawn close, too close, to the desk.

After the longest silence she had ever known, standing on the threshold pale and drooping slightly, Naomi realized an impulse to laugh. She made a mental note to remember that; it struck her as peculiar. She also had a sense of having stood in the same place before, waiting in the same way, for words that would not come.

It was an impossible moment. This could not be she or that man sitting over there Hamar. This was one of the things one read about in the newspapers. That accounted for the feeling of having been through the scene before. These things happened to other women, but not to Naomi Widdowson. Yet, here she was; there was Hamar sitting there looking at her with that odd expression in his eyes; and there sat this girl, half turned around, looking at her defiantly, thinking of her, no doubt, as an outrageous intruder.

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How did one act? What did one do and say? The setting, she knew, was for a violent scene. But women in her station were not violent. She was handicapped. She did not know what to do.

From a distance came a laugh. She realized after a moment it had been her own. She had not recognized it. That was all. She just laughed shortly and turned to go.

She was surprised to see Hamar, his face strangely white and his lips pressed into a straight, thin line, rise and stop her. He spoke in a tone that made her think of steel.

"I'm glad you came in, Naomi, when you did. It simplifies things."

"Yes, I can see that. Even I can see that. It appears quite simple, after all, doesn't it?" She was astonished to discover that she could speak quietly and consecutively.

"Pathetically simple," she added as Hamar stood there. "The wife is such a silly figure when these things happen, especially if they have been going on a long time."

"Sit down."

It was a command. Hamar pointed to a chair. "You too," he added to Georgia, for she had started to her feet. "There never will be as good a time as this for straightening this thing out."

Naomi was at the door.

"You don't need me," she said. "I am superfluous, as I suppose I have been for months."

For answer her husband crossed the room and closed the door with a crash.

"I want both of you to sit down," he said.

Watching him from the chair into which she sank, Naomi saw a new Hamar, one she had never known, a strange man in the hands of a dreadful wrath. He was so pale, and he controlled his voice with difficulty.

"Now," he began, resuming his seat in the desk chair and fixing on Georgia eyes that were filled with menace, "I want you to acknowledge to Mrs. Widdowson that what I say is true. It may be a little different; it may sound a little harsh; a man wouldn't have done it twenty years ago. It would not have been counted—chivalrous. But girls like you insist on being taken on men's terms——"

He broke off. Georgia's look of defiance was gone. She slumped in her chair.

"What I have to say is this: you came here this evening not only on your own but against my wish. That is true, is it not?"

"Oh, rot, Hamar! Are you trying to be melodramatic?"

There was an ugly note in her voice as she glanced up at him angrily. Naomi sat forward in her chair.

Hamar stood and towered above the girl. "Never mind what I am trying to do. You answer my question. You came here in spite of all I could do to stop you. That is true, is it not?"

There was no answer. Georgia started up, her eyes on the door. But Hamar with a quick movement caught her wrist and twisted her back into the chair.

"You came here on your own, with no other purpose than to amuse yourself. It made no difference to you that you were threatening something that had taken years to build. You are too selfish for that. And while you were here, at the moment you were trying to make yourself, as you supposed, agreeable, my wife walked in. Your foolishness has in a moment upset the perfect, complete comradeship of eleven years."

He paused, with his eyes on Naomi.

"This can have only a bad end, anyhow," he went on. "So I am going to make sure you will never repeat your experiment with another fellow. I am going to give you a beating."

Naomi gasped. She started forward, her hand outstretched.

"Sit down, Naomi," Hamar warned, the light from his eyes threatening. "This girl wanted cave-man stuff; now she's going to get it."

His hand fell to his desk and the next moment he held aloft, against the failing light at the windows, a slender black whip. It fixed Naomi's horrified gaze, causing her to strain toward him in her chair, her hand at her throat. In the dim light she could not be certain about that whip. She must see it. She crossed the room, begging Hamar to wait.

He was implacable. With inflexible sternness he forced her back into her chair and reached for Georgia's arm.

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The girl, a complete, hysterical, broken wreck by this time, with a moan broke from him, tottered across the room and flung herself at Naomi's feet, reaching for her hand.

"Don't let him do it!" she sobbed. "It is the way he says. He's telling the truth. I tried to flirt with him at the dance last night and he scolded me. I came here because he had hurt my pride. I was going to make him—like me."

"Well, I'm going to cure you for all time." Hamar poised the whip to bring it down across her shoulders. On the instant his eyes met Naomi's and he checked himself, freezing on the top of the stroke, a wild, distraught figure of anger.

"Stop, Hamar," Naomi choked. "I believe you. It's enough. Let her go."

"You really believe?"

"I believe."

Hamar flung the whip across the room.

"Get out of here as quick as you can," he muttered hoarsely, throwing open the door and pointing toward the corridor.

The dazed, weeping girl disappeared. When she was gone the man sank into his desk chair, weak and white. He did not look at his wife; but in a moment she was standing beside him, her arm around his bowed shoulders. Then she sank to the rug and laid her cheek against his knee. Thus she sat a long while without speaking.

"You did right," she said presently. "You did right not to let me go away thinking what I was thinking. If you had let me go you never could have made me believe what I believe now."

"I knew that," said Hamar. "I couldn't take that chance. I had to settle it here. I had to win. I didn't dare to see this thing we have built together wrecked."

"There is only one cloud now," she said. "In my effort to get back to you—for you know now I saw you and Georgia at the club last night—I went out to the orphans' home to get Michael to-day so we could keep him, you and I, always. And I found him gone."

She waited in silence. Then she went on again, slowly and painfully.

"Somebody took him. The nurse in charge wouldn't say who. I was sick, dazed. So I came here, intending to drive you home and try to tell you that I wanted to take another boy, somebody, if we can't have Michael."

Still Hamar Widdowson did not stir. His wife went on:

"One thing that made me believe what you said about the Terriss girl was—this whip." She held it up. "It is Michael's little circus whip. To see that you had it here! You wanted Michael so much but you wouldn't say so, because you didn't want to force me to take him. We've been fooling ourselves. You had his little whip!"

Under his brown hand her shoulders told of the depth of her grief.

The man laughed softly, stroking her hair. Then he drew her up and confronted her, with his hands gently supporting her.

"Just come with me a moment, Naomi," he said, after looking at her thoughtfully for a long moment.

Hamar crossed the room and threw open the door that led to the drafting-tables. And through that door Naomi saw Michael, seated happily on the floor, drawing with enormous pencils on bristol board. Hamar followed his wife as she passed swiftly through the doorway.

"I was playing with him when Georgia Terriss came in," he remarked. "I was going to bring him out to the house to-night and smuggle him up to his little room, the one he used before. He had his little whip with him. The nurse told me he had been taking it to bed with him."

Looking up at Hamar from the floor where she held the child in her arms, Naomi said:

"I was going to drive you to Big Savage for dinner to-night, but, instead, I think we'll go home. And we'll call it supper."

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Why Men Disagree

BY EDWARD G. SPAULDING
Author of "What Shall I Believe?" "The Walls of the Past," etc.

WHY do men disagree? Why is there not at the present time and why has there not been in the past more agreement among men regarding matters of common sense and every-day life, law and politics, art and literature, religion and theology, war and peace, science and philosophy? What strikes one is the fact, not of accord, but of discord in almost infinite variety in regard to nearly every question and problem in each of these aspects of civilization. But why is this so? Why should men not agree rather than disagree, especially when, after several thousand years of civilization, they have had, seemingly, every chance to reach a common understanding on at least many questions. Is it because disagreement is writ deep in the very nature of things? Are there in human nature ineradicable factors that produce disagreement, or, in the world outside of man, factors that make any supposedly possible basis of agreement, such as truth and fact, really but superstition and delusion? Certainly that one or the other of these causes, or both, is operative would seem to be the conclusion to which one is forced by the predominance of disagreement over agreement. Accordingly, one may ask if it would not, seemingly, be the course of wisdom to conclude not only that it is hopeless for men ever to seek to agree, but that it will forever remain hopeless, and to accommodate oneself to this conclusion. Indeed, one should perhaps go further and ask whether it would be fortunate if men did agree more than they do. Would this be conducive to human welfare? Would things move, evolve, or progress if the disagreement that is now rampant were displaced by agreement? Is not intellectual discord, after all, a motive force for change, although it remains undiscoverable whither that change is taking us?

These and other allied questions I have been recently pondering. Why the question should come to me I hardly know. Perhaps if a psychoanalyst were to get at my subconsciousness he could find out. I surmise, however, that it is because I have a "questioning complex," and because I have been impressed, consciously and subconsciously, by the welter of disagreement that is at large in the world at the present time, and by certain modern or recent developments in physics, biology, psychology, and philosophy. As a result I confess that I begin to be sceptical of the tradition in which I have been brought up. According to that tradition there were facts which two or more persons could perceive; there was also truth, consisting of a system of many truths, that was one and the same for all, could it only be found. And there were ways of getting at such common facts and truths, both by sensation and by reason. Two men could see, and agree that they saw, for example, the same color or length. Two men could grant, on the basis of reason, that, for example, the sum of the angles of a plane triangle is equal to two right angles, and that the sun attracts the earth and the earth the sun according to the law of gravitation as it was formulated by Newton. These were absolute truths. According to that tradition, further, there was, as it were, such co-operation possible between fact and sensation, truth and reason, that agreement was possible at least in science, if not in philosophy, theology, art, and politics, and accordingly science began to be held up as the model for the others.

Now all is different. There is more disagreement than ever in religion and theology. There is, of course, lack of agreement in all the arts, and it is well known that no two philosophers ever concur in

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their views. It is certainly impossible, also, to find any two men who are of the same opinion on such historical or political questions as who caused the war and how to settle the payment of reparations. But finally, in science itself to-day, not only is there the disagreement that has been long recognized as present in the making of observations, the forming of hypotheses, and the taking of measurements, but disagreement is now shown by science itself to be necessary and unavoidable. Thus, on the one hand, we have the biological sciences maintaining that no two individuals are ever quite alike, that all is change and evolution, and that reason is controlled by emotion and by various subconscious desires and wishes; and, on the other hand, we have physics, in the case of the Einstein theory, advancing the view, for example, that all measurement, upon which all exact science depends, is wholly relative to the observer, so that there is no such thing as the same size, the same weight, and the same time to any two observers. In the one case the view seems to be justified that no two individuals can agree in respect to their sensations, emotions, and reasoning operations; that a thing no sooner is than it is not; that there is no such thing as a fact unless it be the fact of change and the uniqueness of the individual; and that cold, emotionless, impersonal, objective reasoning does not exist. In the other case the conclusion is reached that there are no such realities as one space, one distance, and one time, as men have assumed there was ever since the Greeks. Thus it would seem that one must say that the tables have been turned, and that the fields in which disagreement has been and still is rampant are now the model for science rather than conversely. Indeed, fuel is added to the flame from philosophy itself. For out of the general theory of evolution there has developed that philosophy, calling itself pragmatism, which maintains that there is no such thing as truth in the old sense of there being just one truth to which men may approach nearer and nearer, but only in the sense of that which is useful in some way or other. But what once was useful may now no longer be so; what to-day is useful may not be useful to-morrow.

It would almost seem then that, in addition to the disagreement which comes with no effort, men were now not only striving to disagree, but also endeavoring both to justify and to show the inevitableness of disagreement. Why should men disagree? Well, why should they not? Modern science discovers every reason for discord, none for accord. And yet there seems to be in this discovery a snake in the grass somewhere. For if it can be demonstrated that there are causes that make disagreement inevitable, then there is agreement between two or more individuals, at least within the limits of the beginning and the end of that demonstration. For example, if evolution and the biological sciences lead to or imply complete individualism, then there is something not individualistic in the acceptance of evolution as a premise, of individualism as a result, and of the several steps whereby the one follows logically from the other. In order to *demonstrate* to another person the necessity of disagreement, there must first be agreement. All individualism thus limits itself. And again, for example, when Professor Einstein and his disciples demonstrate their theory that length and time are relative and peculiar to each and every observer, so that others accept this conclusion, then there is presupposed agreement in regard to the premises on which the demonstration rests as well as to the conclusions to which these premises lead. And among these conclusions there is to be found the interesting one that, after all, not everything is relative, but that there are non-relative or invariant relations between or among things that vary—"natural laws," we would call them. And there stands out, also, the fact that it is by reason, in different individuals, that such invariant relations are discovered.

Men, then, disagree. Of that, there is no doubt. But if they raise the question as to why this is the fact, then find an answer to this question, and, finally, give reasons for their answer, two things become evident. One is that agreement is possible where there is reason and demonstration, and the other is that there are at least some facts which are the same for all men. Such facts are those which render demonstration possible, and which are,

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therefore, facts that are disclosed to reason. Thus the view that it is sensation alone that gives an acquaintance with facts, or that the only facts which are disclosed to our consciousness are the facts of sensation, is shown to be the unjustifiable assumption and prejudice of a naturalistic age. The very endeavor to demonstrate that this is the case but presupposes that it is not.

There is, then, in the affairs of men and in the make-up of men a basis for agreement and accord, and that basis is, first, reason, and, secondly, the facts that are accessible to reason. Indeed that this is the case has been, with few exceptions, the traditional and orthodox position in our Western way of looking at things, from the earliest Greek thinkers to relatively recent times. Euclid's geometry is the best and clearest example of a body of facts, disclosed to reason, and to reason alone, on which all men can agree. And men still do agree on the correctness of that geometry as a series of deductions from Euclid's original postulates, although other geometries are known to-day. But before Euclid there were others who maintained that it was upon the basis of reason that men could agree, and that reason could discover facts which were facts for all. Parmenides, Xenophanes, Zeno, Anaxagoras, and later, as a contemporary of Euclid, Plato, all took this position. These men are our intellectual forebears, the makers of that traditional point of view of the Middle Ages, the effects of which we all still inherit, that the things of the material world, the things of the body, are not so real as the things of the reason, the soul, or the spirit; indeed, that they are not only not so real, but are illusory, merely apparent, and, in fact, evil. Those early pioneers in the discovery of the means and methods by which men in our Western civilization still conduct their thinking were the first in the history of the race really to think, even as the Egyptians were the first to build pyramids, and the Phœnicians to sail the seas. Motivated by curiosity, impressed by the diversity of the facts of sense, and actuated unconsciously by the desire for a social standard, these first thinkers regarded and used reason as the only revealer of fact and truth, as the only source of that which was eternal and unchangeable. For them, only that which would stand the test of reason by showing itself to be consistent and free from contradiction was to be accepted as real. Diversity and change, since they did not stand this test, were accordingly put into the limbo of the unreal and the false. Thus it was that there was introduced into our Western mode of thought, to have the profoundest effect on our science, our theology, our philosophy, and even our art, the idea of the superiority of unity over diversity and difference, of the absolute over the relative, of the unchanging and the permanent over the changing, and of the rational and the spiritual over the sensational and the material.

But to-day a different philosophy prevails. If the Greek stood for the appeal to reason as the revealer of fact and truth that were common to all, and if the Middle Ages and scholasticism stood for the appeal to spiritual and absolute authority as claimed by the Church, then the last three hundred years, as marked by the coming of natural science, have not only tended more and more to accept sensation as the only source of facts, but also to look more and more critically on reason. Thus the tables have been reversed. For whereas the Greek and the scholastic subordinated sense to reason and to revelation, natural science and that philosophy which has grown out of it make reason bow to sense, to experiment, and to observation. The result has been not only that men have disagreed more and more, but that disagreement is now found to be both necessary in fact and justifiable in philosophy.

This conclusion is the result of the development of two branches of modern science, biology and psychology, following the earlier development of astronomy, physics, mechanics, and chemistry. It is the outcome of the study, by psychology and biology, of what is present and presupposed in every endeavor to think, to know, to have sensations of objects, and that is *the man who thinks, who knows, who is conscious in some way.* The Greeks in the early period of the development of their thought hardly seemed to realize that if there is knowledge there must be a knower, if thinking, a thinker, if reasoning,

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a reasoner. Actuated by intellectual curiosity they discovered problems concerning the natural objects that surrounded them, and they endeavored to solve these problems. They never doubted that it was possible to know or that there was truth, or that men could reach a common understanding. But they forgot the part that was played by themselves in this process, and never realized that the very fact that there was such a part itself presented a problem. Only when various attempts to solve some of the more general problems presented by nature had led to diverse solutions, and when social, religious, and political life in Greece were in anarchy, did it dawn upon the Greek mind that the human factor was present in all attempts to get knowledge, and that perhaps for this very reason knowledge was impossible and disagreement inherent in all endeavors to arrive at the truth. The recognition, or at least the claim, that this was the fact was due to Protagoras and his band of Sophists. Yet their claim was not unargued nor without a foundation. For out of the disagreement of the fifth and sixth centuries as to whether everything was not a mere flux with nothing permanent, or whether the flux and flow were a mere illusion, and the permanent alone real, there had come the naturalistic and materialistic philosophy of Democritus as a compromise between these two extremes. Could not material objects—and there were none other for Democritus—consist of minute parts called atoms which were all alike in their qualities, differing only in shape and size? And, especially if space were identical with emptiness, could not these minute particles move without endangering or changing their identity, thus themselves remaining unchanged and permanent, while yet forming all sorts of combinations? And could not human beings, soul and all, be merely such chance combinations, with it most improbable that any two individuals would ever be just alike in either body or spirit, senses or reason? The answer of Democritus to these questions was "yes," and therewith the Sophistic philosophy of disagreement seemed to receive final justification. Men disagreed, but what else could be expected since all men were different in body and sense, and all reason was derived from sense? Could aught else be expected then than that all men should also reason differently, and that there should be no such thing as common understanding and assent?

Thus it was that in ancient times the fact that men disagreed was explained by a theory concerning nature—a theory which, although lost sight of for many centuries, was revived in the seventeenth century and incorporated in our modern physics and chemistry. It was a theory also in accordance with which, even as with our modern naturalistic philosophy, there was no difference of kind between man and nature. Nature was in part human nature, and human nature was but part of that nature which was only the restless, ceaseless, haphazard motion of minute particles.

The Sophists, however, made a fatal slip when they endeavored to convince others of the correctness of their conclusion that there was no use in men even trying to agree. For they were therewith asking men to agree to this conclusion as well as, implicitly, to the grounds upon which it was based. They were presupposing not only that men could agree, at least in regard to some things, but also that there was some principle in human beings, some kind of a reality, that made such agreement possible, and that guaranteed its reality. This principle, this reality, could not therefore be of the same kind with the human body, the human senses, but must be a thing apart.

Socrates was the first to see and to make use of this inconsistency in the Sophists' position—which is also the inconsistency that is present in all that modern materialism and naturalism which are but a variant of the ancient philosophy of the Sophists—and Socrates was therewith the founder of a tradition that has been the orthodox view of our Western civilization. For from Plato and Aristotle to Augustine, from Augustine to Anselm, Abelard, and Thomas Aquinas, and from these men to Descartes, Kant, and Hegel the great traditional view has been that in man at least there is a principle that is different in kind from body and sense-organ, muscle and nerve, and from those elements, whether they be regarded as the fire,

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water, earth, and air of the Middle Ages, or as the elements of modern chemistry, into which body and sense-organs, muscle and nerve have been resolved. One must admit, of course, that this principle, this entity, has been called by different names by those men who have participated in the formation and development of this great traditional view. It has been called soul, reason, ego, self. But whatever has been the diversity of terms used to describe it, and the diversity of qualities attributed to it, there has been in the philosophy of all these men the recognition of this common factor: that there is in man, if not indeed also in all nature, a principle that not only is different in kind from those entities which are so frequently insisted upon by mechanics, physics, chemistry, biology, and at least some psychology to be the only realities, but that also, as thus different in kind, is the basis for the agreement of men when they reason, and, therefore, for the attainment of truth. This principle is "pure," whether it be called "pure reason," or ego, or soul, or self. It is "pure" in that it has no admixture of anything else, not even of those psychological modes of behavior such as instinct, sensation, and emotion with which the modern psychologist deals so enthusiastically. It may exist side by side with these, but it is not of them nor they of it, and through it there may be revealed realities which, although they too exist side by side with those realities that are usually attributed to nature—namely, atoms, molecules, masses, motions, and energies—are nevertheless different in kind from these realities.

This is the traditional view of philosophy, of religion in the broad sense of the term, and of much of our science. But now this view is challenged. It is challenged by a naturalistic philosophy which, as growing out of modern biology and psychology, endeavors to show first that there is only one thing in the universe, nature, and that everything as part of nature is like everything else, natural; and, secondly, that nature is only what the natural sciences discover it to be, and that is protons and electrons, electricity and magnetism, energy and motion, atoms and molecules, cells and muscles, nerves and sense-organs, instincts and emotions. This naturalistic philosophy began to develop with the coming of modern astronomy, physics, and chemistry in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, but it was opposed for a long time by that traditional philosophy which found some exceptions to the inclusiveness of nature. However, in recent times naturalism has threatened to engulf everything. And therewith it contains a philosophy about "the man who knows," the man who is the scientist, the thinker, the philosopher, the reasoner—the man who in short works out the very sciences upon which this naturalistic philosophy is based. That philosophy is one that, like the philosophy of the Sophists of old, aims to show that human nature is such that agreement is impossible, and that there is no such thing as truth in science, philosophy, or religion, but only opinion, expediency, adaptation for the time being, and usefulness.

The evidence that is regarded as leading to this conclusion is in brief as follows:

First, the position is taken, implicitly at least, that the group of natural sciences consisting of astronomy, physics, and chemistry, and their several subdivisions, are to be taken quite realistically, that is, that the account which they give of things is to be regarded as an absolutely true account, and one not open to such reinterpretations as are made by, for example, the idealist and the pragmatist in philosophy. Accordingly, from the standpoint of this realistic interpretation, an account is given of a single grand cosmic evolution which includes all things, and which leads, finally, through eons of time, to the appearance of man and his so-called psychological processes.

According to this account the world consists ultimately of minute physical "elements"—molecules, atoms of the different elements, and, finally, the protons and electrons which make up atoms. Our solar system was, as are millions of stars to-day, at one time an enormous gaseous and intensely hot mass of atoms and molecules, out of which there have been formed, in the course of billions of years, sun, earth, and planets. In due time living matter appeared in simple form on the earth, but such matter was only a special complex of certain kinds of molecules and

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atoms, especially the atoms of hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, carbon, and of some metals. From this first living matter—protoplasm—in the form of individual living beings that were, possibly, something like the amœba of to-day, there came, through the agency of those factors which are emphasized by all theories of organic evolution, the great number of different species of plants and animals. But in the whole course of this evolution, this "organic descent," no strictly new factors appeared, but only ever more and more complex combinations of the same eternally old atoms, protons, and electrons. Life was, therefore, in last analysis, strictly material, and no two living beings were ever quite the same. Nor was the situation different when sensation, instinct, emotion, and the other so-called conscious or mental processes appeared. For, however different from matter these processes might seem to be, this seeming could be only illusory, since such processes had had as antecedents only purely material entities and processes. Therefore the principle of variation, the principle that no two individuals, even twins, are ever just exactly alike, applied to sensation, memory, and all other so-called mental processes, even reason, as well as to size, color, strength, and the like. Such a conclusion is, of course, complete materialism and individualism.

But, secondly, there is the evidence that comes from the study of inheritance, both physical and psychological. Here, whether one accepts a materialistic philosophy or not, one seems compelled to conclude that, upon the basis of what is now known with a high degree of certainty and accuracy concerning the laws of inheritance, no two individuals are ever quite alike either physically or psychologically. For, according to the now well-known Mendelian law of inheritance, every living being is but the chance combination of a certain number of so-called "unit characters" out of a total larger number in the parents, even as a hand at whist is but such a chance combination of thirteen cards out of a total of fifty-two. These laws have been very definitely shown to hold good for a large number of the physical characteristics of both plants and animals, and there is much evidence that they apply also to the inheritance of mental characteristics. Accordingly, it may be said of each individual's so-called mental characteristics of impulse and temperament, and of the ability to perceive through the senses, to remember, to imagine, and to reason, not only that they are inherited, but also that they form a unique combination. This means that every individual is a specifically different complex, psychologically, from every other individual.

Cosmological and genetic evidences indicate, then, that every individual is unique, and that, therefore, there is no reason for anything other than disagreement among men. But there are also other evidences for the same conclusion. However difficult it may be to bridge by any satisfactory theory the chasm that seems to separate the brain and consciousness, all the empirical evidence goes to show that there is the most intimate kind of influence of each of these on the other. The way in which nervous system and mind interact may be mysterious, yet they interact. Indeed, as regards the whole human individual, there seems to be a thoroughgoing interaction of all parts with one another. Each part influences all others, and all other parts influence each part.

Among the parts whose mutual influence on one another may be especially noted are reason and the emotions, the subconscious and the conscious, and, finally, the subconscious and the secretions of certain ductless glands. Agreement would seem to be possible upon a basis of "pure reason," which may be defined as reason uncontaminated by all foreign matter, and that there is such a reason was formerly held to be the case. But this is now doubted. The present tendency in psychology is to regard all reason as contaminated with preferences, biases, predispositions, and desires, either inherited or acquired. Reasoning is thus regarded as rationalization, and not as ratiocination, the former being defined as the finding of good reasons for that which we would prefer to be the case, whether it is or not. Reasoning is thus held to be always tinged with emotion, always to express temperament. It is always under the influence of the subconscious,

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which is in the nature of a wish arising from instinct or from repression. And, finally, it is influenced by the secretions of the ductless glands—adrenals, thyroids, thymus, sex, pituitary, and the like. Thus in a recent volume I read: "In the internal secretions there have been discovered the real governors and arbiters of instincts and dispositions, characters and temperaments, good and bad." * Man is "the creature of a number of cell-factories." "These factories consist of cells which manufacture special substances that act upon the other cells of the body, and so start and determine the countless processes we call Life." † It is these "factories" that "control" "organ and function, conduct and character," "physical appearance," and "psychic traits, normal and abnormal."

Thus in detail it may be said that whether, with McDougall, we make instinct the unit of behavior and so regard the most complex conduct as but a compounding of instincts, or, with the Freudians, make the wish (craving, need, desire, *libido*) the unit of behavior, in either case we get an explanation of "higher" in terms of "lower." In the one case in which we analyze instincts into the four processes—sensation, endocrine stimulation and secretion, tension within the vegetative system, and conduct to relieve tension—we have an "equation" for conduct, "normal and abnormal," "social and asocial," in which an ineradicable factor is the endocrine secretion. And in the other case, in which "the wish" becomes the moving force in all psychic processes, the ductless glands are admitted to play quite as important a rôle as in the first case. Accordingly each level of mental life receives the same explanation. The conscious is the product of the subconscious, and "the subconscious, of which the vegetative apparatus is the physical basis, leads back to the internal secretions for the profoundest springs of its secrets." ‡ Thus, "acuteness of perception, memory, logical thought, imagination, conception, emotional expression or inhibition and the entire content of consciousness are influenced" by these agencies. The whole range of habits, tendencies, and emotions, even the development and normal functioning of the intellect, the "pure reason," as Kant called it, "are involved" in this "machinery." In short, "a man's nature is essentially his endocrine nature." *

Such passages represent the effort of a scientist of to-day who is studying human conduct, the conduct of "the man who knows," to carry to completion the scheme of psychical determinism. For it is the position of modern psychology that conscious causes for conscious effects cannot be found. Our supraliminal, that is, our ordinary, consciousness reveals effects, contents, but in most cases not causes. These lie beneath the limits of our introspection, and it is of slight importance empirically whether they be regarded as mental or as physiological. For there is no doubt that the conscious is influenced by that which is not conscious, even as the surface layers of the earth are influenced by the deeper-lying layers. Thus it is quite in accordance with "the new psychology" to maintain that our dreams, our reveries, our rationalizations, our sentiments, our preferences, even our reasonings, are the product of subconscious causes that are themselves either the product of repressions or the sublimations of instincts. Such causes are most diverse. And in every individual they present a different combination, welling up, however, in their effects, into the conscious. How then can reasoning be devoid of affective or emotional tone, and therefore be unbiassed and unprejudiced? Seemingly there is no opportunity for pure, correct reasoning, and for agreement. And yet I find in the writings of the endocrinologist such passages as these:

"The *knowledge* that the shape and action of a man's body as well as his mind depend on the internal secretions inspires the hope of controlling human life in the future." † "*Whoever controls them, controls human nature.*" ‡

In this statement I find two implications. The one is that such knowledge, as identical in part with the applied science of endocrinology, is, or would be, *as*

* "The Glands Regulating Personality," p. 22, by L. Berman, Professor in Biological Chemistry, Columbia University, New York, 1921.
† Berman, p. 26.
‡ Berman, p. 111.

* Berman, pp. 166–7.
† Berman, p. 255.
‡ Berman, p. 24. Italics mine.

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knowledge, a statement of fact, not however as one individual might get at it, but as many individuals might through sense and reason, and therefore *either* as many minds might, as a matter of mere chance, be influenced in the same way by the endocrine secretions, *or* as they might transcend the influence of these, but in either case as they might agree. If all consciousness and reasoning are suffused with emotion and affective feeling, and the emotional tone of reasoning, as that tone wells up from subconscious sources, varies from individual to individual as do the particular combinations of endocrines, of the factors of intelligence and the like, then the reasoning processes of no two individuals can be alike except as a matter of mere chance, and agreement will be improbable if not impossible. But, on the other hand, if there is agreement to the extent of and within the limits of any science, for example, the science of endocrinology, then either there must be similar chance combinations of innumerable "elements" in order that there may be such agreement, or there must be something in reasoning and in science that transcends the influence of such combinations.

As to which of the two is the case, I have no doubt. There is, after all, such a reality as "pure reason" that transcends all the affective, the instinctive, and the subconscious factors that psychology emphasizes at the present time. Indeed, that there is such a "pure reason" is tacitly granted by any science, for example, psychology, which claims to present *objectively* the rôle that is played by those factors.

The other implication is that the assertion that "the internal secretions control human nature," so that he who controls the former also controls the latter, is meaningless *if he who controls is himself, like other people, completely controlled by these secretions. If he is thus controlled, then he really does not control.* If, on the other hand, he really controls, then he is not controlled either directly or indirectly, but is in some degree free. Control, then, in any field, through knowledge—which is the only means of control either individual or social—means that there is *something that is not in turn controlled, but that is the controller*. If there is not this, in some sense and in some way, then it is meaningless for the social reformer to talk of control.

That this is the case is recognized by the saner and more logical minds among the psychologists. Thus I read in a very valuable recent work:* "Man can no more set himself free from the action of his instincts, than he can alter the life processes of his body, for it is to his instincts that he owes the primary driving forces of his psychic being." "But he can gain an ever-increasing knowledge of them and of their workings, in himself and in his fellow men. And with this knowledge comes *power*—not to abolish or deny his instincts, but to provide them with channels in which they can find their legitimate and necessary satisfaction, and can do useful work for himself and for the herd."

"The hardest and greatest task of all is the education of the herd-mind itself. The herd is an organism far less advanced along the path of rational evolution than is the mind of the individual picked man." "Appeals to passion are still the easiest and most effective way to move the herd to action." Indeed, "some would have us believe that the herd is only open to this kind of influence." But facts do not support this view. For, while it is true that all human driving force is instinctive, and that the appeal must be made to instinct, "nevertheless it can be made to the good instincts just as it can be made to the bad ones. And the herd can be taught to follow the results of reasoning, if it cannot be taught to reason itself."

Men disagree, and they probably always will in most things. But if there is to be anything but continued, ever-repeated, and almost universal disagreement, if there is to be control and therefore controllers as a means of social reform, this is possible only in and through the pursuit of the scientific method as applied to any field, and by virtue of that which is implied in this method. This means that while there are endocrines, instincts, emotions, subconscious complexes and sensations, there is also reason; while error, also truth; and that reason and truth are in alliance, the one as the means,

* Tansley, "The New Psychology," p. 266, London, 1920.

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the other as the end. It was not Protagoras with his explicit and extreme individualism who was right, but Socrates with his insight that individualism defeats itself in its very effort to establish itself and to convince others of its truth. And the situation is not different with those modern individualists who base their view on much more extensive scientific evidence than did the individualists of old. The very sciences from which they deduce their theory are the products of processes that are not individualistic, but common to many men.

Reason plays its rôle, however, not because of what reason is in itself, but because of the results to which it leads. Discord, conflict, and lack of harmony may be the motive forces that produce social change, but if that change is to be aught else than an eternally blind movement, there must be some organ of control. Control I find to be better than absence of control, and therefore I also find that reason and agreement, since these are the means to control, are better than their opposites. Indeed, in agreement, reason, and control I find, as I have endeavored to indicate, a challenge to the naturalistic tendencies of the age, and a basis for what, broadly speaking, is the spiritual nature of man. There is every naturalistic reason why men do disagree as they do, but there is every spiritual reason why they should agree more than they do, thus to control humanity's career in the light of some kind of ideal rather than let this career be the sole product of the forces which are so much emphasized by the science of the day.

Atoms, evolutionary forces, instincts, internal secretions, emotions, and the subconscious may all lead to man's disagreeing, or may all make it difficult for men to agree, but there finally emerges an organ of freedom, and that organ is reason. Indeed, one may say that "nonrational as all the springs of conduct indubitably are, and absurdly overestimated as is the part actually played by reason in human life, it still remains true that reason is the dominant characteristic of man, and that its possession has given him most of his past triumphs and contains most of his future hopes." *

* Tansley, p. 159.

Fulfilment

BY ZOE TIFFANY

I SHALL not mind the coming of the night.
More than my meed the day has given me:
A prairie dawn, with wind a-blowing free,
Red grasses rippling in the chill half-light,
And wild geese honking on their northward flight!

I shall not mind—if from Her jealous hands,
Too much of hardship and too little play
Life hath vouchsafed me, in Her niggard way—
There have been dreams—and steadying of friends—
And, for a little while, the glory that Love lends.

I shall not mind—too much—I, who am blest
Of Love, and for my little hour have stood,
One with the mighty forces of High God!
And on His stark heights bought with pain, at last,
Rest—and a child to hold upon my breast!

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They or We?

A NEW SPIRIT IN INDUSTRY

BY OLIVE A. COLTON

WHEN people talk about labor they usually grow angry, and the workers are equally warm in their denunciation of business men. Various ways have been tried to lessen this long antagonism. First, charity: kind-hearted ladies carried baskets of provisions to the needy and paid the rent of those that ran behind, and philanthropists built institutions for the unfortunate, but always more relief and larger buildings were needed. Force, too, has been tried, and we have endeavored to teach them a lesson by starving them out, but it is acknowledged that these methods have not produced contented workers. Welfare measures have lessened but not solved the problem. A little so-called Christianity has been suggested here and there, but it is not yet a popular idea even with the disinterested, for how can an employer love a brick-thrower, or an employee love a master who he feels is exploiting him?

To-day there is a new spirit in industry, and it is founded on truth. If only truth will make us free, we must have impartial information. Here science was called in and investigations made, not from sentiment, not by those disposed to favor either side, but by scholars resolved to follow the facts wherever they led. The public, unfortunately, has not had the benefit of one-half of this research. Public opinion is conceded to be a great force—like atmospheric pressure, it is there fourteen pounds to the square inch—but to get more light and less heat in industry it is absolutely imperative to get over to the public the results of these investigations.

Some of labor's antagonistic feeling we inherited. From feudal times the so-called lower classes were given no chance to advance, but there seems to be something wrong in modern times as well, for the income-tax returns revealed that in this rich country in 1918 about 86 per cent of those gainfully employed had incomes of less than $2,000.

In the history of mankind there have been certain signal events from which all the other changes have come. One of these was the introduction of machinery. The first machines were set up in England in 1837, and this rapid way of increasing the world's goods was hailed as the arrival of the Golden Age. It was thought there would at last be enough for everybody, and the abundant supply would make everything cheaper. That has not come true. Many things that are plentiful are above the reach of the millions needing them; we hear not of the Golden but the Iron Age, and the black smoke waving like a pennant from the tall chimneys has made some embittered workers turn to a red flag for help.

Why is it that when we say "it's a factory town" the words are usually, in spite of the efforts of a few manufacturers, the death-knell of beauty and the things that really enrich life, and why do the streets swarm with so many misdirected, brute, and broken people, that we are apt to forget the thousands of quiet, noble workers whose toil has fed and clothed us? It is indeed a stagnant mind that always believes every strike is caused by agitators that come from the outside and incite by evil means peaceable men and women receiving all the wages the trade can afford.

One reason for our industrial chaos was the mushroom growth of factories before there were any recognized standards. There had been no apparent need for the government to concern itself officially with the workers, and it was not until our own time that a Department of Labor was added to the administration, with a secretary in the cabinet. The chief trouble since has been to get Congress to appro-

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priate enough money to enable it to enlist the services of experts and to keep it free from politics. At first too new to speak with authority, it has been accumulating a mass of information, and to-day more and more people are following its bulletins. Meantime vast numbers of women entered industry, and it became necessary to establish in the department a Women's Bureau, but still fewer politicians cared about that and could be persuaded to turn from the more lucrative business lobbies seeking money from Congress, although this agency had the welfare of 8,000,000 working women in its keeping. Handicapped as the bureau has been for money, its research is epoch-making.

So comparatively recent, too, has been any public interest in industry, that we did not even have a factory inspector until Massachusetts appointed one in 1879. Manufacturers had run their plants to suit themselves, and those on the inside were no concern of those on the outside. In England, factory inspection is a recognized profession for which people are trained, entering at the bottom and working up to that of an authority whose visits the employer does not fear as that of a spy, but welcomes as that of an expert with whom he can discuss the latest protective measures. Ostensibly under the civil service, many of our men were political appointees, unfitted for their rôle, and it was difficult to keep really able inspectors, for, unlike England, we do not give a pension, and as on the salary there can be nothing for their old age, after learning the work they usually went into something else. The woman inspector for women and children for the Toledo district has had to cover ten counties, when as a matter of fact there are enough plants in that one city to take all her time. It is proof of our negligence that, of the 2,458,186 people hurt and killed at work in 1923, many received injuries that could have been prevented. Every day, workers were brought into the hospitals with fingers cut off for lack of guards on their machines, and if we heard of it they got our sympathy, not our attention to their risks.

But factory inspection is getting on a higher plane and industrial clinics are making history. The appalling number of occupational diseases from which the innocent have been wrecked is also going to be immeasurably less in the future. Science and legislation have checked the numbers afflicted with that terrible phossy-jaw in the manufacture of matches, and varnishes that so cruelly burned the skins of thousands can now be made harmless. It is recognized to-day that monoxide gas is a menace to the health of the workers, and we have also learned that working in white lead may make a woman sterile. We are not going to allow the race to suffer much longer to benefit the few. Tuberculosis, too, is being controlled in the glass trades by devices which stop the inhalation of dust in grinding and polishing, and also in making soap-powder and mattresses. The damp, heavy air that has crippled so many laundry-workers and taken its toll of respiratory victims will be changed ere long, for the records reveal that with the dampness, the excessive heat, continuous standing, and the pressure of rush orders, the woman who works in a laundry over four years must be an Amazon, or forfeit her health.

Harvard's department of industrial medicine is constantly adding to its discoveries in this new field. The International Labor Office, the Russell Sage Foundation, the American Association for Labor Legislation, the societies of engineers, the industrial commissions of the various States, the trades themselves, an ever-increasing number of organizations doing preventive work, and the government war tests have brought their contributions concerning the lives of the working people, and there are now books and pamphlets for the lay reader that stand as beacon-lights to show the way toward industrial peace. They were not written in a down-with-the-rich spirit, or a lo-the-poor-working-man tone, but are impartial records of conditions to-day, from which those who desire can study cause and effect.

The first fact to stand out is that those who introduced machinery overlooked an important point. The wheels and belts were carefully watched and kept in good condition, but the human element required to guide them was seldom taken stock of, and a steady stream of immi-

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grants flowed freely into the places of the dissatisfied, inefficient, and spent workers. Most business men were too busy with the demands for material results to realize sooner that in producing the wealth of the land there was a by-product of poverty, wrong, and hatred that was born of injustice.

When the first mills were started in New England, each nationality began at the bottom and would get a little better conditions, when another influx of immigrants would come, and with stolid faces and stout nerves offer their fresh strength for a lower wage, as their standard of living demanded little. The immigrants risked their lives high in the air, building our skyscrapers; they went under the ground and tunnelled our subways; they fashioned great ships and laid railroads to make East and West meet; they have changed the raw material with which nature endowed us into the wealth which makes America rank as the richest country in the world to-day. But what have we done for the majority of the immigrants? True, thousands of them are better off than before. We gave them a living, but what kind of life have we opened to them? In bringing cheap labor for our industries, a consequence not foreseen was that these men and women in addition to being workers would be citizens, affecting our lives by their lives in ways undreamed of by the economic selfishness and political greed that welcomed them.

Leaders with the new spirit in industry are demonstrating that it is possible to pay reasonable dividends without debasing the workers into civic barbarism. The laws of life are very simple. They require food, shelter, air, work, rest, and recreation for all, but it is now proven beyond a doubt that industry did not recognize these laws. To work regularly the body needs nourishing food, and the rise in its cost has cut the rations of the working people and blighted their children's future by putting that basic food, milk, disastrously high. People repeat, parrot-like, that the cost of living cannot come down until wages come down. It is always labor that is held liable, but statistics will show those who care for truth that wages have not been the sole cause for high prices. When shoes were 250 per cent more a pair, the worker received but 66 per cent, and the leather trust had the balance. To-day the cost of living is 72½ per cent above 1913, yet there is a nation-wide effort to get the pay-envelope back to the pre-war status. Profiteering is menacing the strength of the nation.

It is appalling to find the number of workers that gave out because enough good fuel was not put into the furnace to keep the human machine going. Many to make ends meet chose the cheap dishes regardless of their food values. Domestic science and nutrition classes are doing a valiant service now in teaching that a little of the right kind of diet is more nourishing than a quantity that has no food value. But no one taught this generation the energy-creating dishes, or the false economy of beginning work without breakfast, as thousands of factory girls have done. Some plants, you will say, have cafeterias where hot food is sold at cost, but these are pitiably few, though we know that a warm meal develops physical efficiency. England increased the output of the munition workers by supplementing their frugal home fare with an extra lunch, and gave milk regularly to those in the poisonous trades to add to their resistance. If we could do that to win war, shall we do less to gain peace? But of course the workers do not want food given them, they ask a wage that will enable them to buy it.

Had the second need, shelter, been recognized, we should not have had the sorry tale to tell of family life and the dearth of moderate-priced houses. Seventy-two per cent of our workers do not own their own homes. Even the critics who see in all wage-earners extravagant spenders had to admit that thrifty fathers and mothers could get no homes within their means for a decent rearing of their children; strangers shared the same room, and in some places workers alternated in renting the beds by day with those who slept in them at night. What kind of citizens does this make for, alas, the benighted States of America? We have talked about pearls before swine, and some uplifters have complained that bathtubs are used for potato-bins, but this is not surprising when no educational effort

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went before to teach those families the virtue of soap and water. Cleanliness improves on acquaintance, but no one introduced these strangers to its benefits. And for their third need—air? We kept too many of them working in dark cellars and basements, in crowded lofts and foul-smelling tenements, and we excused our city congestion by thinking the poor did not like the country—as if there were not other reasons!

But it is in regard to work itself that the real surprise came. The old idea that the longer one worked the more he did has been indubitably disproved, and the new doctrine of the eight-hour day is now heralded, for actual tests were made in different trades, and as the workers are fresher they produce more in eight hours than in ten. From the early days of machinery the same old arguments were brought out against working an hour less. It makes curious reading now that the Manchester Chamber of Commerce in 1815 contended that if little children did not work twelve hours, on account of continental competition, their trade would be ruined. The opponents of the ten-hour bill in England *proved* that it would lower wages and raise prices, and history repeated itself and the same fear over the nine-hour bill that finally passed. In Illinois the candy-makers fought the eight-hour law—the trade would be wrecked, prices would be prohibitive and candy scarce, but does any one feel that Chicago lacks for sweets, or that they cost more there than elsewhere? Another point we are beginning to grasp is that though the hours at the machines may be comparatively few, if the operators have to be on hand, that time is not theirs to lead their own lives, and though we see them "just sitting around talking," as they await their work, they are not really free agents.

Labor turnover could be lessened and loyalty developed if the worker could take any interest in his work, but one job is the same as another. As Mr. Arthur Pound has so well told, the attendant of automatic tools does not live while on the job—he exists, against the time when he can begin to live, which is when he leaves the shop. He would shift to another job to-morrow if he could do as well. "So he comes to his post as a slave to the galley, and leaves it with the gladness of a convict escaping prison. Psychologists say that a large part of industrial unrest is due to the inhibition which automatic tools place upon the expression of personality through labor."

Work to-day is killing in so many cases creative impulse. The workers need not exert their ingenuity or their imagination, they merely do mechanically their allotted piece. It is estimated that only a quarter of a normal intelligence is ever required, and the daily monotony keeps the mind inactive. The pride in creative hand-work of earlier days has unfortunately been supplanted by the unbroken sameness of doing over and over one part, and not getting its relation to the finished product. For example, there are seventy different parts to a shoe, and having a limited area of work, like doing nothing but eyelets, dulls the mentality, narrows thought, saps vigor, and requires stimulating recreation to offset it. The next time you eat a caramel think of the girl who wraps nine thousand of them every day in those little papers. Would you care to put twenty-one hundred cakes of soap a day in wrappers, or drill thousands of holes in a tube and then thousands and thousands more, only to find more thousands to be drilled each morning if you are to make your living? After three years of it, was it surprising that when a social worker remonstrated with a girl for going to a questionable dance-hall, her suppressed youth cried out: "Oh, I'm so sick of it all by Saturday night, I'd go to hell to have a good time!"

A young worker in a canning factory, who had no adjustable stool and whose back was consequently round from stooping to reach the lever that drilled through small strips of tin, heard the others tell a new hand who spoke of being tired that she would get used to the work. "No," she protested, "it ain't that, you get used to being tired."

And some of these women will bring into the world poor, undernourished, anæmic children, utterly incapable of doing the tasks the world must get done. But of course they are not all wrecked by fatigue, because we see them off nightly to the movies. Those naturally strong do stand it, but almost invariably

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there is a mark left, visible later. Sometimes it is a physical handicap for long, idle years, sometimes a mental pall, or a spiritual blight.

Often it is the fear of charity for their declining years that makes them seemingly avaricious, and their own unwise desire incites them to spend their health like a prodigal. An old seamstress complained about the law that prevented her shop from keeping open more than fifty hours a week. "Can't we be allowed to work overtime when we need the money so badly?" she objected. "Anyway, when we're rushed we just work evenings on the quiet." Two years later she announced she had been sick all winter and her savings were going. "I'm just good for nothing, and all they want of you down-town is work, work, work. I tell you the poor won't stand it much longer." And thus socialism was getting another convert. Overwork does two things: it breaks and it hardens; and when I see a calloused working woman with the coarse laugh and the sharp tongue that denote a defeated life, I see also a vision behind her, the woman she might have been had a wiser generation directed her to the things that are lovely and of good report.

But the most impressive fact that occurs in all the testimony that the innumerable agencies have gathered is the worker's fear of unemployment. That haunting spectre dogs their lives night and day, and old-age pensions and unemployment insurance would help free many hard-working men and women from the cruel fangs of Nemesis. Surely as more people learn what this dread of and actual unemployment have done to the workers, they will insist that Congress safeguard them with the programme of public work that we have been too indifferent to put through.

That product of the twentieth century, the speed mania, has made the bodily need of rest more essential for this generation than any other. Some critics contrast the shortness of the present workday with the fourteen or more hours of their time, but they fail to see that the tension is greater and that the strain of watching a faster machine more than offsets a shorter day. Formerly a mill girl watched a needle do six hundred stitches a minute; to-day she must control twenty needles doing four thousand stitches. "Only guiding," yes, but, as some one has pointed out, under the strain of guiding runaway horses (for the pace of the machine knows no mercy for human fatigue), and with the inexorability of fate the chain in a canning factory will bring forward, minute after minute all day long, the next jar of pickles into which the operator must be ready to drop an onion. Woe to her if she raises her eyes from her work, for the can will have sped by and the omission be docked from her wages. If you put caps on eighty cans a minute as they whirled by you in an endless procession ten hours a day, six days a week, twelve months a year, would your outlook on life be as fresh and your spirit as buoyant as before? To run many machines, only two or three motions are made, and the same muscles are used over and over, depriving the body of the healthful play of different muscles. From the speed, and the long hours in crowded rooms, and the monotony, the new disease of industrial fatigue came upon us, and the discovery that a tired worker cannot long be an efficient one will make it good business to conserve the vitality of the worker. The pernicious piece system urges factory hands to hurry to the next lot to keep up their earnings, and it takes the vigor of those not robust. Physicians are telling us that fatigue decreases the power of the blood to throw off the poisons that accumulate in the body, and when there is not proper rest for repair, the system becomes undermined, is a prey to disease, and a menace to the public health.

When a bill to protect labor comes up in the legislatures, you see the employers' able lawyers there to defeat it and the workers to fight for it, for the companies that have helped get beneficial laws for the other side have been so few that they stand out, lighthouses for industry, against which a sea of worried men anxiously computing future dividends spend themselves in vain. How many of your friends bother about labor legislation or read through articles about it in the newspapers?

As an example, Wisconsin has a law prohibiting night-work for women. How

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about your State? Is it abreast of the progressive ones in this line, or can a woman be worked all night where you live, in spite of the fact that night-work is in direct opposition to the laws of nature? The body is at its lowest ebb during the early morning hours, and as the stomach gets food at unaccustomed intervals the digestion is affected, while the absence of daylight also acts detrimentally on the whole system. But the main difficulty is the loss of the right kind of sleep. This is bad enough for the men, although when they sleep in the day their rest period is likely to be undisturbed; not so the women, for the children must be fed and cared for, and it is rare that a working mother can take enough time off in the day for the amount of sleep she needs. Consequently the mother or children suffer, family life is destroyed, and education and recreation are difficult.

The pin-money idea has been exploded, and it is significant that 90 per cent of the women are supporting dependents; but equal pay for equal work is by no means universal, though it is proved that in proportion to their pay, daughters give more than sons to their families. The increase in the cost of living took the gain out of wages, and unless a girl lived at home, getting the benefit of some one else's work, even a prudent saver has had a struggle to live, and simply could not put by anything against a rainy day, for so many years have had wet seasons! The Consumers League watched the expenditures of a girl getting nine dollars a week, who roomed with a strange woman for three-fifty a week. She paid ten cents for breakfast, thirty-five cents for dinner, twenty cents for supper, and got such poor food that she bought a quart of milk to keep nourished. That consumed her wages. One week she lost three days' pay from illness; how could she afford to be sick? She paid five cents for a cake of soap, two cents for a stamp, two cents for a sheet of paper and envelope, and fifteen cents for the use of the laundry to wash her clothes, and fifty-five cents for car-fare, making a deficit of seventy-five cents in her budget. Who was to make up the difference? Notice that she spent nothing for clothes, though a clerk is expected to be well dressed to keep her position. Is she never to go to the dentist nor to have a cent for recreation?

Should religion merely postpone to the next life a happier time for the gentle soul who, after sewing tents all day, for eight dollars a week, had to give music-lessons in the evening, however tired, to piece out with the grocery bill for her two little children? In most States the amount for mothers' pensions is totally inadequate to keep the mother at home to care for her little brood, which of course was its purpose; and in the prohibition of mothers from the machines six weeks before and after childbirth, kind-hearted America is far behind Europe. Is it not time for more people to think on these things?

Seasonal work forces thousands of workers to keep changing, with loss of pay between jobs. The coal inquiries brought out the enforced idleness for many weeks of the miners when the mines are closed, and the deplorable state of what Hoover called the dark industry, intended to give us light and warmth. Dozens of trades are spasmodic. Milliners, always dropped after the spring and autumn demand is over, must eat as usual, and the amount for the year looks out of proportion to the what-appeared-to-us high pay for a few weeks. The basis for consideration of wages should be the year's total.

The forty-dollar-a-week workers who spent their all on silk shirts and stockings make startling newspaper stories, and of course there are some, as human nature is much alike, rich and poor; but it would be a grave mistake to believe that all wage-earners are throwing their money away. Too many in all classes do, but much of it went to pay for homes and to give children advantages impossible before, and the second-hand stores were almost sold out in England in 1919 from the unusual number of families furnishing their homes. It is much easier to accept the current belief that thrifty people always get ahead than to make even the slight effort needed to get the reports, for instance, of the shoe-workers in Lynn. It is significant that not one but dozens who had worked all their lives feared the potter's field. One-half had not been able to save adequately. Unemployment,

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sickness, and the ill fortune of their dependents had eaten up the principal of hundreds. Homely little incidents were uncovered, even the sixty-seven dollars saved for so long for false teeth that had to be relinquished for food when the shutdown came. We cannot dismiss as extravagant these women, for they were not the flapper type. A short life and a merry one would not have been to their taste at all. Many were wiry, frugal, dour, relentlessly unattractive creatures with steel-rimmed spectacles and straight back hair, to whom life meant only stern duty. Yet what more telling reproach to the shoe industry as it was largely conducted than that so many faithful women should have to face old age with alarm?

Those seeking to establish a new spirit in industry had sharp blows in the rejection of many legislatures of the Child Labor Amendment and in the adverse decision of the constitutionality of the Minimum Wage in the District of Columbia. However, the friends of the former believe that time will be their champion in getting over to the misinformed just what is meant by the measure and the reasons for its wording, and in allaying their fears about States' rights and parental rights and the right of Congress to make children lazy by law. The proponents of a living wage also have faith that if they go on undismayed, a way will be found to make justice constitutional, and that as more realize the overwhelming numbers that cannot now live in frugal decency, there must be a rehearing of the whole subject.

In Ohio in 1919, when wages were highest, seventeen dollars a week was estimated as necessary for living, but the State Industrial Commission records that one-half the women were not getting fifteen dollars. A study of the U. S. Women's Bureau, of Ohio industries, taken from the employers' own payrolls of 1921, showed that thirteen dollars and eighty cents was the median wage, but this official fact was avoided by the Legislative Commission investigating the need for a bill, and after hearings that were conspicuously partial to manufacturers and merchants they reported not only that it was not needed, but that it was a failure in the States that had it! They also decreed that the figures of the proponents were inaccurate (though they were the government's own) and that little evidence was produced that workers wanted it, though any thinking person would know that if any of the underpaid thousands had publicly testified against their employers they would have been dismissed before night. But why, when the Manufacturers Association fought it, were not the fair-minded people interested when the Minimum Wage Bill came up in the legislature? Probably, because most of them were utterly unaware how hard it is to-day for conscientious, regularly employed men and women to get ahead. Others have a suspicion that a minimum wage would be radical—that taboo that has greeted what are now our conservative measures. As they hear that President Coolidge asked for a non-mandatory bill for the District, that Harding "regretted that all the States have not got it"—it may seem less red, that Roosevelt advocated it, and that Canada, Australia, England, and the countries of Europe that have had it longest believe in it most—they may accept it more intelligently. As safe a body as Congress gave it to the women of the District of Columbia, but their Court of Appeals by a majority of one man recently declared it unconstitutional. This extraordinarily reactionary opinion seemed based on the old laissez-faire methods, long since discarded in modern times, that the workers should be free in every way, and this included their right to work under such degrading conditions as might result in their debasement and that of the race. The case will undoubtedly be taken to the Supreme Court. For if the employer is not paying a living wage, then it is plain to the thoughtful that the charities often have to make up the difference. Thus it is the public that really subsidizes that business, and that employer should change to a line enough needed to enable him to keep his force above the life-line. It is not a praiseworthy example of civilization to take all a man's time and strength, and then put him in a position of having to ask for help. Wasn't it blind generosity that prompted an employer to give five thousand dollars to the community chest when his own men could not live off

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their pay and had to be assisted by the included charities? It sounds better to call it philanthropy than what it really is: short-sighted or selfish economics.

We have now abundance of proof that the man seeking work cannot possibly enter a factory with the feeling of equality, man to man, with the employer. He cannot alone stand up for his rights, and that brings us to one of the most disturbing words in our language—the unions. We look upon them with horror because they suggest street-fights and agitators that have to be taken off to jail, but the era is now opening when the public must try to understand why working people need to organize. Collective bargaining is the only way to get a square deal. But what a world of trouble between the theory and the practice! We are past the slave period when a man could be worked against his will, and there are undeniable signs that the day is not far distant when the economic waste, as well as the more distressing human waste, of the strike will be superseded by some arbitration boards acceptable to both parties. The responsibility for a strike is on the side that is wrong, though we are apt to blame corrupt leaders. The justice of it is the point for careful study, but as the contest grows bitter and sympathetic strikes confuse the original issue, destructive methods follow, and they at once lose public sympathy, the many being held responsible for the violence of the few.

Women are slow to organize, and hundreds suffer individual injustice because they have not yet learned as men have the power of concerted action. As a rule, they expect to stay in industry only until they can marry, and evening meetings do not appeal to them as much as the movies, but the fact that married workers are now rapidly increasing may help unite all in bettering their condition. This need was apparent in a summer hotel recently where the bell-boys and porters secured better food by an hour's strike; but the chamber-maids, not knowing the advantage of organization, worked on underfed in a place too remote for them to afford the railroad-ticket back to their friends.

This is indeed a different world from 1913, though many employers are too near-sighted to see it. If this country would only accept the unions in principle, it would give them a chance to stop fighting and do their house-cleaning, and it would be a big stride toward industrial peace. The manufacturers, the merchants, and most other employers form their associations; why has not the other side an equal right? The unions have undeniably done wrong, but they have not always been able to get their side before the public; and it is an open question, when one considers the unequal power of money, if they have been more sinned against than sinning. When England gave up trying to break the unions, they changed for the better. Until something wiser can be established to promote the welfare of the working people, the unions will get members, fight them though we will. They have the spirit of democracy with them, and though many do not want to believe it, it is truth that they have raised the standard of living for thousands struggling up to better relations with life and for millions to come after them. Those who would justify themselves, saying, "I believe in fair wages but I don't believe in the unions," should read the history of trade-unionism and learn that without the tragic suffering of valiant souls united against the wrongs that are now so clearly seen, wages could not have been raised, and the non-union workers have enjoyed if not earned the advance the unions have brought into being for all. The open shop sounds ideally fair, but Chief Justice Taft once warned about keeping it open at both ends, and too many know to their sorrow that though many concerns stand for the open shop, the union men are mistrusted and often dismissed for talking union to their fellow workers, and detectives to check organization are in the employ of too many companies.

The inflammable talk about the unions is unworthy of this country. Unless too long oppressed they can be trusted, for the majority of their members are responsible men. No class has a monopoly of the virtues; in the various walks of life good and bad are mixed together, with heredity and environment reacting on all. The finer feelings were not entailed by the Creator to rich or poor. Men treated like

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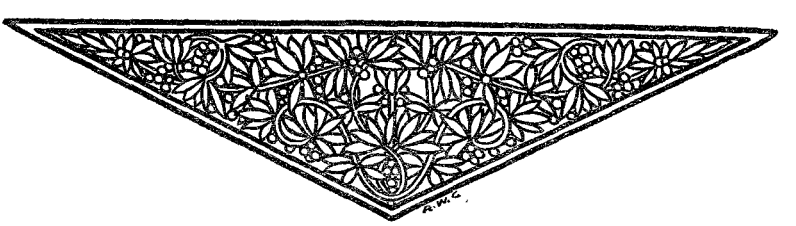
dogs are apt to be dogs, and those treated like men, in most cases, try to be men.

Granted that high wages are of no lasting benefit without thrift, that is no reason for lowering them, but gives strong support to the need of showing a wasteful and extravagant nation the things worth while. So few of the rich or poor know what to do with leisure unless they have money to spend. Wholesome recreation so urgently needed to offset the monotony of industry is not within the reach of all, but it is penetrating through our consciousness that human fellowship is required for normal living—the heart needs its warmth and the head its stimulus. We cannot have democracy only in government; it means as well the democratization of the good gifts of life. Music, painting, sculpture, the drama, architecture, literature, and all the other ways by which man has sought to express himself, are a common possession. How shall we put the key that will unlock their kingdom into the hands of the heirs who know so little of their treasures?

Of course no one change will counteract all the evils of modern life; shorter hours will not stop the feeble-minded from reproducing themselves, nor high wages enrich a barren mind. We have indeed too many incompetent, inefficient workers, and too many wealthy men and women who would also have been unable to be self-supporting, to say nothing of contributing anything to the progress of mankind. The schools must keep the children until they are better fitted for life in the community. The subtle influence of the home and false standards play a potent part in much of the unrest today, but has it not been the families of the capitalists that were setting the example?

The workers were mostly simple-hearted folk and wanted only bread, peace, and brotherhood, and we who were in control mismanaged affairs so sadly that unemployment, war, and hatred have prevailed. We failed in our part—that has been the chief cause of labor's bitterness—and it has made the workers whatever they are to-day. Class hatred only widens the breach. Instead of anathematizing labor as good for nothing, perhaps we would better remember that the work and long patience of many have made the green earth a fairer place for thousands less conscientious than themselves, and that any intolerance, bitterness, or vehemence that either side shows is the accompaniment of unenlightenment—that unenlightenment which the last generation did so little to change.

How many of us can truly state that it has been entirely through our own effort, or deserving, that we are not doomed to pass our days at a machine? To see ourselves in the life of the other, that is the challenge of the future. Can we see it? The men in the mob, *our* brothers, the lazy, the ignorant, the vicious? Yes, as much as the glutton, the materialist, and the monopolist. A few can go forward but they cannot stay long without the many. We are all related, and when we learn to say the right pronoun, not I, nor They, but We, the world may be a happier place for all.



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To All Friends

BY FRANCIS CHARLES MACDONALD

WHEN this corruptible must be
Got rid of, do not make for me
A solemn funeral, nor prepare
A ritual, nor mark with care
The burial-place of my old bones
With rose-bushes and ugly stones . . .

I fear a pious epitaph
Would make the sad survivors laugh.

But since I must be buried, go
Lightly with me, that men may know
How happy we shall all be when
We find a way to meet again;
And where you put me, in that place
I shall be quiet, by God's grace.

I shall be quiet? That thing,—I?
These be the signs to know me by:

When, on an autumn night, you feel
Home-sick for God-knows-where, and steal
Out into darkness, wistfully . . .
There in the darkness I shall be.

Or on a spring night, when the air
Is full of lilacs everywhere,
And suddenly, not knowing why,
You stop and wonder . . . That is I.

Or when, on summer nights, the flash
Of imminent lightning, and the crash
Of thunder waken you from your sleep,
Come,—join the vigils I shall keep!

But, winter nights, I shall not haunt
The lonely roads, nor in the gaunt
Ungenial gardens shall I be,
Crouching for shelter by a tree . . .

God, no! But let your fancy stray
To some wild snowy yesterday,
And stir the fire. Put out the light,
And say: "We have with us to-night . . ."

Do not spend your money on stones
To set above my mortal bones,
But give a party. Let the air
Ring with it. I shall be there!

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AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

WE are living, as every one ought to know, in the greatest creative period of dramatic literature that the world has ever seen. I do not mean that any one to-day is writing better plays than "Antigone," "Alcestis," "King Lear"; I mean there has never been a time when the whole world showed such activity in the theatre as during the last fifty years. During this half-century, the foremost writers in nearly every country have been dramatists. In Norway, Ibsen and Björnson; in Sweden, Strindberg; in Russia, Tolstoi, Chekhov, Gorki, Andreev; in Germany and Austria, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Schnitzler, Bahr, Wedekind, Hofmannsthal; in France, Rostand; in Belgium, Maeterlinck and Verhaeren; in Hungary, Molnar; in Italy, D'Annunzio; in Spain, Echegaray and Benavente; in Great Britain and Ireland, Shaw, Barrie, Galsworthy, Wilde, Pinero, Jones, Granville-Barker, Dunsany, Synge, Yeats, Ervine, while Hardy began publishing dramas over twenty years ago; in America, O'Neill stands among our foremost original writers, and has begun to make an impression on Europe. There is surely no historical parallel to this. There are giants in our days.

Such an unprecedented amount of creative activity has caused a flood of books about the drama, works of criticism, anthologies, yearly records, and so on; I, a college professor whose specialty for thirty years has been contemporary literature, find it quite impossible to keep abreast of this one particular stream. For the benefit of Scribnerians, however, I shall mention from time to time certain books that seem to me useful and important.

Thus, one of the best that I have seen, which has just appeared, is called, properly enough, "A Study of Modern Drama," and is by Barrett H. Clark, whose previous publications have made him an authority. On the title-page, this work is described as "A Handbook for the Study and Appreciation of the Best Plays, European, English, and American, of the Last Half-Century." The book contains 527 pages, deals with over sixty dramatists, gives biographical details, a complete and dated list of works, an analysis and provocative criticism of every play, with questions thereupon, a list of critical books on every author; the bibliography at the end fills 63 pages, and the index 38. Mr. Clark is an excellent guide; his knowledge, increased by foreign travel and interviews, is remarkably extensive, his industry is enormous, and he seems to be free from fads and prejudices. This is an excellent book for the private reader and student, and ought to be invaluable to the immense number of reading-clubs in preparing their programmes for 1925–1926.

I am glad to see that Clayton Hamilton, who, a few years ago, issued a Library Edition of the plays of Pinero, has now performed the same service for Henry Arthur Jones. He has selected twenty characteristic works, and issued them in four handsome volumes, with biographical and critical details. I shall never forget the night when, in company with my friend (now my colleague) Professor George P. Baker, of Harvard, I attended the first performance of one of Jones's plays. First, we went up to the dramatist's rooms in the Hotel Marie Antoinette, New York. Did we find there the works of his contemporaries? We did not. We found that his travelling library consisted of Aristotle and other time-hallowed classic authorities. We sat down to dinner, and although Mr. Jones was an experienced veteran, and had some fifty times passed through the harrowing first-night ordeal, he was horribly nervous. He explained that he had not been able to sleep; Baker comforted him by telling him that wouldn't hurt him any, if he didn't worry about it.

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We went to the theatre, and all three sat in a box. Baker and I, so far as our angle would permit, looked at the stage. Jones never regarded the actors; he looked steadily at the *audience*, as a man on trial for murder would look at the jury. It was a painful evening, and I decided I would never accompany an author again on the occasion of a first night. I admire Mr. Jones, and I very much liked that particular play. It failed.

But in the next Sunday edition of the New York *Sun*, Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton, who was soon to be expelled from that paper, wrote a magnificent review of the piece, which should have comforted the dramatist not a little. I was glad to see in Mr. Percy Hammond's corner of the *Herald Tribune* the other day that Mr. Eaton is his favorite dramatic critic. He has long been mine.

Later I had the pleasure of accompanying Mr. Jones to another first night, which was a triumph for the playwright. I mean the play was.

Mr. Upton Sinclair has just launched a violent attack on Yale University as a fortress of conventionality and plutocracy. But in one respect he is in error. He says: "This New England plutocracy selects with meticulous care the professors who train the young. These trainers are required to be gentlemen of the most extreme conventionality . . . they wear their neckties exactly right." How ardently I wish this accusation in my own case were true! Although I give some personal attention to the matter every morning before breakfast, I make a shocking failure of it. There is soon a horrible hiatus between the collar of my soft shirt and necktie. I look on the undergraduates who come into my classroom, and every man has his necktie snugly fitted into the isosceles triangle. How in the world do they accomplish this? Mine is in a scandalous condition, and I cannot persuade it to stand up to its work. I assure my friend Mr. Sinclair that if the professors at Yale were really chosen for the way they wear their neckties, I should have been dismissed long ago.

The general tone of Mr. Sinclair's attack is what might be expected. It is marked by the urbanity, understatement, conservatism, and cold accuracy so characteristic of its author's style and temperament. Only two Yale graduates are mentioned as embodiments of all the vices; one is Chief Justice Taft, and the other modesty forbids me to mention.

I am writing in Augusta, Ga., the birthplace of Stephen Vincent Benét and the home of Tyrus Raymond Cobb. I have the honor—but only on the first tee—of playing golf frequently with Walter Travis. We have in the hotel a morning Conversation Club at which Mr. Travis presides, and where both celestial and terrestrial matters are thoroughly discussed. Last Wednesday we were joined by Mr. John Montgomery Ward, whose reminiscences we listened to with eager attention. He was pitcher for the Providence baseball club when that organization was a member of the National League; and contemporary moundsmen, who think they are overworked when forced to pitch twice a week, would be shocked to know that in the year 1879 Mr. Ward pitched sixty-six consecutive games. I asked him about Radbourn, one of the greatest of all players, and Mr. Ward told me an interesting story of how Radbourn came to enter a major league. The Providence nine took a day off in the West, and played a bush league team in Dubuque, Iowa; they expected an easy victory, but were held scoreless inning after inning by the young Dubuque pitcher, whose name was Radbourn. Only with the greatest difficulty did Providence win the game. As Mr. Ward was a professional pitcher, he watched his young and inexperienced opponent with considerable interest; the next year he made inquiries about him, and found that he had gone to another city, had not pitched very well, and it was thought that he would renounce baseball, as for a whole season he had done nothing. The year following, when the Providence magnates were looking around for an understudy to Ward, the latter remembered both the excellence of the Dubuque boy's work and his name; he recommended the management to secure him; they did so. In 1884, and almost entirely through the skill of Radbourn, Providence won the national championship. He might never

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have been heard of if it had not been for the chance of Ward's seeing him in Dubuque.

Radbourn is dead, but not forgotten. He was the greatest pitcher I ever saw, and no bishop ever conducted himself with more dignity. Radbourn was a silent student of the game, whose victories were won not by strength and speed, but by brains, control, and marvellous memory.

Mr. Ward told me an amusing story of one of my Yale pupils, the famous "Dutch" Carter. After Ward had left Providence, he became the manager of the New York Giants, and when Carter was a freshman, the Yale team came to the metropolis to have a game with the professionals. Ordinarily a college team is no match for the leaguers, and the latter do not take their learned antagonists seriously. But Carter had such blinding speed that the New York batsmen did not dare to stand up to the plate. Ward remonstrated with them: "You can't hit him if you draw away like that." They answered that they had no desire to be killed. After the game, Carter repaired to the Giants' dressing-room, and was having his arm rubbed by the trainer. "What's the matter?" asked Mr. Ward. "Is your arm lame?" "It is awfully sore and lame," said the Yale freshman. Whereupon the New York players burst into roars of laughter. "Don't you believe me?" asked Carter. "Oh, we were just wondering how much speed you have when you are not suffering with a lame arm," was the reply.

It will be remembered that, after his retirement from baseball, Mr. Ward became a professional lawyer and one of the most expert amateur golf-players in America. He must be nearly seventy now, but what chiefly impressed me—apart from the interest of his conversation—was the extraordinary clarity of his eyes. They are as bright and unblemished as a child's. I have never seen such brilliance in old eyes except in those of sea-captains and of others who have lived years in the open air.

After I had sent in this manuscript and before I had received the proofs, Mr. Ward died here in the hospital after a very brief illness—pneumonia. His death was a terrible shock to us, and, though I had had only one morning's talk with him, I felt I had lost a friend, for whom I had affection and respect.

The men are not the only good talkers in this hotel. Mrs. Morse, of Boston, made a *mot* worthy of an eighteenth-century French salon. Said she: "I shall call you not professor, but doctor; for you can tell a doctor everything, and you can't tell a professor anything."

Mr. John M. Shedd, of New York, suggests the coinage of a new word, "vidience," to designate an "assemblage of persons who look at a moving picture or an art exhibition." I should think "spectators" might answer, but it is not so collective as "vidience," and, anyhow, I like to see the English language, which is poor in synonyms, enriched by so good an addition. It is, I think, unfortunate from the moral point of view that the words "audience" and "spectators" apply so accurately to those who witness respectively a ball game and a play in the theatre. Let us all use *vidience* whenever we feel like it.

It is not often that I recommend a dictionary for general reading, except to cross-word lunatics; although the boy Browning, when he determined to become a poet, read from beginning to end Johnson's Dictionary, and Professor Beers used to teach a college course in Webster's Unabridged. But I am certain that all intelligent people will find the recently published "A Concise Etymological Dictionary of Modern English," by Ernest Weekley, despite the author's name, excellent daily reading. It is a fascinating book, and very difficult to lay down; the history of every word is briefly given, and often is so dramatic that one is forced to keep reading until one has forgotten why he opened the book. I am sorry to find no mention of the word *kilter*, because, while a thing can be out of kilter, it apparently can never be in it. How then did it get out?

Two very fine books that will interest all lovers of the sea are "The Tale of Our Merchant Ships," by Charles E. Cartwright, with admirable illustrations by

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the author, and "Magellan," by Arthur Hildebrand, whose "Blue Water" I praised in these columns some months ago. Mr. Cartwright's stirring story of sailing ships makes me mourn their extinction and the loss of the glory they brought to the United States of America. He states many facts quite new to me. It seems that the big, full-rigged American ships of the fifties, which had to sail the seven seas with enormous cargoes, made faster time than has ever been achieved by the modern sailing yacht, which is built only for speed. Did you know that? Again: "*The Romance of the Seas*, the last McKay vessel of this class, carried skysails and royal studdingsails clear across the Pacific from San Francisco to Hong Kong on one of her voyages in this year (1854), never once shortening sail during the entire passage." A great Liverpool firm, wishing to employ for the Australian trade the finest ships in the world, sent to McKay in Boston to have them built, and on her maiden run from Boston to Liverpool the *Lightning* "covered in one day's sailing the amazing distance of 436 miles, the greatest single day's performance ever made under canvas." It was twenty-three years before any *steamship* equalled the speed of the *Lightning*.

Those Yankee skippers, carrying skysails and going seventeen knots, would jeer as they passed foreign ships under double-reefed topsails, as well they might. An example of the gusto of our author's style may be seen in this paragraph:

> These noble American ships were all built of wood, and were painted black, sometimes with a gold or crimson stripe about the hull. The lower masts were usually painted white up to the tops, with the lower yards and bowsprits black. To an impressive air of power and speed they added a trim and yacht-like beauty, quite different from the iron sailing-ships of later years. They are gone, with the men who sailed them, but the vision of the lordly clipper, her high-tiered skysails and wide-winged stun's'ls against the background of the long gray seas, sweeping round Cape Horn with the sea-birds squalling in her wake, still dwells in the mind, an inspiring memory to those who love ships and the ocean.

There is a pall of tragedy over young Mr. Hildebrand's last book, "Magellan." I fear he did not live to see its publication. I knew that he had gone up into arctic seas with a small boat and a few men as adventurous as himself, and as nothing had been heard from this mad expedition, I wrote his publishers, and received the following letter from Mr. Harrison Smith:

> I am sorry to say that with the rest of the crew of the *Leif Ericson* he seems to be lost, and even the most optimistic are now inclined to give up the faint hope that remained. He was last heard of on September 8th, when the yacht was reported leaving Greenland. Since then there has been no news of any sort, although a government vessel has been up North and fishermen and traders of the Newfoundland coast have been warned. The Hudson Bay Company has been given a fund raised by Hildebrand's yachting friends to send an expedition, but I am afraid that it is pretty hopeless. It is particularly dreadful for me not only as an old friend of "Hilly's," but also one who has watched his work and believed that he was at last on the threshold of success as a literary man. He had the toughest sort of struggle trying to get to the point where his writing was important, and it seems rather pitiable that he should disappear just when his latest book was published.

Arthur Hildebrand ought not to be forgotten, for he was a devildare seaman with the soul of a poet. His "Blue Water" and "Magellan" are too good for oblivion. It was neither the career nor the success of Magellan that appealed chiefly to Hildebrand; it was the spirit of the man. This biography, though showing the result of long study, was written from the heart.

My friend Clarence Day, Jr., sends me a copy of *The Sewanee Review* for January-March, 1924, in which a young woman named Frances Theresa Russell, of the Leland Stanford Junior University, attempts to add to the prestige of Browning by proving that he was a pessimist. Mr. Day comments shrewdly: "Doesn't it just show that in a great author every one finds what they want?" It does. But the interesting thing to me is that pessimism should add to any one's intellectual reputation. I have no doubt that the Very Reverend Doctor Inge takes delight in the appellation "the gloomy dean." Suppose he were called "the cheerful dean"! What an insult! There is of course a certain percentage of healthy pessimism in every great mind; but pessimism itself is no more a sign of cerebration than optimism. The world is divided into two classes: those who wish to be

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feared and those who wish to be loved. The former are the real egotists.

Speaking of Clarence Day, Jr., he was an undergraduate pupil of mine when I gave a course in modern novels in the academic year 1895–1896. This course was regarded as revolutionary, and made such a rumpus that it was gravely condemned in an editorial in the London *Daily Telegraph* and delightfully parodied in *Punch*, where the tutor told the undergraduate he must not waste his time reading Euripides until he had faithfully prepared his lesson in Mrs. Humphry Ward. At the end of my year's experiment, I found it advisable, even necessary, not to repeat it. However, the dean of the college told me that if the course had been a failure, there would have been no objection to its continuance.

At the semiannual examination, Clarence Day, Jr., handed in a paper in which I could detect no inaccuracy. In those days, if an examination paper was absolutely correct, the writer of it did not receive a perfect mark—the perfect mark being regarded as an unattainable ideal. Mr. Day's paper, however, was not only perfect in its facts, it showed such originality, imagination, and wit that I determined to give it the perfect mark. I showed it to the dean, and he said: "You cannot avoid marking such a paper perfect." Then I told Clarence that if I lived long enough, I should be reading books with his name on the title-page. This prophecy has been abundantly fulfilled.

Every teacher worth his salt hopes that he will be surpassed by his pupils.

One of the most thrilling plays of the season is available only in book form. This is "The Dark Hours," by Don Marquis. It may seem strange that the author of the farce-comedy, "The Old Soak," should write a profound, reverent tragedy on the death of Jesus Christ; but it will seem strange only to those who know little about human nature. "The Dark Hours" is a contemporary passion play, written by a true poet and dramatist; it is deeply impressive. I like almost as well as the play itself the author's note at the end, which is reverent and sensible. There are many things in this present age to discourage those who believe in morality and religion; but surely, our age, with all its sins, is nearer the Founder of Christianity than any other epoch. Never was there a time when He received the homage of so many different minds.

For my part, I find more genuine religion in this play by Don Marquis than I do in many of the works of the professional theologians. To revert a moment to the gloomy dean. He has a splendid mind; he writes English with distinction; he has earned the intellectual respect of the world; but although he occupies one of the greatest pulpits in Christendom, I am never quite sure, after reading one of his brilliant essays, whether he does or does not believe in the Christian religion.

Possibly the reason for his gloom is not the sins of the world, or the inefficiency of the church, but—well, just imagine yourself sick or in prison, and sending for him.

Speaking of plays quite different from "The Dark Hours," I am glad to see that the New York *World*, whose admirable editorial page has brought about many needed reforms, is making a determined effort to check the growing indecencies of the New York stage. This is a matter, not for literary and dramatic critics, or for popular opinion, but for the police. We have just had a pretty illustration of it here in Augusta. The papers announced that "Simon Called Peter" would be produced in a theatre in this city. I have not seen this play, but, unless it is quite different from the cheap and vulgar novel of that name, it ought not to be produced anywhere; in reading the book I could not determine whether it was a greater insult to morality or to literature.

The mayor of Augusta announced that the play would not be given here; but with cynical disregard for his opinion, and hoping that the mayor's objection would simply advertise the piece in the way so dear to some theatre-managers, the advance agent countered with the statement that the play would be given at the appointed time. Advertisements appeared in the newspapers, and the sale of tickets went on merrily; but when the hour for the performance came those who had bought tickets found they could

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not get into the theatre: there was a sufficient force of police to keep them out. The play was not given.

Those who produce bad plays ought to stand lower in the social scale than garbage-collectors; for the latter earn their living by taking the swill *away*.

It is interesting and gratifying to observe that all classes of people who take any interest in idealism are contributing to the building of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Which reminds me of an interesting discussion I had twenty years ago with a member of the faculty of an Eastern university. We were talking of this same cathedral, and he said: "It will never be finished." I asked him if he meant they could not raise the necessary funds. "Oh, no," said he, "but during the time necessary to raise the money Christianity will become extinct." How many individuals, now extinct, have made similar predictions!

One of the most interesting men I have met in the last sixty years is William J. Matheson, of Long Island and Coconut Grove. I had many good talks with him during my visit to Florida last December. If he would only accede to my request, and write an autobiography, he would produce one of the most interesting books of our time. The story of his life is amazingly dramatic. Instead of sitting down, as he ought to have done, and writing Chapter I, he advised me to read P. W. Wilson's Life of Robert C. Ogden, called "An Unofficial Statesman." I am ashamed to say that I had never heard of Ogden, but I now recommend the book to all Scribnerians who are interested in the romance of business, and who wish to become acquainted with the career of a man who combined success in selling goods with unselfish devotion to national ideals.

Two of the most important books of the year are Amy Lowell's "Life of Keats" and Professor Tinker's "Letters of Boswell." It is a pleasure to me to find in Miss Lowell's preface that she would not have written this mighty work if I had not invited her to Yale to deliver a lecture on the Francis Bergen Memorial Foundation, on the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of the death of Keats. (Francis Bergen was a brilliant Yale graduate who lost his life in the World War. I remember her lecture very well, and the excitement of the students at the Elizabethan Club when Miss Lowell pronounced emphatically her opinion of Rabindranath Tagore.)

The chief value of this monumental biography lies in its new material. To all students of Keats the work is and will remain indispensable. Even if Miss Lowell had done no creative writing in verse, she would still have achieved a life's labor in this book alone. She has been able to correct many errors in previous biographies, and to supply an immense amount of new information. Her professional criticisms are full of valuable suggestions. The only defect of the work is in its style; it is a kind of glorified doctor's thesis, and in her absorption with her material, and in her hatred of mushy sentimentality, she is sometimes over-minute and sometimes careless. But she has the gratitude of all students of poetry.

Keats is the most astonishing of the world's poets; never has any other individual written so much supremely beautiful verse in so short a time. He died at the age of twenty-five. The shortness of his life came home to me when I invited Miss Lowell to deliver this lecture. For when I had for some years been a member of the Yale faculty, I delivered a lecture commemorating the hundredth anniversary of Keats's *birth*. And you are right in saying, comparing the brevity of the life of such a man and the longevity of another, who is of no importance,

> "But you were living before that,
> And also you are living after!",

Well, I can't help it. I would fain die if I could bring Keats back; but as I can't, I am fain to live as long as possible. I wrote that sentence to illustrate two correct uses of the word *fain*, a word so commonly used incorrectly.

Miss Lowell's "Life of Keats" fills two portly volumes of over 600 pages each; there is an abundance of valuable illustrations; the appendix will be of great value to scholars; and the analytical index covers more than 50 pages. Despite the great length of the work, it is steadily interesting, because of the vivid person-

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ality of the man, and the vivid personality of the woman. Such a biography is a credit to American scholarship.

The death of Keats was the greatest loss English literature ever sustained. He had the Shakespearian felicity of language, and the intellectual advance displayed in his letters is so remarkable that I believe he would have become the second poet in British history had he reached the age of fifty. Genius was never more mysterious, never more independent of heredity; in his father's stable John found the only horse not there—Pegasus.

Professor Tinker's edition of the "Letters of Boswell" has been reviewed both in England and in America not only with enthusiasm but in a manner that ought to give the editor every reason for justifiable pride. Schopenhauer said that letters revealed an individual more intimately and accurately than conversation; Boswell has completely given himself away. The universal interest in both Johnson and Boswell—universal, I mean, among English-speaking peoples—has never been so great as in the year 1925. It is not easy to explain, but the answer lies somewhere in *das weite Land*, Personality. Ben Jonson and others have said that in order to stand high in creative literature, one must be a good man. It is not true. One may be a murderer, a traitor, a coward, or an ass, and yet be a literary genius. Imagine what the Literary Club would have thought if some one had maintained that Boswell was a greater writer than Doctor Johnson! Yet such is the fact.

Both Boswell and Johnson are interesting chiefly to English-speaking people. The Russians, Germans, Austrians, Italians, and French care little about them. Boswell's "Life of Johnson" is one of the supreme works of art in English prose; but it has had comparatively little effect on foreign literature. The reason, I suppose, is that Johnson was one hundred per cent British, and his talk appeals mainly to Anglo-Saxons. Goethe's "Conversations with Eckermann" appeal to every intelligent person, no matter of what nationality. Delightful as the best of all English biographies is, if I had to choose, I would take Eckermann. Johnson is interesting partly because of his faults—his insularity, obstinacy, and prejudices; Goethe is interesting because he had "the most spacious mind since Aristotle," because he illuminated everything he touched except mathematics, and because he was so far ahead of his time that he is more modern than we.

It is often said that high-grade college professors can be divided into two classes, those who are good teachers and those who excel in original research. Professor Tinker proves that it is possible to achieve eminence in both. His work on Boswell is a permanent addition to English scholarship, and I have never seen in any classroom a better teacher.

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THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

I ONCE had an object lesson in mural painting that served better than anything else to give the right direction to my subsequent studies of the subject. It happened on a summer afternoon in Venice, years ago, when I strolled through the Accademia with Angelo Conti, a Government Inspector of the Fine Arts, then occupied in overhauling the contents of the museum. As we stood before Titian's "Presentation of the Virgin," hanging at the time in one of the great galleries, I spoke of a thing about it that had always puzzled me, the big expanse of masonry filling so much of the lower part of the picture. Why, I wondered, had not a master with Titian's genius for composition done something to mitigate that stretch of stone? Conti smiled and told me that if I would come back in a few months I might be surprised. He went on to explain how research into the history of this canvas had developed some pointed facts. Where the Accademia now stands the Scuola di Santa Maria della Carita had originally had its home, and for the old Sala dell' Albergo of the brotherhood Titian had made his painting. Conti was chiefly in Venice to restore it to its natural position, taking it out of a mere frame and setting it on the wall of which the artist had made it a part. The following summer I returned and saw what amounted to a fundamental transformation. A doorway was projected up into the masonry aforesaid. Panelled walls and a decorated ceiling provided the right environment. The whole thing was raised higher above the floor. For the first time I saw the "Presentation of the Virgin" as Titian meant it to be seen, as it was seen in the sixteenth century, and for the first time I saw it in perfection. There was now no hitch in the composition. The stonework took on the right proportions. One saw the room and the painting as a unit and rejoiced untroubled in the structural balance which the master had contemplated from the beginning. It was an invaluable experience. I have been a devoted student of mural decoration all my life, analyzing its monuments all over the world, and, as I say, nothing has made the process more interesting than the memory of Titian's demonstration that a wall-painting, to be successful, must be adjusted absolutely to the wall. Whatever its intrinsic merits, it must have a relative significance, it must look well in its place.

♣ ♣ ♣

THERE was an interesting occasion to revert to the subject last February when the National Society of Mural Painters organized at the Brooklyn Museum its first independent exhibition. It was a little odd that we should have had to wait so long for it. This body was incorporated as far back as 1895, but hitherto the works of its members have been shown in the big miscellaneous aggregations of the Architectural League. Yet they have been playing an important part in the development of American art, and it was high time for such a substantial affirmation as was made in Brooklyn. Appreciation of it when it came required the establishment of some sort of perspective in which to view the subject. The exhibition as an exhibition was not precisely exciting. It did not contain as many outstanding productions as one wanted to see. And if I were reviewing it in detail now, I would have quite a few contributions to mention which hardly came within an exact definition of mural painting as a craft by itself. But in its general aspect it was full of encouragement for the observer looking at American mural decoration historically. It showed how far we had travelled in a scant half-century or so, for that is the brief measure of the life of the art in this country up to date. It showed how sophisticated we had become, how adroit and how free. The decorative idea is becoming more and more with us what it needs to be if it is

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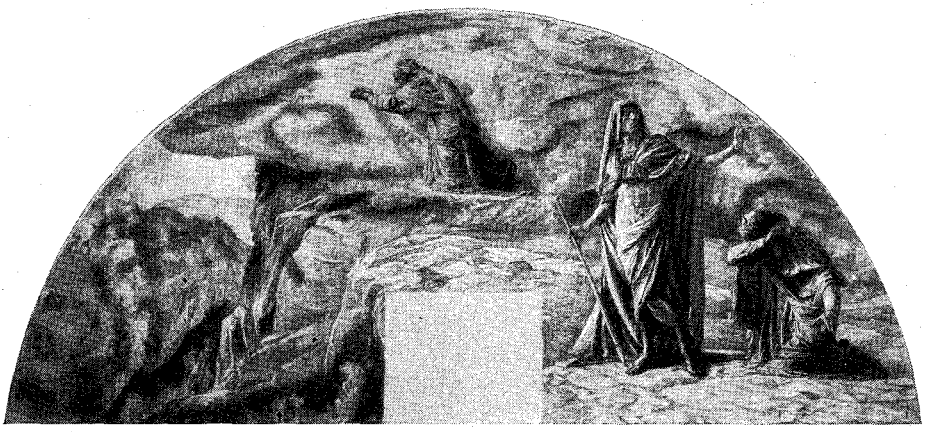
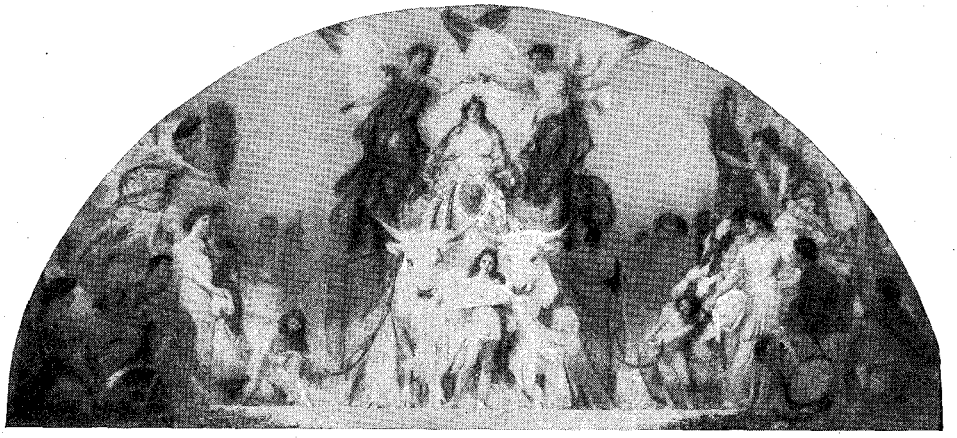


Moses on the Mount.
From the cartoon for a decoration by John La Farge.

to be firmly fixed in our cosmos, a habit of mind. The battle isn't entirely won by any means. The notion still lingers in some quarters that a decoration is a picture painted on a large scale. On the other hand, it is apparent that there is a steadily increasing realization of the character of a decoration as a design fitted to fill a given space. The Brooklyn show was full of testimonies to the growing force of this idea. It advanced not only familiar traditions of veterans like La Farge and Blashfield, but the newer evidences supplied by such juniors as Ezra Winter and Arthur Covey.

Apropos of the veterans, it amused me to pursue one train of thought started by the affair. The committee had had the happy inspiration to bring over some specimens of modern French decoration, pieces by Maurice Denis, G. L. J ulmes, and Auguste Gorguet, and especially some important cartoons by Besnard and Puvis de Chavannes. I was very grateful for this foreign contingent. The older men in it were men of great powers. But though I yield to none in admiration of Puvis, I couldn't help thinking a little amusedly and a little ruefully that one hears of his American rival as seldom as one hears of him. Puvis is distant and legendary. La Farge is near to us, a mere American, and has not yet his



Minnesota.
From the decoration by E. H. Blashfield.

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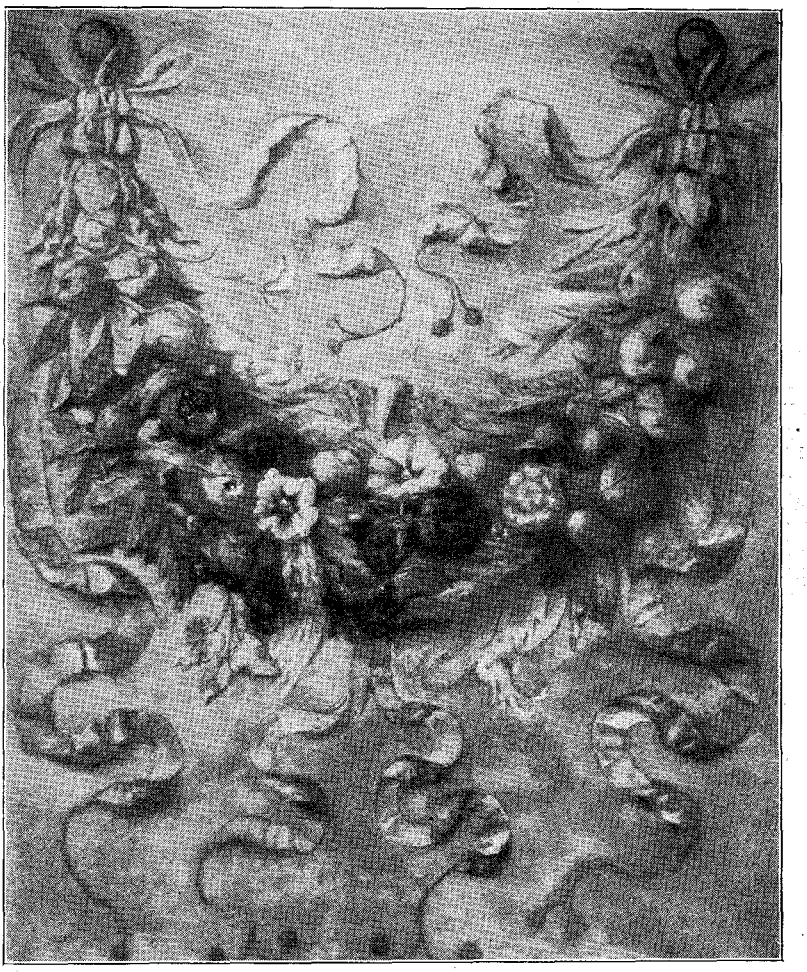
legend. But as I paused before the French cartoons, I recalled one of La Farge's for his great "Moses," recalled it as an equally noble and imposing thing, and then my memory went back to the American mas-



Garland.
From the decoration by John La Farge.

ter's "Ascension." Hand on heart I do not believe that Puvis ever did a more beautiful thing, ever painted a work more clearly in the line of descent from the great figures in the history of mural painting.

♣ ♣ ♣

WHAT principle is it, by the way, that those figures inculcate? The question, I think, is impossible to answer categorically. The mural painting of the past hasn't an absolute solidarity. The narratives of the Italian Primitives, though often wonderfully dramatic and expressive, foreshadow in their naïveté the picture-books which Ghirlandajo and Carpaccio unfolded upon their walls. What a difference in mode separates the cool, ordered spaces of Veronese from the teeming world that Tintoretto fashioned out of a passion of creative energy within the Scuola di San Rocco, and how little does either of these men do to prefigure the swirling bodies, the tempestuous architecture, and luminous skies of Tiepolo!

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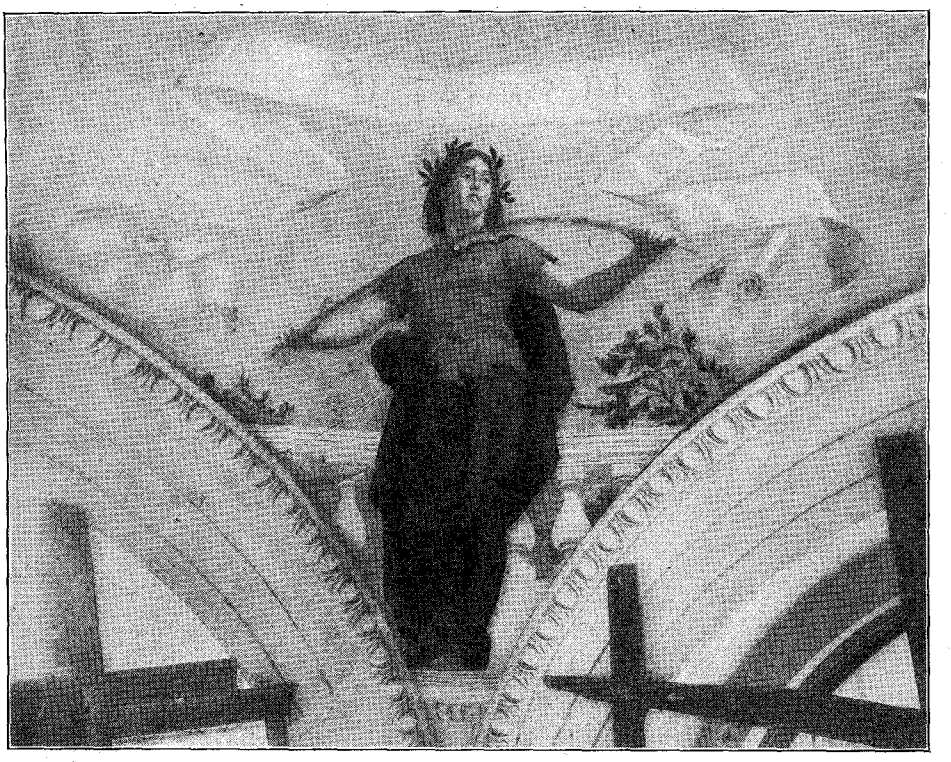

Metal Work.
From the decoration at the Chicago Fair by Kenyon Cox.

Think of the gulf dividing Benozzo's jewelled pageant in the Riccardi chapel, as childlike as it is lovely, from the apocalyptic splendor of Michael Angelo's Sistine ceiling or from Raphael's triumphs of pure intellect in the Vatican! The mural decorator must walk warily who would turn to the old masters for inspiration. They are too various. All that they unite on is that central point to which I have alluded, that the decoration must somehow look as though it belonged in its space. This has nothing to do with that spirit which may make a designer either, say, a classic or a romantic type. He may be the most flagrant of realists if he chooses if only he will respect that feeling for architectural balance and order which is the very ground-swell of authentic mural decoration. I saw a delightful illustration of good judgment in this matter in the Brooklyn show, provided by Mr. Arthur Covey in two decorations for an industrial establishment in the West. He painted brawny workmen at their tasks amid the machinery and fires of a foundry, giving us two "slices of life," but in each case his design was shrewdly centred, it had a beginning, a middle, and an end, and one could see it entering quite harmoniously into the integrity of a wall.

WE were fortunate in the formative period of the art in the United States. William Morris Hunt, the pioneer, got something out of his contacts with the academic Couture that was good for him when he came to paint those two compositions for the Capitol at Albany which were the first mural decorations in America. Conditions in that ill-fated building were inimical to them and they long since disappeared, but from the studies in the Boston Museum you can see with what sound judgment Hunt built up his designs and justly "filled his space." He fixed us in the path which leads to

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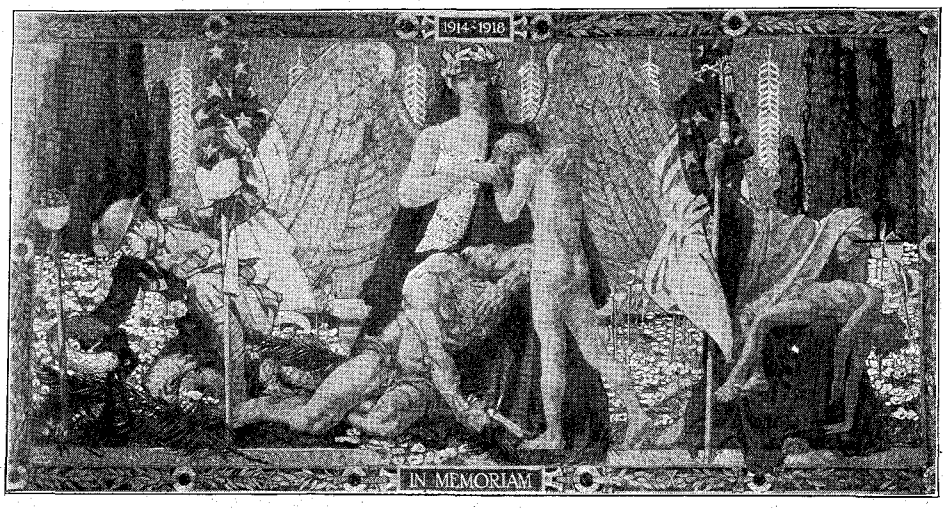
symmetry, the omission of teasing details, the truly architectural handling of form and mass. La Farge carried on the good work when Richardson gave him the opportunity to tackle the interior of Trinity Church in Boston in the Seventies, and La Farge, I may add in passing, was ever thereafter faithful to a sterling tradition in the numerous important decorations that he undertook. It would be called, I suppose, an academic tradition, in a careless view of the matter. That is to say, it involved a very careful placing of the figures with reference to some central motive, and altogether a measured, even scientific, distribution of the factors in a given design. La Farge, Blashfield, Kenyon Cox, and others have been nothing if not architectural in the organization of their patterns. The movement to which these leaders contributed so much has had its unfortunate aspect. It has led some artists to rest too supinely upon convention, so that they have considered their duty done when they have enthroned a goddess in the middle of a lunette, disposed a few cog-wheels and urns about her feet, and flanked her with a couple of symbolical figures on either side, calling the whole thing "Industrial Progress" or "Virtue." I can still find a chuckle in the well-worn comment of a mischievous easel painter on one of these lifeless tableaux. "There," quoth he, "are Manufactures and Fisheries presenting a pianola to the Fine Arts." But one doesn't need to take that jape too seriously. It makes no dent in the essential story of American mural decoration.

That story has been vitalized by as strong a gust of enthusiasm as ever enlivened American studios. There seems to be a peculiar stimulus, a special thrill in the opportunity that comes to the painter who is called to collaborate with an architect. In Martha Shannon's book about Hunt in his Boston days there is a delightful passage from a letter he wrote to a friend when he was at work on the Albany decorations. "I can tell you," he says, "it is like sailing a seventy-four or riding eight horses in a circus. It fills one's lungs to breathe in front of such spaces." I remember how that mood persisted into the period of what might be called our great expansion in mural decoration, the period of the World's Fair at Chicago in 1892. That was a golden moment. Our best architects were in the saddle. McKim, Hunt, and Burnham led a perfect galaxy of the talents, and they saw that the occasion was ripe for the co-operation of the painters and sculptors. Saint-Gaudens was called in to look after the interests of plastic art by marshalling an amazing



In Memoriam.
From the decoration by William De Leftwich Dodge.

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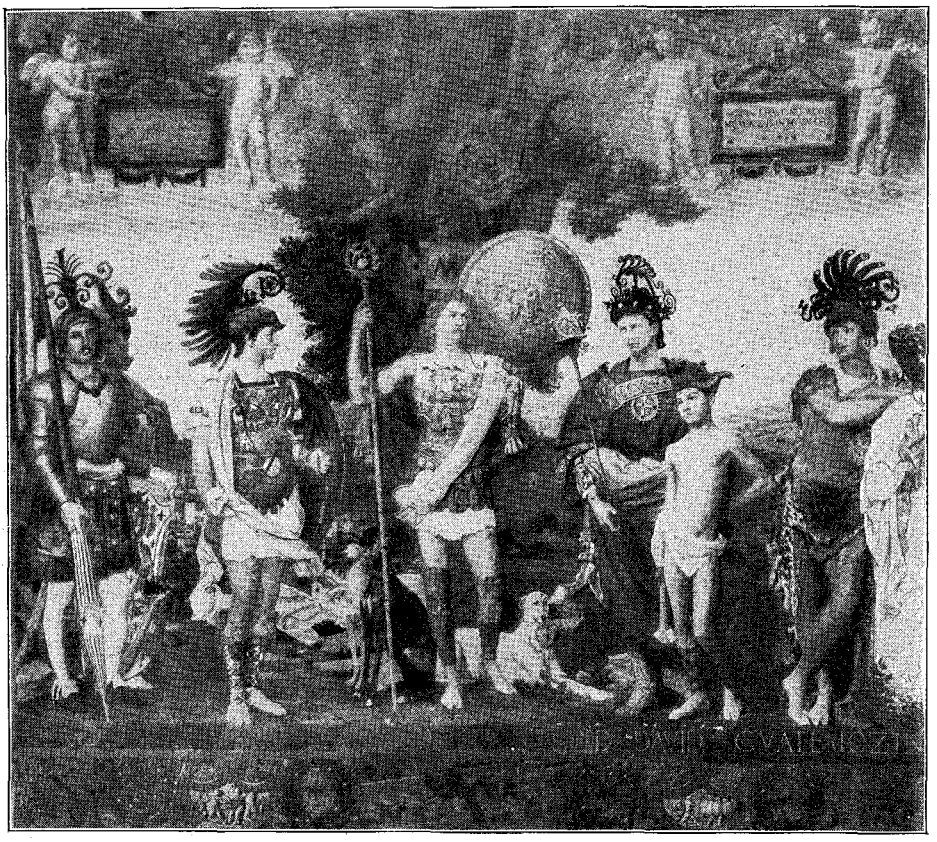
corps of sculptors, and Frank Millet presided over as brilliant an array of brushmen. The painters seized upon what they recognized as an extraordinary chance, and they had the time of their lives. They had it none the less because most of them were summoned to work in an utterly unfamiliar field. That was part of the fun. They were launched upon a new and glorious experiment, and every one of them felt as if he were "riding eight horses in a circus." For some of them the ride was easy. I recall some great walls painted by the late George W. Maynard. He adopted a flat Pompeiian scheme with figures only sparsely introduced. He solved the simple problem beautifully. Maynard's work has always stayed in my mind as among the best things done at the Fair. A great deal of fine work was done. It was not destined that every one should be at his ease. I don't think that that extraordinarily gifted man Alden Weir could naturally have been at home with the task he undertook. His genius was for other things. But Blashfield and Kenyon Cox, Simmons, Gari Melchers, and Robert Reid attacked the situation with tremendous zest and with the most interesting results. The whole country came and applauded, and overnight, as it were, we were equipped with a thriving young school of mural decorators. The historian will be astonished when he comes some day to reckon with what followed.



Heroes.
From the decoration by Barry Faulkner.

♣ ♣ ♣

THERE has never been anything quite like it, I venture to say, in our modern world. Here, in a new country, with

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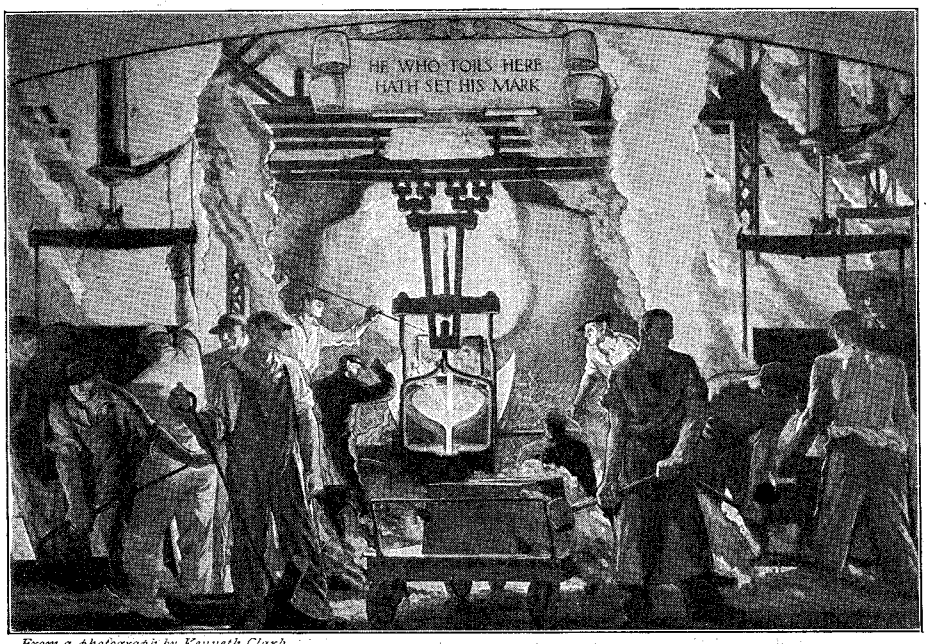
Hunt and La Farge alone to point the way for us, we adopted an artistic idiom in which we had no experience at all to speak of, and presently mastered it. We proved the mettle of our artists, and in one community after another the buildings rose to employ their gifts, specifically the large public buildings characteristic of that renaissance to which the Chicago Fair added so powerful an impetus. It is practice that it was not through the figure alone that a wall may be made beautiful. We saw the value of conventional decorations such as were painted by Pintoricchio in the Borgia apartments in the Vatican. The late Francis Lathrop did valuable work in this field long ago, and after him came craftsmen like James Wall Finn and Elmer Garnsey. One of the most distinguished decorators we have ever had,



From a photograph by Kenneth Clark.

Tapping a Cupola.
From the decoration by Arthur Covey.

inspiriting just to glance at some of the buildings enriching the long list.

The Congressional Library at Washington was made a veritable museum of American mural painting. The State Capitol of Minnesota at St. Paul was made another. John W. Alexander commemorated the steel industry on the staircase walls of the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh. Edwin Abbey and Violet Oakley plunged into Pennsylvanian history for the subjects they painted for the State Capitol at Harrisburg. On a wave of ardor that swept across the country, domes, pendentives, lunettes, and panels were raised to a kind of colorful efflorescence, and happily we learned through all this

H. Siddons Mowbray, in the Morgan Library and in the library of the University Club in New York, revived the tradition of Pintoricchio in singular brilliance. The reader will recall here that Mr. Mowbray first won his repute as a painter of easel pictures. His adaptability has been characteristic of the school. Practically all of our mural decorators have been expert on a smaller scale. La Farge was and so have been the younger men. They have simply been good workmen quick to meet the conditions of a new task. Just the same, their versatility has sometimes been amazing.

I shall never forget the excitement of my friend Robert Blum in the days when

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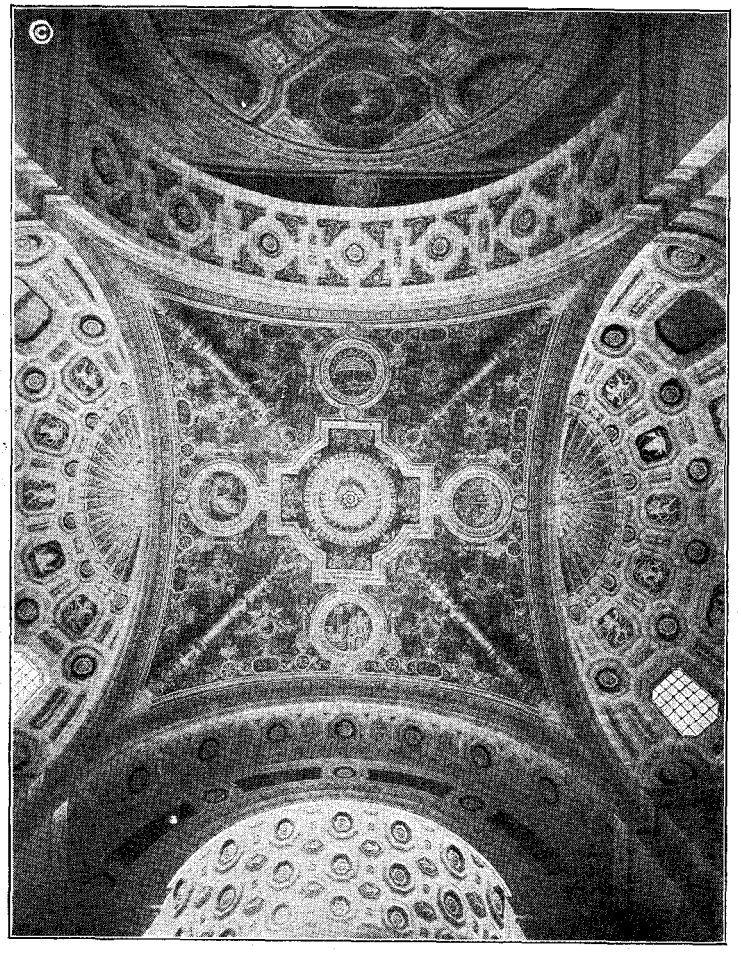
he was painting his processions of lovely minstrels for his frieze in the hall of the Mendelssohn Glee Club. I used to go in to his studio on Grove Street and hear his good-humored objurgations against the difficulties of painting huge decorations in a room so small that his design had to be stretched on rollers and labored at piecemeal. Blum was an exquisite artist, a virtuoso in the key of Fortuny, a producer of delightful little things. But he too had that fervid readiness, that quick resourcefulness to which I have referred as potent in the upbuilding of the school. He conquered the mechanics of mural decoration with ease, and made his frieze a work of such charm that its retirement since the demolition of the Glee Club hall cannot be too bitterly regretted. Then the subject has no more piquant episode than the deviation of Thomas W. Dewing into decoration. He is known, I suppose, to most people only as a master of the subtle *nuance* painting on a small scale, but in "The Days," which he painted for a house in New England, he produced one of the most enchanting decorative panels of our time, and I can still see in my mind's eye with pure enjoyment the circular ceiling by him which embellished a



Domed Ceiling in the Cunard Building.
From the decoration by Ezra Winter.

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certain Broadway hotel. The truth is that endless incidents recur as one dwells upon the subject, and I pause, confronted by the absurdity of even beginning to commence to prepare, as R. L. S. has it somewhere, to sketch the history of American mural painting in these few pages. I have only scratched the surface of the subject. There are any number of decorations of artists, of problems on which it would be entertaining to linger.

The problems especially have a strong appeal. Why is it that John Sargent, the greatest of living painters, whose whole soul has been wreaked upon his Boston decorations, at the Museum and at the Library, has nevertheless failed to demonstrate that he is as good a decorator as he is a painter of portraits and pictures? What would Whistler have made of the mural decoration in the Boston Public Library that McKim is said to have wanted him to do? What of Eugene Savage? His paintings have marked him out as a born decorator, and it is interesting to speculate as to what he would do if the gods were to give him some stately walls to cover. And what, apropos of men like Savage and Winter, is the ultimate influence of the Roman Academy to be? Will it steady others as it has steadied them and correct those baroque, modernistic, and other deleterious influences which occasionally creep in? I have myself a lively belief that it will do just this thing. To drink at the fount of pure tradition is wonderfully clarifying and fortifying. Thinking of it, I am reminded of still another question, one which was raised again for me by the Brooklyn show, the question of the status of that decoration which is produced for no particular space and yet has decorative quality. It abounded in Brooklyn, the panel which was undeniably handsome and yet was either essentially pictorial or was decorative only in the sense in which a screen is decorative. Looking at it, I felt that some things at all events were detached indeed from the world heedful of that admonition of Titian's to which I referred at the outset. In fact, the critical observer discriminates more even than the practitioner between two categories, decoration and mural decoration. At present they tend to be confused. In the long run the distinction must come to be more decisively recognized. It must be if we are to maintain the standard erected by the leaders in our school of mural decoration.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 19.

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VOL. LXXVII *June 1925* No. 6

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

ILLUSTRATED

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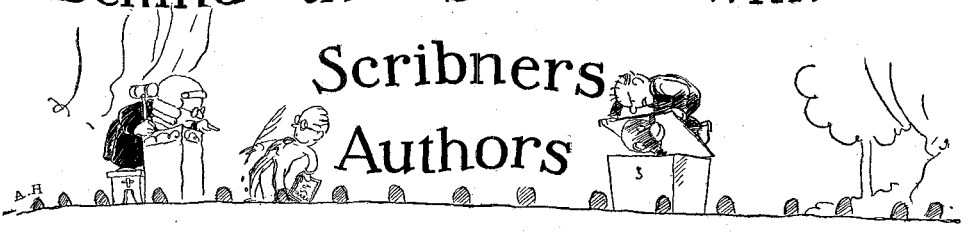
Behind the Scenes with Scribners Authors



"Thundering in the Index Is No Favor to Anybody"

WE are indebted to Alexander Woollcott for this formulation of a sentiment we have always held. The rôle of the Thunderer has never appealed to us. We merely serve as a sort of index finger.

Captain John W. Thomason, Jr., is responsible for our device, for it was in a letter from Mr. Woollcott to the editor anent "Fix Bayonets!" the leading article of this number, that it occurred.

The Moved Critic Writes. . . .

The dramatic critic, sometime enlisted man and member of the editorial council of *The Stars and Stripes*, discovered Captain Thomason through a letter the officer wrote regarding "What Price Glory?" Woollcott read galley proofs of "Fix Bayonets!" and had this to say about it:

> I think the story is magnificent and with the exception of "What Price Glory," I have run into nothing descriptive of the American soldier in the field which seemed to me so completely to recapture the smell and the flavor of the A. E. F.
>
> I think this man writes magnificently and if, in the Sign Post piece I shall write for the June *Vanity Fair*, I express that feeling mildly, it will be in the conviction that he will be best served by some one merely pointing to his article, rather than by some one who shrieks his praises in advance. Thundering in the Index is no favor to anybody.

Perhaps there are those who will say that we are thundering by proxy. But let them read the article. Our little remarks will then be entirely forgotten—which is as it should be.

A Judge on Judges

Robert W. Winston has viewed the law at the bar and from the bench. Agitation for and against free speech is probably more violent now than at any time since the war, and the finger of the law pointing at editors is even longer than Miss Harvey has graphically suggested above. Judge Winston's "How Free Is Free Speech?" is a distinct contribution to the subject. The judge is the author of "North Carolina, a Militant Mediocracy," described as the sole optimistic note in the second volume of that interesting compilation "These United States." He is at present an undergraduate at the University of North Carolina.

Albert Guérard, safe in the fold of the faculty of the University of California, Southern Branch, can with impunity put forward the result of eleven years of observation while living in the South, and in so doing "mention the unmentionable." That Jack-in-the-box won't be kept down. Doctor Guérard is French by birth and American by choice. He has become distinguished as one of the foremost liberal minds in the country.

That unique race, the San Blas Indians of Panama, has been achieving the front page frequently. First, they appear as the tribe from which the "white Indian" springs, and then they revolt against Panamanian rule. Alfred F. Loomis recalls a most pleasant and interesting sojourn among them, and makes a few pointed comments regarding the part the United States may play in the dispute.

Senator Bruce, Anti-Bureaucrat

William Cabell Bruce is recognized as one of the few members of the United States Senate who have a definite political philosophy. In speeches in the Senate he has called the Democratic party back from following false fires. In "Recent Strides of Federal Authority," he points out the enormous extent to which the government has assumed control of activities formerly handled by the State or the individual. The implications of his essay are plain.

The tornado which created such disaster in the Middle West recently brings "My Personal Experience with a Texas Twister," by Laura Kirkwood Plumb, closer to home. And when a woman can get funny with a cyclone what she has to say is worth reading.

The author of "Nowisky, Otherwise Volstead" must remain veiled in anonymity. Suffice it to say that the college is somewhere west of the Alleghanies.

Mrs. Wharton concludes in this number her articles on "The Writing of Fiction."

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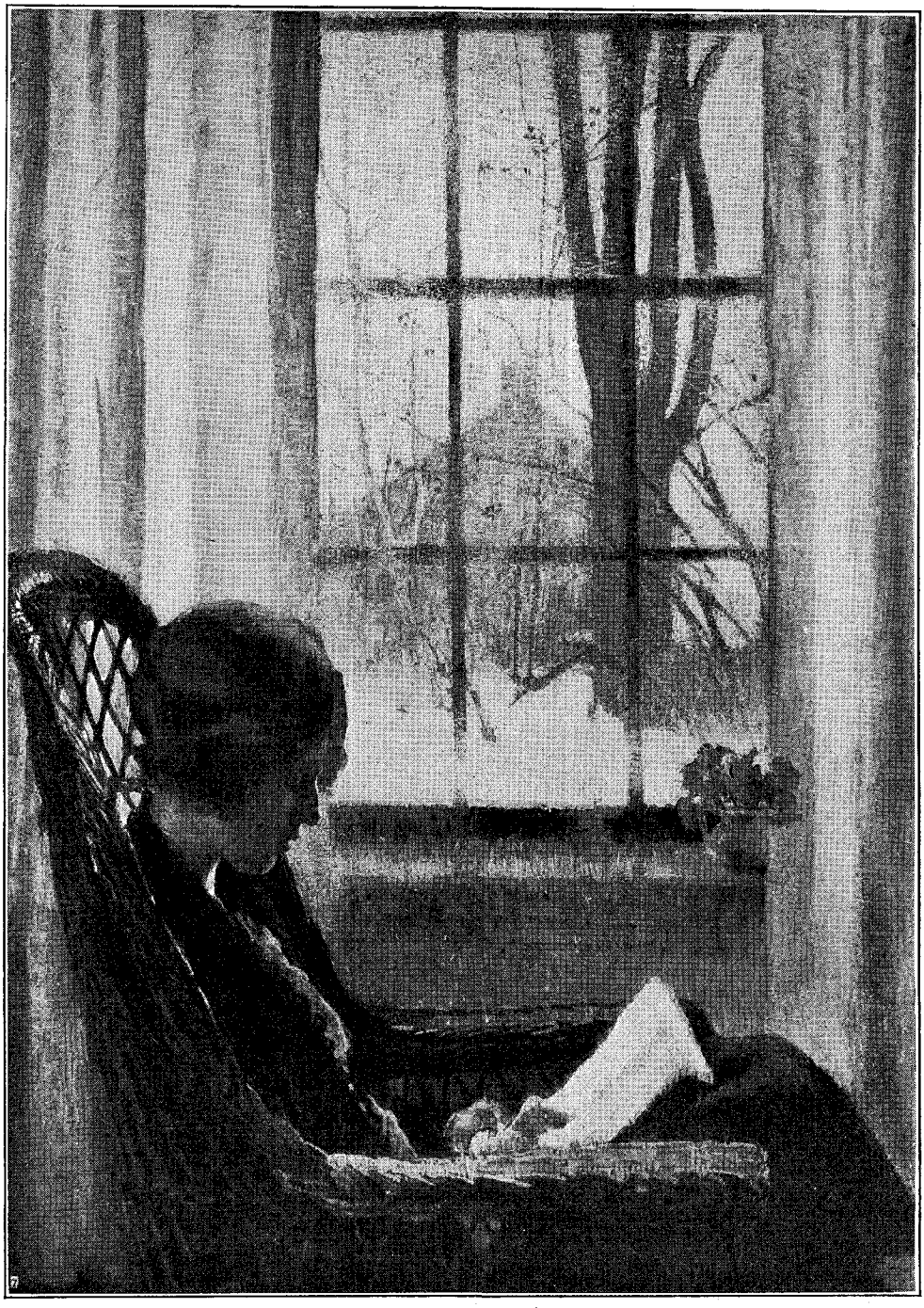

NANCY.

From the painting by Lilian Westcott Hale in the Winter Academy.

—See "The Field of Art," page 664.

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